DECEMBER 1931

The American MERCURY

Edited by

H·L·MENCKEN

THE TWILIGHT OF BIG BUSINESS *Henry Tetlow*

NATIONAL FESTIVAL : G. W., 1732-1932 *Bob Brown*

THEY ALL COME TO MOSCOW *Ruth Kennell & Milly Bennett*

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PENDULUM *John Hemphill*

NO MORE TRUMPETS *George Milburn*

THE DOWNFALL OF ELDER BARTON *James Stevens*

OLD FUSS AND FEATHERS *Lloyd Lewis*

A HEX ON THE HOUSE *Joel Sayre*

TITCHENER AT CORNELL *Grace Adams*

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Reviews of the New Books and Music

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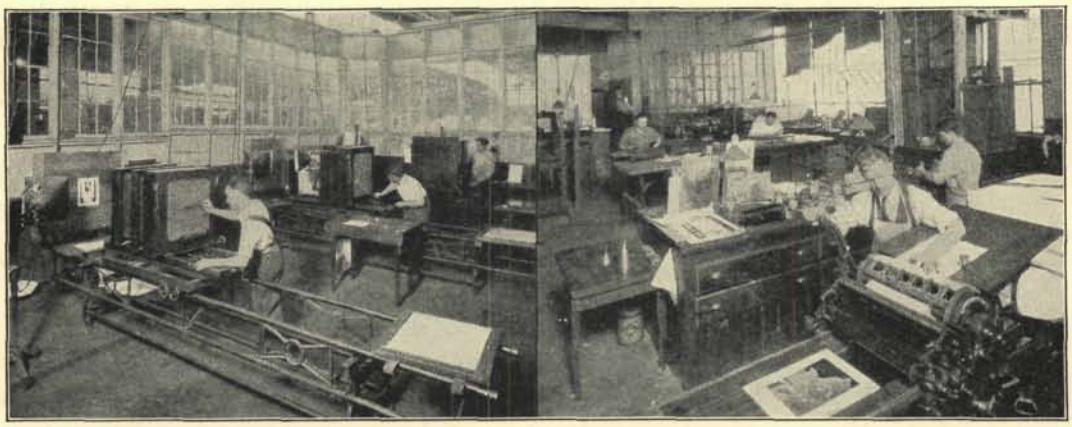

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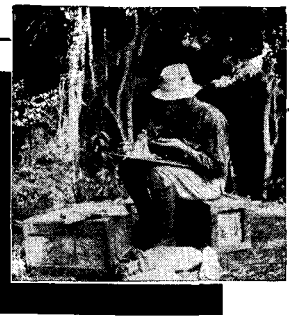

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXIV December 1931 NUMBER 96

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE ARTS

THE BROWN DECADES, 1865-1895.
By Lewis Mumford. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 266 pp. *New York*

Mr. Mumford believes that the period he discusses was less sterile and ridiculous than it is commonly assumed to have been, and in support of his dissent he describes some of its achievements—the rise of landscape gardening under Frederick Law Olmsted, the pioneering of such architects as Henry H. Richardson, Louis Sullivan and John Wellborn Root, the painting of George Fuller, A. P. Ryder and Winslow Homer, the revolutionary engineering of the Roeblings, and so on. "When these creative artists are reckoned with," says Mr. Mumford, "the Brown Decades become in the arts what the Golden Day was in literature: a fulfilment of the past and a starting point for the future. . . . A definite change in our life took place around 1895, and there is something in back of it that is lost in a mere account of things, forces, machinery, institutions, events." The book contains some of Mr. Mumford's most eloquent and effective writing. It suffers from the fact that it includes no discussion of the literature of the period. There is a useful bibliographical note, followed by an index.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BUY A BOOK.
By Helen E. Hokinson. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$3 12⅜ x 8⅞; 108 pp. *New York*

Miss Hokinson was born in Mendota, Ill., and received her first training in drawing in Chicago. After five years of free-lancing there, she went to New York. A little more than two years ago she submitted some drawings to the *New Yorker*, and her work has been appearing in that magazine regularly since then. Specimens of it are reproduced in the present volume. She has a sharp eye for the foibles of fat Park avenue women and for the humor of such things as group dancing. She lacks Peter Arno's bite and Otto Soglow's almost perfect craftsmanship, but she is plainly a woman of ponderable talent.

ART IN THE LIFE OF MANKIND. *Vol. III, Greek Art and Its Influence. Vol. IV, Roman Art and Its Influence.*
By Allen W. Seaby. *The Oxford University Press New York*
$1.75 7½ x 4¾; 2 vols.; 110 + 109 pp.

The subtitle of this series on art is "A Survey of Its Achievements From the Earliest Times." The first two volumes were noticed in the Check List for November, 1928. Volume I contained a general discussion of such matters as taste, color, and proportion, and Volume II dealt with art in ancient times. They were able introductory works, and the present two volumes are worthy companions to them. The text is simple and clear, and there are nearly 100 illustrations, and separate indices, in each book. Mr. Seaby is professor of fine arts in the University of Reading. Three more volumes in the series are in preparation.

HISTORY

AMERICA HISPANA. *A Portrait and a Prospect.*
By Waldo Frank. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 388 pp. *New York*

Here Mr. Frank deals with the political, economic, religious, and sociological backgrounds and aspirations of the various peoples south of the Rio Grande. The book is sprinkled with names, dates, and statistics, and the average reader will be inclined to call it a history, but the author warns him that it "must be taken as a work of art. . . . [It] should be read as one would read a story—or rather, as one would listen to a symphony: sequentially from the beginning to the end." The volume is full of the celebrated Frankian "wisdom". Not much of it makes sense, but it is all very sad and profound. The natives of Panama at the time of the Spanish conquest, says Mr. Frank, led a simple life. "But this simplicity was doomed. Man too is Nature; and all men move today, like a single body, through an epoch of differentiation from their earth, and of violent self-assertion. . . . The spirit-servant of the Isthmus is also man; he, too, must follow and pass by this fateful period of human separation. Part of him, therefore, being harmonious with nature, is dissonant from man. Dissonance is disease, and is weakness." Is, then, the Northern man's way more complex and better? Apparently not. "The way of the man of the North is a differentiation by destruction and by denial. . . . [It] is a simplicity; the other extreme from his and also doomed. For all simplicities are wrong." The trouble with the United States, as it soon will be with Latin America, is that "the machine is master. The reason is that life in the United States, adumbrated by a false concept of person, lacks true persons. Therefore its individuals are the victims of their dominant will as atomic and separatistic creatures." The machine is all right in its way, but it has this

Continued on page viii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

deficiency: "it digs into the earth, and leaps it, and levels it, and weighs it; but cannot *know* it." It follows from this that "man can never know the objective world, in sole contact with the world of machines." And so on, and so on. A bibliography and an index are appended. The first is so brief as to be useless.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. *Vol. IV: 1878-88.*
By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.
The Macmillan Company
$5.25 8⅝ x 5¾; 743 pp. *New York*

The period covered by this volume includes the last half of the Hayes administration, the four years of Garfield and Arthur, and the first term of Cleveland. It was a time of rapid changes. The country was recovering at last from the Civil War, and there was an immense expansion in industry, mining and agriculture. The greenback movement was dying, but the tariff was becoming a leading and very vexatious issue, and free silver was beginning to be heard of. There was trouble with the Mormons and Chinese, labor was restive, and the G. A. R. went in for pension-grabbing and job-seeking on a large scale. The volume shows all of Dr. Oberholtzer's familiar faults and merits. The style is undistinguished, little attention is paid to cultural matters, and certain authorities are worked overhard. But the author is fair-minded, he discusses most controversial matters without prejudice, and there is a formidable accumulation of unfamiliar facts. The volume is heavily documented, and has a good index. There is one map—unfortunately, quite useless.

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE. *The Story of the Founding of San Francisco.*
By Herbert Eugene Bolton. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅝ x 6½; 334 pp. *New York*

Juan Bautista de Anza, "a man of heroic qualities, tough as oak and silent as the desert from which he sprang," made his first journey from Sonora, Mexico, to the California coast in 1774. In 1775-1776 he led a company of men, women, and children from Mexico across a 1600-mile desert and founded the city of San Francisco. As an explorer "he stands beside Lewis and Clark. As a colony leader it is difficult to find anyone in Anglo-American annals with whom to compare him." Dr. Bolton, who is Sather professor of history and director of the Bancroft Library at the University of California, has gone over his trail foot by foot and examined all the available documents, both in English and in Spanish, and has here written the first comprehensive account of the celebrated expedition ever attempted. His discussion is both biographical and historical, and takes into account the labors of Anza's chief lieutenants, including Juan Bautista Valdés, Father Pedro Font, Sebastían Tarabal, Salvador Palma, Father Francisco Garcés, and Father Juan Díaz. There are numerous illustrations, including eleven excellent maps, and a good index.

THE END OF EXTERRITORIALITY IN CHINA.
By Thomas F. Millard. *The A. B. C. Press*
8⅛ x 5¼; 278 pp. *Shanghai*

Mr. Millard first went to China in 1900, and has spent most of his life there since then. He knows the country as few other foreigners know it. He has been a newspaper correspondent, and from 1919 to 1923 was adviser to the former Peking government. He was appointed adviser to the National government in 1929, and still holds the post. By the mandate issued by the National government on May 4, 1931, exterritoriality was abolished in China as of January 1, 1932. Mr. Millard, who here gives a comprehensive history of the problem from its beginning to the present, thinks that the Powers will have to submit to the new mandate unless they want to resort to force. "It is hard to imagine," he says, that any of them will want to employ force. Almost half the book is given over to documentary material. A bibliography and an index are appended.

THE REAL ROMANOVS.
By Gleb Botkin. *The Fleming H. Revell Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5½; 336 pp. *New York*

Mr. Botkin, who is now living in Brooklyn, is the son of Dr. Eugene Botkin, court physician to the late Czar Nicholas II, who lost his life with the royal family in the massacre at Ekaterinburg on July 16, 1918. Mr. Botkin himself narrowly escaped the same fate. He was brought up in close contact with the imperial court, and has much that is interesting to tell about its principal personages. He believes that the Grand Duchess Anastasia was only wounded in the massacre, and that she was afterward carried to safety by friendly peasants and was until lately in a sanitarium near New York. He discusses at length the failure of various members of the Romanov family to recognize and acknowledge her, and ascribes it to selfish motives. He has himself had a number of meetings with her, and is completely convinced of her identity. His book is illustrated.

Continued on page xii

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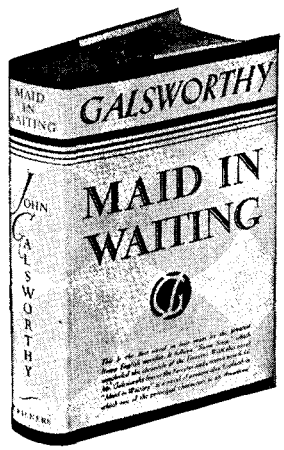

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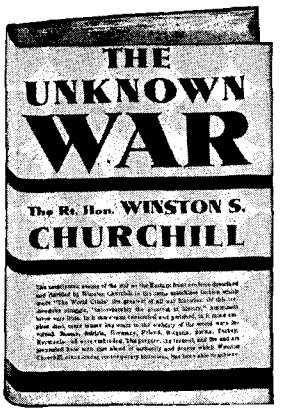

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Continued from page viii

FAR EASTERN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.
By Hosea Ballou Morse & Harley Farnsworth MacNair. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$6 8¾ x 5⅞; 846 pp. *Boston*

Drs. Morse and MacNair have each written a half dozen books on Far Eastern affairs, and have achieved a reputation for reliability and fairness. "The aim of this volume," they say of their collaborative work, "is to present to the college student and to the general reader a survey of the incidents and conditions outstanding in the relations of the nations of the Far East with each other and with the nations of the West." They have achieved this purpose admirably. They present all the important facts from earliest recorded times down to the present, and wherever possible they clarify their discussion with excellent maps. There is an extensive bibliography, and also an index.

SOCIOLOGY

THE OZARKS: *An American Survival of Primitive Society.*
By Vance Randolph. *The Vanguard Press*
$5 9 x 6; 310 pp. *New York*

The Ozarks are a low range of mountains straddling the corner where Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma come together. The people of the region, chiefly the descendants of immigrants from the Southern Appalachians, are extraordinarily primitive. In their speech, their folklore and their social customs they go back to the Seventeenth Century, and even beyond. Civilization is now pressing upon them, but they resist it stoutly, and in the end they will probably succumb rather than submit. Mr. Randolph, who lives among them, has done a very good account of them. He describes their ways in great detail, and though he plainly likes them he does not conceal their barbarism. He has chapters on their dialect, their superstitions, their archaic play-parties, their folk-song, and their everyday habits of life. His book is well written, and presents a large mass of curious matter in attractive form. It has eleven full-page illustrations.

JAKE LINGLE, *or, Chicago on the Spot.*
By John Boettinger. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 335 pp. *New York*

Mr. Boettinger, who is a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, was assigned by that paper to cover the long hunt for the murderer of Lingle. He tells the story in detail, and with great dramatic effectiveness. In fact, he handles it so well that he lifts his book clearly above the average of its class. The narrative throws some appalling lights upon the state of civilization in Chicago, with judges on the side of the gangsters, the police corrupted beyond redemption, and the newspapers fighting one another in a scandalous manner, regardless of the effect upon public justice. Mr. Boettinger believes that Leo Brothers, the hoodlum convicted of the murder, was indubitably guilty. The precise motive of the gangsters who employed him remains mysterious. In all probability, they desired to punish Lingle for failing to get them protection in their gambling operations. The book has forty-four illustrations.

MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL.
By Margaret Sanger. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$3 8¾ x 5⅞; 360 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Sanger hails from Corning, N. Y., and was the sixth of the eleven children of an Irish master stone-cutter. The father was a man of liberal ideas but somewhat improvident ways, and the household was shadowed by the mother's excessive childbearing and consequent ill-health. Young Margaret was glad to escape to a boarding-school and later on to a hospital, where she went into training as a nurse. The story she has to tell is a dramatic one, and she makes the most of its high points. Its most astonishing episode is the raid upon a birth control meeting at the Town Hall in New York, on November 13, 1921. This raid, which was wholly illegal, was made by the police at the order of one Monsignor Dineen, secretary to Archbishop Hayes. The ensuing scandal greatly profited the birth controllers. They are still harassed more or less by wowsers, Catholic and Protestant, but their worst difficulties seem to be behind them. Mrs. Sanger's book is illustrated. It lacks (and greatly needs) an index.

BIOGRAPHY

SUN YAT SEN, *Liberator of China.*
By Henry Bond Restarick. *The Yale University Press*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 167 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Sun is generally considered the George Washington of Republican China. The present biography of him is probably the first one with any pretensions to completeness in the English language. The author, a bishop of the Anglican Church in Honolulu, followed his subject's career for twenty-eight years, and has been on intimate terms with many of his friends. Sun was born on November 2, 1866, in the village of Choy Hung, in the province of Kwangtung, China. His father was a tenant rice farmer. Young Sun

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(his boyhood name was Tai Cheong) went to the local elementary schools, revealing no especial brilliance. In 1879 he joined his older brother, Ah Mi, in Honolulu, where he continued his education and embraced the Christian religion. Six years later he returned to China, defied the idols, and was expelled from his native village. He decided to become a physician, and in 1892 received his diploma as the first graduate of the Hongkong School of Medicine. About the same time he joined the Society of Young China, a quasi-revolutionary organization. He led the unsuccessful revolutions of 1895, 1900, 1904, and 1907, and, though in the United States at the time of the successful revolution of 1911, played an important part in it. In January, 1912, he was elected the first President of the Chinese Republic. Counter revolutions broke out almost immediately thereafter, and Dr. Sun was busy putting them down from then on till March 12, 1925, when he died. A cult has grown up around his name and memory in Nationalist China. There is a brief bibliography and also an index.

LIVING MY LIFE.
By Emma Goldman. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$7.50 9½ x 6⅜; 2 vols.; 933 pp. *New York*

Emma Goldman was born in Russia in 1869, near the German border, and came to this country in 1886, settling, with her family, in Rochester, N. Y. She went to work in a local clothing factory, where she met one Jacob Kershner, whom she married in 1887. She left him two years later, never to see him again, and moved alone to New York. The city at the time, much more so than today, was one of the leading radical centers of the world. Partly because of her upbringing and partly because of her native bent, she drifted to the anarchist quarters, and there met such leaders as Johann Most and Alexander Berkman. The first taught her whatever there is of anarchist theory, and the second became her most constant companion and lover. Her career from then on till 1919, when she was deported as an undesirable alien by the Federal government, which had fraudulently deprived her of her citizenship, is more or less familiar. She played an active part in every important radical or labor drama, from the McNamara case to the Lawrence strike, and for a time was accused by some newspapers of inspiring the assassination of President McKinley. She and Berkman edited the magazine *Mother Earth* for twelve years; it was suppressed by A. Mitchell Palmer's cossacks in 1917. She spent the year 1920 in Bolshevik Russia, and was horrified by the Lenin-Trotsky dictatorship and the utter lack of political and personal liberty. She then went to Germany, was expelled by the authorities, and was forced to seek refuge in England. There, in 1926, she married James Colton, a Welsh miner, and thus became a British subject. She is now living in Saint-Tropez, France. Her autobiography forms not only the best history of the anarchist movement in the United States; it also reveals one of the most remarkable women alive. It is written very effectively and with the utmost honesty. There are many illustrations, and an index in Volume II.

THE LIFE & LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE.
By Evan Charteris. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 524 pp. *New York*

Mr. Charteris does his level damnedest with Gosse, and angels could do no more, but all his efforts cannot conceal the fact that the man was incurably third-rate. His position in England for many years was somewhat between that of Hamilton Wright Mabie and that of William Dean Howells in the United States. He was hospitable to various foreign authors of rising note, especially Ibsen, but there was a prissiness in him that would not down, and it greatly diminished the value and significance of his criticism. After John Churton Collins's savage onslaught upon him in 1886 he never recovered the promise of his youth, and in his closing years he devoted himself mainly to writing safe and sane reviews in the manner of the New York *Times*. His appointment as librarian of the House of Lords and his elevation to a knighthood were rewards for his social qualities more than for his literary dignity. He wrote thousands of columns about literature, and responded for it at many banquets, but his own contributions to it were hardly more than trivial. Nevertheless, the man was interesting in his ineffective way, and Mr. Charteris has done a pleasant book about him. It is well illustrated, and at the end are a list of Gosse's honors (he was, of course, a commander of the Legion of Honor and a Litt. D. of Cambridge), an incomplete bibliography, and an index.

NATIVE STOCK: *The Rise of the American Spirit in Six Lives.*
By Arthur Pound. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 267 pp. *New York*

The six men whose lives are here recounted are William Pepperrell, who commanded the expedition which took Louisburg in 1745, and died rich and a baronet; John Bradstreet, who served under Pepperrell, and afterward became a major-general in

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Perhaps no one, except Mr. Embree, could have written *Brown America*. Graduated from Yale, he continued there as secretary until he took the post of directorship of the division of studies, and later vice presidentship, of the Rockefeller Foundation. This entailed constant travel and a residence in the Orient, during which Mr. Embree acquired the objective, sensitive understanding of peoples which distinguishes *Brown America*. For the past three years Mr. Embree has been president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

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the British Army; Ephraim Williams, who also fought at Louisburg, was killed just before the battle of Lake George, on September 8, 1755, and left a will establishing Williams College; Robert Rogers, who served heroically in the border wars, turned Loyalist when the Revolution broke out, and commanded a regiment of loyal troops against Washington; James Clinton, the father of the celebrated De Witt, and a considerable patriot on his own account; and Elkanah Watson, who prophesied in 1790 that the United States could have a population of 130,000,000 by 1930. All of these worthies have their paragraphs in the reference books, but the details of their lives are little known. Mr. Pound, by dint of great diligence, has unearthed a lot of interesting matter about them. There are bibliographies at the ends of his chapters, but his book lacks an index. There are portraits of Pepperrell, Clinton, Watson and Rogers.

EDWARD VII: *Man and King.*
By H. E. Wortham. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 9 x 6; 360 pp. *Boston*

There will probably be better books on Edward VII, and there will probably be inferior ones. Mr. Wortham has no revelations to offer, either of fact or of opinion. But he has studied his material carefully, and produced a good pedestrian job. King Edward, he says, "fulfilled the popular conception of kingship with a completeness no other English sovereign has equaled since the Tudors. . . . He corresponded exactly to the Englishman's idea of the happy man, enjoying what stands for him as the perfect life, . . . a life setting up no Puritanical standards, following the gleam, the arc light of pleasure, but yet paying homage to discretion and common sense." There are many illustrations and an index.

WILLIAM ARCHER: *Life, Work, and Friendships.*
By Charles Archer. *The Yale University Press*
$5 8¾ x 5⅝; 451 pp. *New Haven*

There have been far shrewder dramatic critics than William Archer (1856-1924), but not many have been so learned or so respected by their colleagues. Though he never claimed to be an Ibsenite, he probably did more for Ibsen than any other single man in the English-speaking world. His battles with Shaw are remembered nowadays chiefly for his obstructionism, but it is forgotten, unfortunately, that not a little of his criticism of the Shavian plays had sound sense in it. The present biography of Archer by his brother is done with all the expected tenderness, but there is some valuable documentary material in it, particularly the letters from Barrie, Stevenson, Howells, Gosse, Pinero, Hardy, Bryce, Ibsen, Roosevelt the Elder, and Henry James. A bibliography and an index are appended.

TRAVEL

TRACKERS & SMUGGLERS IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT.
By André von Dumreicher. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$4 8⅝ x 5⅜; 248 pp. *New York*

Colonel von Dumreicher, who seems to be a German, was an officer in the Egyptian Coast Guard from 1895 or thereabout to 1914, serving both on the Mediterranean coast and in the interior. His principal business was combating the smugglers of salt and hashish, but he was also engaged in general police duty. His account of his adventures is extraordinarily interesting. He was seldom in serious peril, but his long journeys through the deserts on both sides of the Nile brought him into intimate contact with the Bedouins, and his account of them is full of odd and amusing details. His book has thirty illustrations from his own photographs, a glossary and an index, and a good map is bound in as an end-paper.

THE PACIFIC.
By Stanley Rogers.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$2.75 8½ x 5⅝; 254 pp. *New York*

Mr. Rogers's book is a pleasant miscellany, of no serious pretensions. He begins with an account of the early navigators of the Pacific, proceeds to a description of its romantic islands, discusses the present state of its shipping, pays his tribute to the literati who have found it fascinating, and adds brief chapters on the strange languages of its people and the gaudy adventures that mariners have encountered upon its immense wastes and hazardous coasts. There are many illustrations by the author, some of them in color.

ESSAYS

THE TEMPO OF MODERN LIFE.
By James Truslow Adams. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅝; 344 pp. *New York*

The sixteen essays here were first published in *Harpers*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Forum*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Current History*, and the *Yale Review*. Among the subjects treated are the place of values and standards in everyday life and

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in literary criticism, our changing national characteristics, the tempo of modern life, the shallowness of Emerson, the value of Matthew Arnold's ideas in present-day life, the worthlessness of exclusively Freudian or fictional biographical writing, Henry Adams and the new physics, and the social responsibility of bankers. As magazine articles they undoubtedly made interesting reading, but between boards they give the impression of thinness, hasty thinking, and somewhat careless writing. The book will add little to Mr. Adams' reputation.

MORE ESSAYS OF LOVE & VIRTUE.
By Havelock Ellis. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 216 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The titles of the five essays in this collection are "The New Mother", "The Renovation of the Family", "The Function of Taboos", "The Revaluation of Obscenity", "The Control of Population" and "Eugenics and the Future". They all seem to be reprinted from magazines. The author's "Little Essays of Love and Virtue", printed nine years ago, was addressed to "young people on the threshold of mature life"; the present pieces are "less for the young than for those who have passed the stresses of youth and its ardors, and are able to take a wide and serene view of the facts of the present and the limited possibilities of the future". There is an index.

RELIGION

IMMORTALITY & THE PRESENT MOOD.
By Julius Seelye Bixler.
The Harvard University Press
$1 7⅛ x 4⅝; 69 pp. *Cambridge*

This book formed the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality for 1931 at Harvard. Like most of its predecessors it is of small philosophical value. Dr. Bixler, who is Charles N. Clark professor of religion and Biblical literature at Smith College, begins with this admission: "That we have no final evidence on either side of the question of immortality is clear." In the middle of the book he loses courage and plays with the idea that "the desire for immortality . . . actually springs from the confidence of the race in its own integrity and in the validity of its aims." But at the end he becomes sensible again: "Perhaps immortality should stand not for an unending existence but for the realization in mortal life of that by which mortality is itself transcended." Which is exactly what Aristotle said more than 2000 years ago, and what every honest and intelligent man

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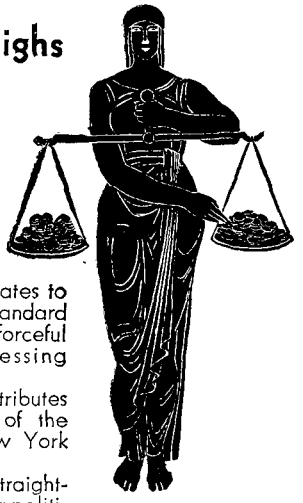

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thinks today whenever he thinks about the subject of immortality at all, which is far less often than professors of religion imagine.

THE NEW ANALYTICAL INDEXED BIBLE.
The John A. Dickson Publishing Company
$7.75 8¾ x 5⅝; 1660 pp. *Chicago*

This edition of the Bible is intended for the faithful, and in consequence the running commentary accepts it as inspired and avoids the problems of textual criticism. Says the anonymous editor: "It stands alone, infinitely exceptional, outside of the power or province of humanity, great in its solitude and solitary in its greatness". Despite this naïve approach the edition has some merits. The text is that of the Authorized Version, but corrections from later versions are interspersed. There is an excellent index, and also a good though brief concordance. In appendices are a harmony of the Gospels, indices of the lives of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel and Paul, lists of miracles, prayers and prophecies, materials for topical studies, and maps. The printing is clear, the paper, though thin, is opaque, and the binding is substantial.

HUMOR

THE BOOK OF DILEMMAS.
By Leonard Hatch. *Simon & Schuster*
$1.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 136 pp. *New York*

On thirty left-hand pages Mr. Hatch sets thirty moral problems, and on the pages opposite he leaves spaces for his readers to write down solutions. On the reverse of each of the latter pages he prints the solutions of four favorite moralists—Franklin P. Adams, Bruce Barton, Heywood Broun and Christopher Morley. The idea is an amusing one, and some of Mr. Hatch's problems are ingenious, but unfortunately that cannot be said of all of them. The most diverting solutions are those of Mr. Adams. Mr. Barton always answers briefly and seriously, Mr. Broun is also serious but somewhat more prolix, and Mr. Morley often dodges the issue. The scheme deserves to be worked out more skillfully, and on a larger scale. Perhaps it would be a good plan to invite readers of the present book to concoct dilemmas for a second volume.

WET WIT & DRY HUMOUR.
By Stephen Leacock. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 260 pp. *New York*

"This book," says Mr. Leacock in a brief foreword, "is compiled in friendly appreciation of Prohibition in the United States, the greatest thing that ever

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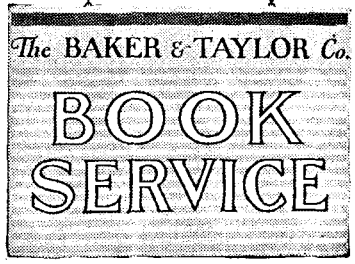

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happened—to Canada." It contains certain new matter, but in the main it has been distilled from earlier volumes. All of it, however, is apposite to the subject and very amusing.

CRITICISM

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.
By Eleanor Walter Thomas. *The Columbia University Press*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 229 pp. *New York*

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) was one of the most unfortunate of lady poets. At the age of twenty-two she developed angina pectoris, in her late thirties tuberculosis seized her, and just as she turned forty she was affected by Graves' disease. In middle life she fell in love with two men, one a third-rate painter and the other a shy Dante scholar, but for religious reasons she had to reject both of them—or so the legend is. She was extremely devout, and 450 of her total of 996 poems deal with pious subjects. She was a miserable and lonely woman, and spent most of her days in her London house, pining for communion with the Holy Ghost. She had command of a simple and at times moving poetic line, but the great bulk of her verse somehow seems alien to the average human breast. Dr. Thomas' essay on her is well documented, but she seems to be in deadly fear of stating a definite critical opinion, and it is thus extremely difficult to make out where she stands. A bibliography and an index are appended.

SHAKESPEARE VS. SHALLOW.
By Leslie Hotson. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 9 x 6; 375 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Hotson, who is professor of English at Haverford, put in two years in London as a Guggenheim fellow, searching the interminable papers in the Public Record Office. He unearthed many things of interest to students of Elizabethan literature, and in the present volume he describes some of his finds relating to Shakespeare. They have to do, in the main, with William Gardiner, a Southwark magistrate, with whom the Bard several times came into conflict. Dr. Hotson offers plausible evidence that Gardiner was the prototype of Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor". He also shows that "The Wives" was probably first presented in April, 1597, some time before the date usually accepted. The author tells his story well, and does not overlook its dramatic moments. In an appendix he reprints no less than 250 contemporary documents, all of them hitherto unknown. The book is the most interesting and valuable contribution to Shakespeareana since the discoveries of Dr. Charles W. Wallace.

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REPRINTS

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
By Thomas Gray. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.75 9⅛ x 7; 78 pp. *New York*

The only excuse for making this reprint of Gray's "Elegy" in so gaudy a binding and at so steep a price was, apparently, the illustrations by John Vassos, of which there are nineteen. It was a bad excuse. The publishers say that Mr. Vassos' "cosmic style enlarges the conception of the 'Elegy'." It would be much more correct to say that his "cosmic style" interferes greatly with the enjoyment of the poem. The grave-yard he draws looks very much like a chess-board, and his shadows of death remind one of the strong-chinned gallants portrayed in automobile advertisements. Such monkeyshines do not "recreate" anything; they are simply repugnant to the eye.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY.
By Henry Handel Richardson.
W. W. Norton & Company
$3.50 7½ x 5¼; 1114 pp. *New York*

An omnibus volume containing "Australia Felix", "The Way Home", and "Ultima Thule".

LITERATURE

BATTLEFIELDS & GHOSTS.
By Ambrose Bierce. *The Harvest Press*
$3 9⅛ x 6; 17 pp. *San Francisco*

In 1861 and 1862 the Ninth Indiana Volunteers, in whose ranks Bierce saw most of his war service, was operating in the Cheat river valley, along the border between Maryland and West Virginia. During the Summer of 1903 he returned to the region, and spent several months retracing the marches of the regiment. The present account of that pious pilgrimage was originally written for the Ninth Indiana Volunteers Reunion Association, and printed in a pamphlet issued by it at South Bend in 1904. It is a charming piece of writing, and was well worth reprinting.

NOTES ON "THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY".
By Nowell Charles Smith.
The Oxford University Press
$2 7⅛ x 4½; 94 pp. *New York*

The late Robert Bridges's last and most important poem is full of allusions that are puzzling to the average reader, and in addition there is in it some rather occult and misleading thinking. Mr. Smith attempts to dispose of a large number of its difficulties. His book is well arranged, and will be useful.

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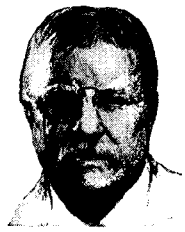

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THE TWILIGHT OF BIG BUSINESS

BY HENRY TETLOW

When I undertake to make a case against Big Business I am probably fathering a wish. From the earliest times my forebears have been engaged in Little Business. I myself for the last seventeen years have been operating a little business which is now eighty-two years old. As I write, the indications are that 1931 will be one of the most profitable years it has ever had. Statisticians tell us the average life-span of business enterprises in this country is twelve years: so in a sense I have survived five years beyond my allotted time. My industry has never taken me seriously even when—as at such times as I have revealed its awfullest mysteries to the readers of this sterling family journal—it has branded me a nuisance. From the time I discovered William Graham Sumner—his teachings and writings were taboo in the Economics Department owned and operated by Irving Fisher in the Yale of my day—I have been a bear on the United States. I have been selling America short for nearly twenty years. I make these true confessions without apology, to help you understand what I have to say, and how far to take it *cum grano*. With which preliminary, let us proceed to the horrid work of dissection, description, and articulation.

Most Americans, even average Americans, now realize that bigness does not, *per se*, constitute a virtue. Yet even those who decry most comprehendingly such things as taller skyscrapers, greater highways programmes, and "A Million Population by 1936" slogans quite generally believe that Big Business is inherently superior to Little Business. The error's origin is not far to seek: a big *industry*—the coal industry, the steel, the cosmetic industry—is obviously more important, a greater national asset or liability, than a small industry. The error arises in assuming that a big *unit* in a given industry—a big coal company, a big steel mill, a big cosmetics plant—must therefore be superior and preferable to a small mine, mill, or factory.

Certain kinds of business—railroading, for instance—must of course be big. And big and little are purely relative terms when applied to business. The John Doe Company, doing a million dollars a year, may be big in one industry; its neighbor, Richard Roe, Inc., turning over that much a month, may be a piker in another. With comparatively free competition and a rap-

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idly multiplying population the inevitable tendency of all business ventures that do not fail is to grow: there is scarcely such a thing as standing still. Youth, the time when competition is least effectively organized, is the time of greatest prosperity for a big business. But when an industry has reached the point where it is dominated by, say, half-a-dozen big companies, not only are those dominant companies not so well off, they are actually on the decline; while the small companies are increasing in strength.

The arrival of a vast majority of our industries at maturity, a coming of age that was at once magnified and delayed by the World War, is a prime factor in the current depression. We can no longer ignore the bitter truth that our industrialism is too highly organized and widely expanded for its or our own good. As negative evidence to this is the fact that France, least organized and exploited of the industrial nations, has suffered least from the depression—in spite of the best efforts of her politicians.

The weaknesses of Big Business are the strength of Little Business. Let us, to cite an example, turn to the West Virginia soft-coal field, where they have never yet heard of Coolidge prosperity—where mining has been a consistently disastrous venture since the war. Its tribulations are the seven months' children of the present depression, and they afflict great and small impartially. So long as the Jacksonville Agreement or any compromise outgrowth of it remains in effect, and so long as my own sovereign State of Pennsylvania can wangle a seat on the Interstate Commerce Commission with a consequent discriminatory differential in Northern freight rates, so long will the West Virginia soft-coal industry be on a tough spot. There are many other elements in the situation, all bad, and all contributing to the crucial fact that the big operators cannot now, and could not for the last decade, cover their costs of production. Like Russian *emigrés*, they dance on to self-destruction. But the small operator is something else again.

I have a friend who, some six years ago, found himself possessed of $20,000 capital and the necessity to support a growing family. One of the big companies was auctioning off some of its property to save overhead costs. (Here I must pause to show how our governments, Federal, State and local, stimulate the dissipation of our natural resources whilst howling for conservation. No one can deny that our basic wealth, from the fertility of our soil to the minerals under the soil, is being wantonly exhausted by overproduction. And the most cogent single goad to overproduction is the eternally mounting cost of taxation. The coal operator *must* produce a certain amount of coal and *must* sell it at any price to pay his taxes, or government will pauperize him.) Fate took my friend to the courthouse steps: with twelve of his twenty thousand he bought himself a coal mine. Next he went home and told his wife, who, a West Virginian too, could not have been more pleased if he had flung his money into the sewer. Thereafter, with the help of twenty or thirty union miners (he was too small to ignore the union) he began to turn out soft coal and sell it—at a profit.

For observe: he was beautifully equipped with a lack of Big Business handicaps. He had no bonded debt, complete with sinking fund and interest; he had no high-pressure (*i.e.* high-priced) selling staff, complete with swindle sheets, expensive down-town office rentals, and staffs. He had paid a fair price for his mine—not what some bondholder, stockholder, politician, sister, cousin, or aunt had soaked a big company for it. He had no necessity

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to turn out ten thousand tons a day (my figures may be wild) "to meet his charges", and no expensive equipment: his depletion and depreciation write-offs were correspondingly low. In short, and as we say in Montgomery county: is all he had to do was make money. He has made it ever since: an average of $1000 a month over the modest management salary he pays himself. During which time all the big operators have done is to claw the air and drivel in their beards.

All this, of course, is not to say that his business is unattended by risks. It is, for instance, highly and rigidly specialized. If the world should stop burning soft coal my friend could not dig anthracite from the same hole in the ground. On the other hand, his sales risk is minimized. A big operator has pretty nearly got to list a railroad or two amongst his customers. If the railroads all stop buying West Virginia soft coal—as they have—the big volume outlet, the bread-and-butter outlet for Big Business, is gone. The big operator's only offset to this risk is a multiplicity of smaller accounts, which means a geometric increase in selling and carrying costs. But my friend's mine will run at a profit on a mere handful of medium to small accounts. If one leaves him he can turn to the directory of his college classmates and pick out another. He and his family like to travel, so an occasional customer hunt becomes, instead of a liability, an imponderable profit not reckoned in the thousand a month net, which is all real money.

Another risk is the big operators' attitude of mind. One revelatory instance of it throws into sharp relief a further priceless advantage of Little Business. It is customary in the mines to pay off the men every two weeks. At the same time, practically all settlements by customers are made on the twentieth of the month (God and the tortuous minds of Big Business alone know why). This means meeting the mid-month payroll with a depleted cash balance, and turning to the banks for accommodation. My friend was always able to get it, even though the big operators controlled the one bank that had survived in his town. He had been getting it twelve times a year for six years when suddenly the bank regretted it had no funds for the purpose. For reasons involving a union dispute the big operators wanted to break all the small, unionized concerns.

But they did not succeed. My friend had only to dip into his personal safe-deposit box to finance the payroll himself. Note, now, how Little Business enjoys a far greater ratio of reserves to operations than Big Business. Whatever Big Business pays out in dividends is dissipated: the fact that stockholders are assessable, and the correlative theory that dividends constitute an incomputable reserve, are immaterial; by the time a big company can get around to assessing stockholders it is too late. But the small business man puts everything above expenses—all real profit—into reserve, whether he leaves it undistributed on his books or pays it out to himself as dividends. The combination of his reserves and his private honor, even when he nominally limits his liability by incorporation, makes him a better credit risk, better able to weather any kind of business storm or meet any kind of emergency, than Big Business.

II

The reference to private honor brings up the point that the greatest advantage Little Business enjoys is its managerial edge. There is no substitute for personal supervision by ownership. The small business proprietor has torn a leaf from Pudd'n-

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head Wilson's Calendar and laid it between his blue lodge-card and his children's photographs; the leaf that says, "Put all your eggs in one basket and—*watch that basket!*"

I wonder if the reader can, in these degenerate times when seemingly all the best young men go *via* journalism or public-relations to the fat estate of Mr. Finger's easeful executives, fully realize the great differential to Little Business that maxim connotes? Did you ever lie awake Friday night wondering where you would raise Saturday's payroll? *Pfui!* Neither did the vice-president and general manager of Gadgets, Inc.; salary, $35,000. If he gave it a thought it was, "Get it from the banks". There are at least four banks so deep in Gadgets, Inc., they would not dare refuse further loans. True, Gadgets, Inc., has been operating at a loss ever since business "turned the corner" the last time. If it should fail, the vice-president and general manager stands to lose a salary of $25,000 in real money (Gadgets, Inc., cadges the other ten with an employés' stock participation plan). But "if anything happens", the sound and fury he has raised as v.p. and g.m. here will land him another job in five minutes. There was that offer of Gewgaws, Ltd.—a tony touch, that "Ltd." —to come over at $40,000—$27,500 in hard money. Might look into it . . . this crowd slipping . . . think about it in the morning. . . . Grant the exaggeration. But what employé, with ownership diffused amongst thousands of absentees, can experience the proprietor's compulsion to keep the wheels turning?

The most important phase of management is fiscal management. This is true of every business, great or small, for a business is, before it is anything else, a mechanism for making money. The means or material it uses to this end, however vital, are only secondary. The first thing a business must make is money; if it can't make that it must fail. Don't let any service-clubmen or vice-presidents-in-charge-of-sales tell you different. Well, credit is the fiscal lifeblood of business—and there are two kinds of credit: the kind you get and the kind you give. Their management is inextricably interwoven.

Yet what do we find in Big Business? We find a credit department, intent on extending credit to or making collections from customers. And we find the passive voice, the financing side, of credit in the hands of a totally different group, usually a directors' committee. You might better separate the Siamese twins with a hatchet and saw. As our rabbis tell us, there is a time for everything. There is a time for giving credit and a time for shortening it; there is a time for asking it and a time for paying cash. It is a weakness of Big Business that it never knows the correct time. It borrows money "for expansion". But expansion should never be financed out of anything but profit: if credit is strained to support it there is nothing left to tide over contraction.

I have repeatedly heard men say you should borrow money from banks in "good" times, so that when bad times come and you need money you will have established a credit line. That is not what my father, nor my grandfather, nor his father before him taught me. Their inarticulate precept, which I have always followed, was to borrow money only when I could not get it any other way and just had to have it. I am no banker, but it seems to me the banker's train of thought is obvious and his logic flawless: "If Gadgets, Inc., had to borrow from me in good times, by how much the more must it be hard up now in bad times? I think I had better pull out while the pulling is good."

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On the credit-granting side of the ledger, your big company gains in flush times by all sorts of loose practices: instalment sales, consignments, guarantees, and so forth; all done on "expansion" borrowing that Little Business cannot risk. When hard times shorten up Big Business's own credit it must come down hard on its outstanding accounts, which have been nurtured in ease. Little Business, because it is well-heeled, can do the direct opposite. In good times it can insist, since money is plentiful and easily come by, that bills be paid promptly. True, it is making a virtue of necessity; to handle the larger volume of flush-time business it must get its money in fast. But when the pinch comes it does not have to insult and bulldoze and alienate its customers in order to get money in to meet the interest and principle of "expansion" loans. It can let collections wait upon "ability to pay".

It is generally agreed that a good minority of failures could be avoided if creditors could only avoid too great precipitance, but it is not generally realized that the creditors who precipitate failures simply cannot wait. No congenital hatred of her father impels the badly managed bank, overloaded with overpriced real estate, to drive our Nell out into the snow; but only a last-ditch hope of salvaging some cash from the foreclosure sale of the old homestead. When I first went into business there was—*eheu fugaces!*—a type of customer described as "good: he may take a year to pay, but you can depend on him." Little Business can carry him a year. The problem of Big Business, spread out thin, as it must be to "grow", is not whether it can depend on him to pay in full in a year, but how much it can get out of him now.

In Big Business buck-passing and nepotism flourish to an appalling degree. The number of incompetent men I know holding subordinate jobs in big companies solely by virtue of blood-kinship would amaze you, if you did not know a-plenty too. I do not say Little Business has not its share of nepotism. But it is clear that, for instance, my coal-mining friend with a net of a thousand a month can carry only a limited number of helpless relatives on his payroll at very minor salaries. Neither is the small organization free of buck-passing and kindred evils. But they are so much more easily detected in a small company that they can be held at an irreducible minimum.

The only recourse of Big Business is rules, regulations, policies. Now, in business a policy is a petrification. For business is not a science; even granting that it may some day become one it will still have a long way to go before it can acquire enough data to formulate its laws. Why, we are not yet a good lifetime away from the total repeal of the Corn Laws! The current "science" of business is scarcely less empirical than the science of Paracelsus. On what, then, can the necessitous policies of Big Business be based save limited observation, hope, opinion, and prejudice? Little Business is not hamstrung by the springhalt of policy: it can dispose of each tactical problem as expediency and opportunism dictate.

To illustrate, consider another of my little-business friends. He operates a job-press-and-country-weekly concern. As is usual, the job work is about 85% of the business. It is there that he has felt the depression. In his weekly for a year or more he has been running a series of sketches, character and biography, of the local *prominenti*. To offset the job work slump he has put his plant to assembling these sketches in a book. The book is in good local demand; it will net him a few hundred dollars.

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By contrast, consider a big city newspaper or a big city printer faced with the same situation: neither can possibly make such a change of front; book publishing is another separate and specialized branch of Big Business. There is no law, injunction, or taxpayer's suit to keep the newspaper or the printer out of book publishing. Yet apart from mechanical obstacles either could easily go on the rocks before the parliamentary task of effecting such a reason-tottering change of policy could be accomplished. Thus in the long run, and particularly in hard times, Little Business can beat Big Business not only to the post but seven ways to the jack.

Far from being a science, business is in fact an art comparable to the art of war (with strategy left out: there is only tactics in business); an art whose technique is grounded in expediency. Expediency is the sworn enemy and perennial conqueror of specialization: no amount of *Flamenwerfer, mitrailleuse*, or Stokes mortars can prevail over a determined, ingenious infantry that can shoot, stalk, and thrust. Specialization is the handmaiden—nay! the very mother—of mass production. And mass production is the epitome of Big Business. The bigger a business grows the more rigid and inflexible it must become in every respect. It is the final flowering of a decaying artistry. To extend the morphological analogy, it is very like the over-specialized, fantastic end-product of the reptilean era: the forty-ton dinosaur, built to meet a peculiar climatic condition so well that when climate changed he could not change with it. Is it going too far to add that the dinosaur is usually pictured with tiny mammals, like small proprietors, skipping about under his legs, picking up a good living, and preparing to "take over"—let us always be business-like in our phraseology!—the monarchy of all they survey?

Does the analogy fit Mr. Henry Ford? Mr. Ford's business is a mammoth that could change its spots simply because it is essentially a small business. No competing company could possibly make the wrench the switch from model T to A involved. Can you see General Motors stopping all other activities, from advertising and selling to dividend and interest paying, while it concentrates on the creation of a new model Chevrolet?

Suppose a cosmic disturbance such as a scientist's or prospector's discovery should confront the Steel Corporation with the exigencies of such a situation (and don't giggle: it might happen to-morrow), where would it be? I will tell you where it would be: in the soup. Little Business is seldom confronted with the descent to such a Nirvana. With its limited investment in fixed assets, its high ratio of total resources, and its physical and mental flexibility it can slip from one line to another or, if you like, from one market to another without material discomfort. The business I operate today is no more the entity of which I took charge in 1914 than I am my great-grandfather. They share a direct relationship, a family name and resemblance, that is all.

The reader may ask how, if Big Business is at so great a disadvantage, it ever muscled in at all. If the handicraft producer occupied a position analogous to that of Little Business, how did the power producer get into the field? Well, the situation was different. That was at the beginning of the Industrial Age. Long after the introduction of power manufacturing there was handicraft production. Less than a century ago my maternal great grandfather operated a hand-loom stocking-mill in Germantown, Pa. Those were the days, not of being but of beginning; every new complication was balanced by a fresh palliative.

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But to-day we have reached the end of the nostrums, pills, and glisters. Big Business is out on its feet, floundering in a vicious squared-circle all hedged about with fixed charges, bonded debts, high salaries, executive staffs, big administration expenses, inflated valuations, top-heavy plant investments, big depletion and depreciation write-offs, staggering cash taxes; the necessity for big output, and consequent heavy selling expense; rigidity, diffusion, irresponsibility—I could go on, but the contemplation must exhaust you as much as it does me. The point is that few of these handicaps existed in the beginning; they have fastened themselves to Big Business as it grew; they are diseases of anabolism.

There is still another catch in Big Business, another fact that every manufacturer knows is axiomatic, yet will deny with his dying breath: the law of diminishing returns operates against quantity production economy as effectively as it operates everywhere else. There is a point—it may, indeed, be the point where business ceases to be little and becomes big—beyond which every increase in the quantity of production is accompanied by a corresponding increase in the unit production cost. There is in every business a physical, literal limit to lateral expansion. Thereafter, greater quantity production can only be accomplished vertically, by higher speed production. Everyone of the smallest industrial experience knows that an arithmetical increase in speed means a geometrical increase in unit cost. It is not the thirty-two knots an hour of your ocean greyhound that whoop up the minimum fares; it's the thirty-first and thirty-second knots. An important part of the art of business lies in keeping production cost as close as possible to the ideal minimum that lies between the maxima of oversize and undersize. Here Little Business gets the breaks merely because in it the feeble human mind can more surely and completely grasp the total situation.

III

It is only right that I should conclude these worldshaking revelations with a few words on the future of Big Business. I think its name is mud. The stern group of patriots that from a huddle in the White House visualizes prosperity around the corner—and under the tree—cries aid and comfort on the illogical theory that since we have weathered all previous depressions we shall finally snap out of this one. While I can no more formulate the mental concept of a permanent panic than of an infinite universe, reason tells me that both things can be. It further tells me that our present depression can easily get worse before it gets better. I realize that before these words reach print they may be treason—just as in the State of Pennsylvania it is already treason to warn your neighbor that his bank is going to smash. Nevertheless, I stick to them. I believe things may get worse before they get better, first because of our vastly overbalanced proportion of Big to Little Business. If we were on the same plane as France I should be more hopeful.

For another thing, there is the inescapable fact that the brain content of Big Business is low. If you want further evidence than the fact that some of the biggest newspapers (and a big newspaper is a big business) still advocate high tariffs, why!—then peep into the White House. The brain content of Big Business is low because, thanks to the peculiar circumstances (various but invariable) which have nurtured it, the need has been low. For instance, other things being equal, it

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requires less brains to run a tariff subsidized business than an unprotected one. (*Cf.* my competitor, Mr. Harry Bertram, who once said, "I think French competition is a good thing: it keeps us on our toes".). Now that we are no longer a debtor but a creditor nation and like to be hoist by our tariff petard, it is touch and go whether the supply of brains can catch up with Big Business in time to pick up the pieces. Certainly what brains there are in Little Business are not going to stampede aboard the sinking ships. For the rest —in spite of its basic simplicity, however easy it may look and sound, the art of business is long. Perfection in it is as unattainable as in any of the arts; proficiency demands years of practice. No Bryanite band of volunteers can spring to conferences and fountain pens overnight.

With the whole world prostrate, with the whole world in our debt, and with our industries dependent for life on their "exportable surplus", we find ourselves saddled with the highest tariff in our history. Every intelligent person knows that our debtors can only pay us in goods; that only with the gold we give them for their goods they can buy our exportable surplus; that a creditor nation can only exist as a free-trade nation; and that we should have gone back to free-trade eleven years ago instead of to normalcy. That a Congressman can ever realize these truths is incredible. That enough pressure can be brought against Congress to act rightly if uncomprehendingly is but the faintest hope and the slimmest chance.

Our governments, local, State, and national, are our biggest businesses. They are also our worst managed. Consider the plight of my own city of Philadelphia: its borrowing capacity is exhausted; it is, thanks to the combination of hard times, high rates, and high assessments, unable to collect millions in taxes due it; sheriff-sale property is a glut on the market; plenty of landlords are destroying improvements to reduce assessments—and sitting pretty on vacant lots. The city's only recourse in this *impasse* is to raise the tax-rate. Translated into night-school English, what do these things mean? They mean that the city can get no further accommodation from banks or private sources; it cannot collect its receivables; there is no market for its goods even through "realizing" sales. It therefore proposes, as a remedy, to raise its prices!

The plight of our States and of Alexander Hamilton Jr.'s treasury of miracles is hardly better. The only solution any government seems able to think of is to increase the already crushing tax load: a load that even now confiscates one day's earnings out of seven from the national income. Just as Big Business leans more heavily on its export market than Little Business, so Little Business can more easily contrive to cope with rising taxes. I, for instance, can add a few new numbers to my line, or give up a few boxes of expensive cigars or a case of first class liquor. But Big Business already has a hundred and ten per cent complete line, and—I understand—neither smokes nor drinks.

Finally, there is Russia—at the opposite pole of industrial civilization from France. Russia is like Theodore Roosevelt (senior): whatever you think of her, you cannot ignore her. I hold no brief for her, nor do I claim any special knowledge of her carryings on. I only point out a few overlooked facts. First, she is actually a gigantic capitalistic venture, not an experiment in Communism. For sheer size she makes Lever Brothers and the Steel Corporation look like the little mammals underneath the dinosaur. She aims to put herself in competition with every other business on

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earth. What chance will the Steel Corporation have against a competitor who can undersell the world's wheat or wool markets to get cash with which to buy blast furnaces? What chance has the whole top-heavy organization of Big Business against an outfit that has *no overhead at all*?

If you tell me she can be constrained by legislation I will tell you to stop the liquor traffic before you start anything else. Whatever the result of Russia's competition may be; whether she succeeds or fails —and, unlike the optimists, I see no better reason to suppose she will fail than succeed—is irrelevant to our present discussion. She can do us as much damage going down in failure as she can by making a success.

We are neither organized on the one hand to compete with her nor on the other to ignore her. Russia can isolate Big Business and defeat it in detail. Even Little Business is too far removed from the independence of handicraft culture to be impervious to her shocks.

At the same time it is certain, for all the reasons I have given and more besides, that the plight of Little Business with respect to Russian competition is nowhere comparable to that of Big Business. Indeed, much Little Business is immune to Russian competition. For example, the job press of my country journalist is beyond the reach of the bear's claws unless and until Russia is prepared to send out Pennsylvania Dutch speaking drummers to take orders for letter heads, auction bills, and prescription labels from the thrifty Amish merchants of Peach Bottom, Paradise, and Intercourse. If we are, *olaf hasholem*, to be butted back into a self-sustaining, handicraft civilization similar to Mexico's, at least the prospects are bright that Little Business can ease back "slow by slow" from bump to bump; while Big Business may well be consumed by the friction of its own recessive pace. And Little Business will always have an outside chance to convert its capital into specie and bury it in the cellar. For above everything else, it enjoys a wide and fulsome liberty by virtue of its obscurity.

Du reste, the Industrial Revolution has entered a new phase in which there is no place for Big Business because it is essentially wrong-headed and uneconomic: basically unsound. It will go, and nothing we can do will save it. Indeed, our problem is not how to save it but how to make the parting as brief and painless as possible. And our duty, if we are so fortunate as to be engaged in Little Business, is to thank God.

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THEY ALL COME TO MOSCOW

BY RUTH KENNELL & MILLY BENNETT

The Red Jerusalem

JOSEPH arrived in Moscow with Mary, who was quite evidently great with child. They had fifty dollars, and were paying five dollars a day for a room at the Metropole Hotel and another five dollars for food, so Joseph sought work.

Americans looking for jobs in Moscow usually come to the office of the Moscow *News*, the only English newspaper in all Russia. Joseph duly appeared. He was tall, thin, diffident-looking, with a wisp of dark mustache and a receding chin, and he lisped a little. His wife was buxom, rosy and very pretty, quite complacent about her condition and about the future.

It was Mary and her condition which won the Oldest American Resident, who happens to be a woman, to their side.

". . . in six weeks? And no room? Wait a minute!"

She telephoned the print shop.

"Don't you need a proofreader? You must need a proofreader! Comrade Gordon worked for six months on the *Scott County Chronicle* in Missouri."

Having adopted the expectant parents, the Oldest Resident had to find them shelter. This, in fact, is one of her chief occupations in Moscow. She keeps on the trail of rooms like a reporter looking for news. Her head is full of schemes for putting this American comrade out and that one in, or for holding down a room for someone else. . . .

Having found them shelter, the Oldest Resident had to find them a bed. This, even with her influence in official circles, proved impossible. Her overworked maid searched the dusty furniture shops, and inquired widely among Russian friends who were moving to Summer cottages. At the best store they said she could order a bed and it might be ready in six months.

"Six months? But the baby is coming in six weeks!"

At last she trailed down a cot. She saw it in my Summer room, and she came for it in her Ford car, with the expectant parents sitting expectantly in the back seat.

"But it's not my cot. I can't let you take it!"

"What? You'd let the baby be born on the *floor*? Here, take that other end and help me carry it downstairs."

"It's too heavy ——"

"But don't you understand? That baby's due any minute. You don't want it to be born on the ——"

But more trouble awaited them before the heir arrived. One morning early Joseph was torn from troubled sleep by a click at the door. A stranger, a young Russian, his arms loaded with baggage, stepped into the room. He eyed the young American and his wife curiously, then shrugged, settled his bags in a corner, sat down, and began to take off his shoes.

"Who are you? How dare you? Can't you see my wife? Can't you see her condition?" screamed the once mild Joseph.

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The Russian indicated that he didn't understand a word, and that the presence of Joseph and Mary didn't please him a whit more than he pleased them. Then, stepping out of his pants, he wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down on his bags to sleep.

Joseph, so the story goes, took the floor in one bound, snatched the intruder to his feet, pushed him into the hall, and locked the door after him.

I saw Joseph, the Russian and a straw-haired, pugnacious-looking woman gathered around the Oldest Resident's bed when I dashed in for a hot breakfast. The Oldest Resident, wrapped in the vivid, silken billows of a Caucasian robe, looked like a rainbow gone thunderbolt.

"But we paid three months' rent," she was shouting, "and we signed a contract with Mrs. Rabinowitz to occupy the apartment for a year."

"Half of the room belongs to me," returned the Russian. "Under Soviet law, she can't sign away my half."

"She got our money!"

"I'll occupy the room any time I want, and if the Americans don't like it, they can——"

"Yes, you and your girl friend! That lazy slut! That counter-revolutionary!" shrieked the straw-haired woman.

Poor Joseph and Mary! Unbeknownst, they had settled in the midst of a Russian domestic tragedy. Comrade Rabinowitz, wearying of Mrs. Rabinowitz, had taken a new wife. Then he went to Leningrad on business and while he was away the spurned comrade hit on the idea of leasing their room for a year, to prevent her ex-husband from bringing in her successor.

"The Americans will have to get out," the Russian declared coolly, "unless they want to share the room with me and my new wife. If I can stand it——"

"Nonsense, Rabinowitz, this young woman is going to have a baby," protested the young couple's guardian, threshing about indignantly in her bed.

"Other women have had babies."

Mary sat in the room all that day, key on the lock. Joseph entered by a prearranged signal. Was Rabinowitz defeated? He mobilized his friends. All night long they pounded on the door, yelling and screaming. Next morning the house committee waited on the Americans with regrets . . . and a note, couched in their version of English:

> *Comrade:* Would you expose to us scripturally all you know about the history of your logge, the tenor of the treaty you had made with the wife of Comrade Rabinowitz?

The room, the house committee decided, belonged to Comrade Rabinowitz and Wife No. 1. He had a new wife, Nichevo. Let them settle their own problems.

For Joseph and Mary another apartment was finally found in the house, nicer than Rabinowitz's, with a little balcony overlooking the park.

So the pair settled down, after a fashion. They had brought no blankets, layette, safety pins, castor oil, canton flannel. Hadn't Mary read in the *Nation* how the Soviet Union takes care of young mothers and babies?

None of these things are to be bought in Moscow. So Mary and Joseph would mention, off hand, their pressing needs and some big-hearted American would lend them this or that. A girl from Berkeley, Calif., provided blankets; an American engineer's wife found that her quilt protector was made of canton flannel, and gave it to Mary for belly-bands.

Somebody led her to a baby clinic, where they told her to eat plenty of vegetables and drink lots of milk, but not how to buy them on her husband's 175-ruble salary.

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For Joseph and Mary had no food card to a "privileged store," in fact, no food card at all, and so must buy their food and necessities at open market prices: forty cents each for eggs, fifty cents for a pint measure of carrots, $1.25 a pound for beef, $5 a pound for butter, and $3.50 a pound for soap. The clinic also gave her the addresses of eight hospitals in her district. They were at widely scattered addresses, on lanes and alleys neither she nor Joseph had ever heard of.

"You see, the hospitals are overcrowded. Everybody has to take her chance. When the pains come . . . canvas these hospitals. You'll be almost sure to find a vacant bed in one of them."

Mary, with the bright, patient smile that never wore off until the day she left Moscow, tucked the addresses in her purse and waited for the pains. . . .

Now, you can't call a taxi by telephone in Moscow. There are only 150 cabs in town. If you want one, you must go to the corner where they park and wait in line until one shows up. And although women with babies in arms are entitled to first place in a queue, Mary had not yet reached that privileged state. As for droshkys, it's no small matter to find one in a hurry. Sometimes you see dozens, sometimes not a droshky in a mile. The drivers are nomads, wandering about the streets freely with their bony nags.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"We'll get through all right."

Sure enough, they did get through.

Someone hammered at my apartment door one afternoon. There was Joseph, trembling, very pale, but smiling.

"My wife's had the baby! A girl!"

"Come in and have some tea and food. You look all in."

"Oh, I couldn't eat. But a glass of tea——"

It seemed that the night before, when Mary cried out, Joseph ran into the hall and began banging at neighboring doors. He found a Russian doctor. The doctor got an ambulance, laughed lightly at Joseph's list of hospitals, and rolled the young American woman off to his favorite. And there the baby was born.

Five days later Mary bundled the infant in its makeshift robe and went home. Soviet mothers stay in a hospital three days after a baby is born; Americans, as a special concession, five.

Then began the struggle to find milk. True, Joseph and Mary were given a milk-card by the hospital. It said that they were entitled to buy two quarts of milk each day at the government milk store at thirty-four kopecks (seventeen cents) a quart. But although Joseph appeared at the store at 6 A.M., he found milk only one day out of three. On the other two he was told: "no milk today." . . . It had been distributed to factory day nurseries and Summer colonies. Of course, they could always get milk from the peasant women who came to the door. But it cost seventy cents a quart.

For a while the Oldest American Resident obtained milk for them from her closed store, where it was seventeen cents, but her maid grew weary of carting the pails and complained. The Oldest Resident told Joseph that after all, "the maid had her rights too, and you couldn't expect her to do service for all Moscow."

When August suddenly turned from balmy, summery blue to gray and threatening, and an ominous, damp chill that struck to your bones was in the air, Joseph and Mary for the first time despaired.

The house committee had served notice. They must vacate. The Russian family who owned the apartment was returning to the city from its country shack.

Threatened with the street again! And

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in debt. They had no warm clothing for the baby nor for themselves against the Russian Winter.

Reluctantly the two who wanted to stay, who loved to sit on the edge of Communism and hold hands, cabled home for money.

"We love it here," Mary sighed. "The life—the hope in the people! America's stupid. Nothing's happening there. We don't want to go home. If it weren't for the baby . . ."

The folks at home didn't send enough money, so Joseph went around Moscow peddling his typewriter, offering it for 100 rubles, although everybody else in Moscow knows that typewriters sell at 750 to 1000 rubles each.

"Poor Joseph and Mary," I said to the Oldest Resident. "Have to sell their typewriter to get out of Russia!"

"I don't see how you can say that," she snapped. "They got their baby for nothing, didn't they?"

II

A Man of Vision

He came briskly into the office, surveyed us with a friendly, expansive smile and gave us the glad hand.

"Hello, folks, just got in this morning. Been attending the International Rotary convention in Geneva."

He produced a typewritten page.

"Here's a little thing I wrote you might like to use in your paper. I used to be a newspaper man myself and know how busy you folks are, so I don't want to bother you. You'll see I made a note there about the Spartikaid I understand you're holding here now. I'm specially interested in international sports—fact is, in anything international—and I'm sort of publicity agent for the big Olympic games we're going to hold in Los Angeles next year. For the life of me I don't see why the Red Sport International can't get together with us. That's the best way to peace. And by the way, did you know that Rotary is one of the greatest boosters for peace in the world today? Internationalism took up a lot of our programme at the Geneva convention.

"Well, I see I'm bothering you girls, so I'll be running along. You're both from California? My, you're a long way from home! But that's God's country, ain't it? Not that I don't value what's being done here, you understand. So long, I'll drop in again while I'm in town. And by the way, just call me Bill . . ."

Next day he came in again. He appeared a little less sure of himself, a little less buoyant than on the first day. He carried a package and sidled up to us confidentially.

"Listen, girls, I heard there was a shortage of silk stockings in Moscow, so before I left home I said to my wife, 'Now, Minnie, you go downtown and buy some silk stockings for me to take along to Russia.' So she did. Now I've been in Moscow two days, and I haven't seen anybody yet to give them to. Maybe you girls would like a pair."

The stockings were spread out on the editorial desk and the girls from California picked out two pairs. The Rotarian was suddenly a popular man around the *News* office.

But on the third day he entered with a tale of woe.

"A whole shipload of tourists from Leningrad arrived yesterday, and they tried to put three or four in with me. I'm almost afraid to leave my room for fear they'll take it. I've found out it's much better over at the Metropole, where they take only

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valuta, and of course it's all the same to me. I got on to this valuta business only after Intourist had already booked me at the Grand. But I'm eating at the Metropole. I made a $50 deposit, so I wouldn't be getting back kopecks in change. You girls are invited to eat with me as long as my credit's good!"

The Rotarian, it appeared, was busy with important negotiations. He was trying to see the Foreign Minister, but without success.

"I'm starting down the Volga and out by way of Odessa," he told us. "I'm afraid I'll have to write Litvinov a letter instead. It seems mighty hard to get to the big shots here. And I've got a Real Message for them."

Next day he brought the office a copy of the letter, which informed the Foreign Minister that he was establishing a $1000 peace foundation in each of various foreign countries, and would be pleased if Mr. Litvinov would arrange to receive one for Soviet Russia. He begged to suggest that it be used to further international sports.

On his last day in Moscow he still wore his half-moon smile, but it seemed a little forced. He deposited a large package on the editorial desk.

"Just some odds and ends I brought which you can divide—cocoa, coffee, tea, chocolate bars."

"But you may need them on your trip."

"Oh, I've got some left. And I want you folks to have something from me. I've got a kind of warm spot in my heart for this paper—I enjoy reading it, and I'd like to do something for you folks who are over here carrying on."

He counted out two crisp dollar-bills.

"Here, girls, go down to Torgsin and treat yourselves on me. . . . And if you're ever in Los Angeles look me up. Well, so long, everybody. Keep up the good work!"

III

Martyr From the South

Laura came to Moscow with the Spring.

She was a tall, hipless blonde with a soft, yearning face and pale blue, expectant eyes. Thirty-five or forty, or somewhere between, the age when wandering women begin to feel that they've missed something in life.

"Ah want to have babies. Ah want to have lots of babies, and ah want them all to be born in Soviet Russia."

Laura was like that, very frank, very outspoken in her soft Southern way.

"Ah lost mah trunks with all mah warm Winter clothes on the way to Moscow. Ah do dread the cold weather but," with a widening of her already too wide eyes, "it's all foh the Revolution, isn't it?"

There was another pretty little gesture of hers. Opening a fine leather purse, rolling out the coins in the palm of her white little hand:

"Seven kopecks! But something'll turn up. There must be something foh me in big Russia."

Laura wanted to do art work. She wanted to teach designing, the way she had learned it in the School for Free Expression in Greenwich Village.

"But this is Soviet Russia. The Revolution did away with all that bourgeois stuff about individual freedom," she was told.

"Oh, ah know all about Revolution. Ah been through a revolution mahself. Ah went right through the modern art revolution in New York. Ah want to tell yuh, we fought to hang our free drawings on the walls of the art school, and we won."

I first met Laura on a Bolshevik picnic. She wore a sapphire blue jersey that gave warmth to her eyes, a tricky, little, off-the-face hat and very sheer, very expensive chiffon stockings.

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When I, in sandals and bare-legged, plunged into a field of oats to get the cornflowers glimmering there, the intrepid Laura came after, breathless and eager.

"Such a heavenly blue," she cried, "bluer than at home."

"Say, how's it for those stockings of yours?"

Already they bristled with stickers and small thorns.

"You'll be in Moscow a long time before you'll find another pair like that."

She lifted gently reproving eyes.

"Ah'm happy to sacrifice. You-all don't understand. Ah love Moscow. Ah want to make it mah home. Ah'll do anything—sew, scrub—ah can sew real well. Ah make all mah own clothes."

Now, in America you might be able to sit safely with a crowd, with seven kopecks between you and starvation, and declare, "Look at my clothes, I make them all myself," and not get a peep.

Not so in Moscow. There are no clothes to be bought in the Red capital, and a woman who can, and will, sew——

"You can sew?" the Oldest American Resident glowed. "I have a whole closetful of clothes that need mending. There's my black satin. Gone under the arms, but you can take material from the hem . . ."

The next time I saw the Oldest American Resident she was barging down the Tverskaya with a mammoth newspaper bundle in her arms. Her icy blue eyes were red with anger, her face working with aggravation.

"Remember that Southern woman we met on the picnic? Said she had seven kopecks. Wanted sewing to do . . ."

The Oldest American Resident was near tears.

"S'last time I do anything for anybody in Moscow. They all think I'm a fool. I took my freshly pressed dresses to her. She keeps them a week, sends them back to the office crushed in a newspaper bundle, not a stitch taken. . . . Say's she's got a job teaching English!"

I see Laura often around Moscow. Sometimes at the Metropole restaurant where you have to pay American dollars for your food. Perhaps that vague, very rich, very conservative Southern family of hers has come through. Sometimes at demonstrations.

Always alone.

Just the other night I saw her in the windy dusk, standing in the Red Square watching a thundering demonstration.

"Gettin' cold," she said.

Hundreds of stalwart young Communists tramped by, shouting the rollicking,

> Ech, my Dunya, she's so fair
> Crimson kerchief on her hair.
> Dunya, Dunya, Dunya-ya,
> She's my Komsomolochka!

"Lots of men," she murmured.

It seemed that the expectant look was gone from her eyes, that a weary bewilderment was there now.

Her teeth chattered with the cold. Her skirts whipped briskly about her thin bare ankles, her naked shins.

IV

Pedagogue

Earl said he was fired from the Centerville Union High-school because he was a Red. Twice he'd voted the Socialist ticket, and once, on Christmas Eve, he went to hear a Communist the Lithuanian workers had brought on from Chicago. Earl didn't take part in the meeting. He sat quietly in the back of the hall.

But next day the school board quit the Christmas party at the First Baptist Church to meet and vote Earl "an undesirable citi-

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zen and the post of English instructor 1A and 1B vacated."

Earl proved a big disappointment to the indignant elders when he failed to fight his dismissal. He took their sniffs and snorts with a bland, mysterious smile—and then quietly dropped from sight.

"I'm going to Moscow!" he told the station-master at Centerville when he hopped off the southbound train a few days later.

"I had a sister went out to Idaho in '98 . . ."

"Naw—Moscow, Russia. Where the Bolsheviks live. But I got something here," tapping a bulky parcel under his arm, "that's going to interest you more than that."

Earl backed his Ford out of the Wide-Awake Drug Store garage. He went roaring down Centerville's Main street for the last time, in a cloud of paper handbills.

"You see," he told us (he was dangling his knickered knees off the edge of my desk in the Moscow *News* office), "when they kicked me out I went up to Chicago to the Lithuanian Communist newspaper and got them to print me 5000 handbills, showing up the school board.

"Believe me, sister, I had the lowdown. I hadn't been in that town three years for nothing. There was old Henry Peters, chairman of the board. He was chief of police last year. What about the four bootlegging joints down on River street that he'd taken the dough-ray-me from, I asked him in the handbill. And John L. Turner, secretary of the board. The old goat! He owns the shack down near the oil tanks where Emmy Fields and her girls . . . well, you know, a bad house. He's been renting to Emmy for years. And he an elder in the church. I put that in the handbill. The boys at the Lithuanian paper laughed fit to kill when they were printing it."

Earl dashed into Moscow *News* office looking for a job as soon as he arrived in the Red capital.

"Beacon is my name," thrusting out his hand. "I see you talk English around here. Got any work for a Bolshevik schoolteacher?"

A short, sturdy, boisterous fellow, in new rust-colored English tweeds. Red hair, red brows, and a red mustache, a little too bushy for swank. He said he was an Indianian by birth, and he looked like a vaudeville comedian's idea of an Indianian.

"They tell me I can get a food book to the privileged store with newspaper credentials. I've got," dipping into his pocket and hauling out his red American passport, which seemed to serve also as bill fold, "a letter from the editor of the Centerville *Republican*, making me his Moscow correspondent."

Something fluttered to the floor.

"My sweetie's picture."

He handed it over. A girl with neat dips of dark, smooth hair scalloping her forehead and cheeks, and the thin, bossy mouth of an American schoolma'm.

"My girl wants a baby, a baby boy. Some other fellow is crazy about her. Wants to marry her. But she says I'm the best man. Pure woman, too. Don't drink, or smoke, or," with a broad wink, "anything. I wrassled her all over the State. She said she loved me, but she was afraid."

He got a job teaching in the foreign-language technical school. He found a corner of a Russian student's room where he could sleep. But the Foreign Office, when it learned that the Centerville *Republican* had a circulation of only 500, wouldn't give him a food ticket. He was forced to eat at Moscow's open restaurants, soiled, expensive places with a limited choice of unappetizing, unsafe dishes.

Often he ambled into the Moscow *News*

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office around closing time and went home with me to get a square meal.

"Dang it, I want some more money coming in. I want to buy me some things. A Russian shirt, so the boys down at the school will think I'm one of them. I'd spend all my rubles, if I'd just get the rubles."

One day he showed me a letter that he'd received from his editor, the editor of the Centerville *Republican*.

"Can't use your stuff, nor anything from Russia in future. Times are bad. We are cutting expenses."

Earl scowled over the page, although he must know every word on it.

"He's yellow, that's what. I said things were fine on the Russian ship and he'd like to print that everybody in Russia is starving. Yeh, he'd buy a story like that. You mean to tell me times are so hard he can't pay five dollars? I'm gonna sit right down and write him a letter and tell him he's yellow."

"Sure. Write him a letter—write him tomorrow. Come on over to the house now and I'll feed you."

We cut across the park in the frosty twilight, Earl chattering away about the school.

"And when I told Borodina, she's the director, you know, that it seemed to me they ought to at least find a room for an American who's willing to stay over here and sacrifice, you shoulda seen the look she give me. 'Sacrifice? I think it's a privilege,' she says. Didn't seem to like what I said, somehow."

We walked past the busy little street stands, where citizens and peddlers bargained shrilly over the little golden heaps of pears and apples. Ragged dahlias were packed in bright array along box stalls, and trays of marigolds. Men in shabby coats elbowed among the women shoppers shoving tattered paper rubles at the peddlers.

Earl grabbed my arm sharply, a cry breaking from his lips.

"Hot mama!"

A strapping Russian girl came stepping down the street. A bold figure, in shiny satin, a little too tight everywhere. A brassy bob curled crisply from her beret. Her eyes, black and watchful, rested on Earl a moment, seemed to cling.

"I wanna get to know some of these Russian babies."

His ruddy face was lively, hot and dancing, in contemplation of some long-thought-on, some long-delayed pleasure.

"I wanna have a time in Russia before I go back home and settle down."

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NATIONAL FESTIVAL: G. W., 1732-1932

BY BOB BROWN

AMURICA, I luve you
more like a sweetheart you are.
Floodlights!
flash 1492, television! show us
Cristofo Colombo, da bigga banan'
father of all wop racketeers
pioneer Al Capone
And he raised a bunion
on his Spanish onion.

Pumpkins, squash, corn, squirrels
timber cold, gee whizz cold!
racoons and caps made out of them
down to their tails
dangling scalps behind.
My God! it was cold!
Fingers and ears frost-bitten.
Cristofo Colombo, it was
cold!

Amurica, I luve you
more like a bigga banan' you are!

Limeys, English-whiskered
muskrat beavers building dams
gnawing corn pone
whispering it scamper
over all other almost-human beings
sortof Miles Standoffish
plucking bronze beauties while they may
Pocahontas bronze beauties
Nava, Nava, my Navajo!
I hava luve for you
that will gro-o-o-o-o-o-w-w-w
Paul Revere
bottoms up in your cups
stirrup cups to the traveller
Paul Revere
kiss cups to the bride, Godiva
hiccoughs General Grant
with cup to your lips and a
big black five-cent cigar
mustache cups
drag Amurica dreg round in a
cup of blue enamel sky
slop it over into the sink of the
Atlantic or the Pacific.

Roosevelt Dutchmen popping out of
Dutch ovens informally
pasty-white yeasty biscuits.

French frogs arriving plop!
into the Mississippi basin,
Detroitizing, Canadizing.

Author unknown: 1630: Our
pumpkins and parsnips are
common supplies
We have pumpkins at morning and
pumpkins at noon
If it wasn't for pumpkins
we should be undone.
Walnuts, black boy!
black and tan walnuts
skin that tree, you shine!
shinny up, coffee-an'-cream!
skin the bark all off
your shiny black brain.

Maple syrup sap and shooters
smokin' stills in them thar mountings.

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Take me back to ol' Kaintucky
Ice, snow, red mittens, red noses
red flannels—gee whizz—red petticoats
Old coon-skin-cap Dan Boone
popping-up all unexpected
like Nick Carter
Hell on Injuns!
lickin' his weight in wild cats!
Old Sitting Bull, the guy what taught
Col. Custer an' Buffalo Bill to shoot the
diamonds all off Jim Brady's vest.

In the evenin' by the moonlight
you can hear them Injuns
eatin' corn
Champ! Champ! Champ!
the teeth are marching!

II

The Yanks are coming!
The Yanks are coming!
coming over curvish, Babe Ruthless.
Oh, take me to that happy land
where the river of booze is found;
sloe-gin rickeys ahangin' on the trees
an' high-balls rollin' on the ground
What? High-balls rollin' on the ground?
Yes, high-balls rollin' on the ground.
Lil was the best the camp produced
when Luke McGluke, the big galoot
came swingin' in from Slanger's Shoot.
She had her boots on when she fell
alas poor Lil, alas poor gel!
An ambitious postmaster in
Indian Territory
shipped the first forty-pound
turkey to the White House and the
President proclaimed national Thanksgiving.
Fourth of July came to pass
with much blowing off of mouths
and fingers
anvils were blown sky high
behind the blacksmith shop and
landed on houses
full of innocent people.
Somebody built a bon-fire and
elections came into being.
Comic valentines and St. Patrick's Day.

Oh, I've been workin' on the railroad
all the live-long day
I've been working on the railroad
just to pass the time away.
Work and pray
live on ha-a-a-y
you'll get a custard pie
in the eye
bye and bye.
The sun shone bright o'er that
Coney Island shore.
Oh, meet me tonight by the
old sea-shore
while the moon is shining
bright upon the Suwanee river.
Camping! Camping!
Camping tonight by the old Chautauqua.

I went down the rock to hide my face,
The rock cried out, No hidin' place!
No hidin' place down yur!

Who touches a hair of yon gray head
dies like a dog
March on! he said.
Oh, didn't he gamble, he gambled,
he gambled till the dealer cut 'im down.
Up an' down the cross-word puzzles
Steamboat Bill!
Write 'em Cowboy, write 'em!
Ladies and gents, you may now reverently
lift the lid to Col. Henry Ward Belcher
The Boy Bard of Missouri
The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

Hands up! Coroner Jack Diamond
will inspect the
corn liquor in your camera cases.
Oh! I wish I was in Dixie

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come away, come away!
Stand up everybody
hats off to the girl bandit Annie Rooney
and Amurica-I-Luve-You.
Garfield whiskers on postage stamps
scalping bees and Garfield tea
playing post office
Robert E. Lee another
good five-cent cigar
Edgar Allen Poe, renowned author of
Pack up your troubles in the
old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

And I start for Philadelphy
in the mornin'.
With me musket on me shou-u-ulder
faith', there's no man could be
b-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-l-l-der
an' I start for Philadelphy
in the mornin'.

III

Hold on a minute
wait, wait
begin again with Gertrude Stein in
The Making of Americans.
Begin again
stop and don't stop
with one foot in Heaven
hay-foot, straw-foot
belly full of bean-soup
These bones shall rise again
Think of Sherwood Anderson
nighting it among the horses,
Remember the Maine
try to forget Roosevelt
remember Anne Bradstreet
Whitman's Poetical Mama
remember she wrote the review
Amurica-I-Luve-You for Flo Ziegfeld
words and music
Bugs Moran machine-guns
spitting seeds like pumpkins
watermelons, black boy;
Let's go! Who's got the gin?
Up through the alley and over the fence
I got the can! Who's got ten cents?
Cold as Lady Astor
hot as Pocahontas,
the Dutch, the English, the ovens
the French, the wops, the wobblies
The Specialist
ask me no questions I'll tell you no lies

Buffaloes give no change
said Hinky Dink to
Chuck O'Connors at the Gas-fitters' Ball
I'm takin' my louse out for a crawl
we're goin' down to Heine Gabubler's.

Bryan, silver-tongued mother of
grape juice and free silver, I ask you

Ach du lieber Halstead street
Halstead street
There's State and Van Buren
There's Ogden and Morgan
But it's *Ach du lieber*
Halstead street, Halstead
Street, street.
Well, Gas-House Pete says to
Hinky-Dinky-Dink
D'you t'ink it'll do us any harm
to have another little drink?
Well, I'm pretty clean now,
says Bath House Jim
Well, you wasn't very dirty
when you first come in.

Carrie Nation, call the cops
Texas Guinan's out again!
Funiculi! Funicula!
Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Over there! Over there! Over there!
Mademoiselle from Armentières
Hinky, pinky, *parlez vous!*
Turkey in the Straw
All Bound Round With a

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Woolen String.
Here's spit in your eye!
Cake-walk end man
Virginia reel, mah honey
it's the apple jack;
an' another little drink
wouldn't do us no harm.
Clam bakes, canned corn and
Heinz's tomato catsup
Tammany Indian chiefs
In Arrow collars
Tammany Hall sachems
parading up Fifth avenue
in Truly Warner hats.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war!

Black walnuts, black boy!
roll them bones, Little Joe!
fade them Big Dick gallopin' ivories
Life's a crap game with a silver lining
and a Face on the Bar-room Floor.

All Amurican mothers I want to say to you:
Monday roast beef
Tuesday baked beans
All American mothers I want to say to you:
Wednesday steeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwww
Thursday sooooooouuuuuuppppppppp
Friday fiiiiiiisssssssssshhhhhh
Saturday beeeeeeeeefff stew
All Amurican mothers I want to say to you.

Dear lamb, look your brown eyes into mine
I am Pocahontas
I am Amurica
I luf you, beeg boy
if you have nothing on tonight
my behaviorism may become humanist
I'm the kid that's all the candy
I'm the Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Breeng a bottle of
Kickapoo Indian Cure along, beeg boy!

Then came the war——any war
It's a grand old rag
it's a high-flyin' flag!
Johnny get your gun, get your gun
get your Hun!
It's all a bad dream. You're out
without your pentameters on.
Begin again
start all over with Coxey's Army
and the Ku Klux Klan
altogether now
The Yanks are coming!
The Yanks are coming!
hang out a lantern on the
old baseball bat.
The Yanks are coming over curvish.
It's time for Wipers, kid
Wipers and Hemingway won the war.
Kit Carson is dragging
Joan d'Arc up an alley.
Well, after all, who did win the war
if it wasn't Camel cigarettes and the Y.M.C.A.?

Amurica I luve you
more like a six-day-bike-race you are.
spitting bloody teeth
big as watermelon seeds.
Tam-many, my Tam-many
you have a heart like a beer-keg!
Begin again with
Stein, Anderson, Masters, Cummings
George M. Cohan, Happy Hooligan
Ezra Pound and the Yellow Kid.
Amurica I luve you
more like George Washington you are,
Mayor Walker, Deadwood Dick,
Jack Dempsey or Mickey the Mouse!

Oh, wash me and I
shall be whiter than snow!

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IV

Washington, pouter-pigeon in medals
on top of an East Side tenement
facing the Wild West
you, all pewter-dented, powder-pocked.
Then came peace. Rip Van Winkle
snored.
Kentucky colonels red-eyed
stirred green mint juleps.
Little Eva and Our Nell
crossed the ice hand in hand
amid the baying blood-hounds.
Ice-clad Washington
crossed the Delaware
standing in the bow
stern as a cigar-store Indian
a perfect Currier & Ives pose
well in advance of Napoleon,
even before Napoleon brandy
Beating the Corsicans to it
That's Amurica (I luve you)
more like a Dug Fairbanks pirate you are.
Bigger and better imports and exports
than all Corsica even today
more goddam makers of metal clips for
more goddam business papers than
Mr. Dennison can make in one lifetime
system and suspenders
a splendiferous race of Wrigley-chewing
Gillette-shaving turtle-necked racketeers.

Then came peace! Turn the crank, Larry!
Cheer! Cheer! The gang's all here!
We have with us tonight
What to hell do we care!
George Washington!
What to hell do we care!
Father of our country!
What to hell do we care *now*!

The George Washington
not the coffee, candy or hotel
named after him, beware of imitations.
Hand the mike to Mr. Doyle, Larry!
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
the great medicine man
from Medicine Hat, renowned birthplace
of Dr. Munyon, Mrs. Eddy, P. T. Barnum
Bishop Cannon and Lydia E. Pinkham.
(Turn the crank, Larry.)

Mr. Doyle, speaking from the shades:
"General Washington, you may freely
communicate through my mediumship
with your very own people, your myriads
of children, both South and North of
the Mason and Dixie line.
I am excessively sorry, Sir
that our bright little Indian
girl guide, Pocahontas
who had the distinction of being
Miss Amurica in the year of Our Lord
sixteen-hundred-and-fourteen
cannot be with us tonight
she has gone off with Paul Revere
to take a lesson in
Peace-pipe smoking.
(Edward, Prince of Wales,
You're wanted on the anglosaxophone!)
In the absence of Pocahontas
better known as Miss Amurica 1614
General Washington will speak to you
through a composite Yankee spirit
using the many-tongued speech of
your great and glorious country.
(Turn the crank, Larry!)
And what have you to say for
yourself, General Washington?
Speak up loud now, just as if
this was Washington's Birthday!"

"Vell, eet was like dis, see!
dat dere bloody night it war wery
devil-black und stormy.
But I got vun full quart off
the best bloomin' bootlegger in Joisy
an' I drink 'em down gee-whizz fast
one, two, three, four, five, seex
high ball, my leetle Indian poy!

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Zen I says suddent like to ze pilote:
'Pilote, vere in hell's Amurica?'
anyways, I luf yez, und he points ze
finger vat trembles and I turns on
that there measly little crew an'
I sez, sez I, 'Gosh ding yer
blasted hides! Put forth for yon shore
Over There Amurica I Luve You!
Ter hell wit' de red flag!'
Twas a dark und stormy night, bejabbers
ven ve come marchin' clippety-clop
down Broadways an' dem damn Reds come
crawlin' on dere knees to Union Square
beggin' for food.
Well, we gave 'em good und plenty
mit machine-guns ve mowed zem down
six million out-of-workers strong
dem damn big-mouth Bolsheys.
Twas a dark und stormy night
und de ze son-of-a-gun of a bosun
vell, de bosun he wass tight
Martha, she say to me I shouldn't go
ouid wit' de gang no more."

Then came Independence
The Independence—And George
The Great White Father at Washington
did as he was told.
And then came the Independence
what there was of it
and the Statue of Liberty
all that's left
And Noah Webster's Dictionary
which exists even today
full of all the awful animals
that did their necking in the Ark.
There was a lull and what have you.
The 49'ers were keeping their
Charlie Chaplin gold rush right quiet
until Abraham Lincoln, the big galoot
come springin' up from behind
a maple-sugar log-cabin
"Never 'eard of 'im!"
Links, Honest Old Links
as we usta call 'im in fun
Cord-wood Links, the boy in corduroys
Well, Links was the best the camp produced
an' there ain't never been no other
President as pure-white perfect as Links
pine-knot-chawin', terbaccer-gnawin'
school-teachin', birch-barkin' Links
truthful as a cherry tree
grand old lined-faced Links
truthful as a cherry tree
grand old lined-faced Links
heart o' parlor oak
weather-beaten, whisky-drinkin' curly maple
hard as nails hick
hick'ry Illinois-product Links!

He appointed Stephen Vincent Benét
class historian and they held
Grand Army of the Republic meetings
over the graves of
John Brown's mouldering body and other
unknown soldiers.
Links made Roosevelt head of the
Dan Beard Boy Scouts! Hurrah!

The plutes compromised with the blacks
the spades inhabited Harlem and let the
ofays have Wall Street to themselves.
"Vell, I vish I vas in Dixieland
Come avay, come avay!
Vell, I vish I vas in Dixieland
Ta te ta te ta dum dum!"
The proprietor of Little Hungary,
In Second street, made a fortune
out of that song before Tin Pan Alley
blared into being, before Al Jolson
white-faced the good old Southern Mammy.

V

They're bare in them thar night-clubs!
Florida crackers hung hunks of salt pork

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swirling with the flies above the
kitchen table within greasy grabbing
distance of their shirt-sleeves.
Hominy grits, cracklings, chitterlings
and pickled tripe.

Call me up some rainy Halloween
we can laugh and we can—
talk about the weather.
Massa's in the cold, cold groun'
and the water's froze in the cuspidor
Say cus-pi-dor but not good-bye!
spittoons, goboons
Viva Amerique, très romantique
spaghetti in America's beard
source of all real romance
True bohemianism, love adventures, rack-
eteering,
the incentive of spaghetti
the inspiration of red ink.
Waltz me around again, Willie
around, and around and around
Colt 44s, prairie dogs and gophers
Casey at the Bat with
The Mick Who Threw the Brick
Moody and Sankey
sippin' cider through a straw
Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom de-ay!

Dewey and Dowie
hoe-cake, hoe-down
Slide, Kelly slide!
Off again, on again, gone again,
Finnigin! Mr. Pfister had a sister
When I kissed her, raised a blister.
There'll be a hot time in
the old town tonight.
At the bar, at the bar
where I smoked my first cigar
After the ball was over, Poe,
celebrated author of Frankie
and Johnnie, died.
Old Black Joe and Lincoln
were buried side by side
Will Rogers and Cal Coolidge
collaborated on Shore Acres
(Turn the crank, Larry!)
There were clam-bakes
Antheil wrote the music to Jesse James
Bill Haywood, Henry Ford, Sam T. Jack
and
Emma Goldman hit the Old Chisholm
Trail
Blue-gummed niggers wailed
them Amurica-I-Luve-You blues
Cigarette lighters, zippers, Peruna and
mustache cups went out,
Gentleman Jim and Gene Tunney
bowed each other out over the ropes.

Begin again:
Are you ready?
Are you ready?
Ready for the Judgment Day?
When the saints and the sinners
Shall be parted right and left,
Are you ready for the Judgment Day?

Rutabaga, maple sugar, succotash
Holy Rollers, Shakers, Quakers
Billy Sunday, Brigham Young and Aimée
on to Reno by covered wagon
quilting bees, lynching bees
red hot needle stinging bees
doughnuts and free lunch
venison and bear steaks
buffalo rugs and
juicy buffalo humps
wooden nutmegs
crooks and quacks
shin plasters
don't take any wooden nickels
Rockefeller and Woolworth
rubbing dimes thin between them.
Hip! Hip! Hooray!

Begin again:
Oh, say, can you see
by the dawn's early light
what so proudly we hailed—

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EDITORIALS

The Case for the Heroes

In the sad aftermath that always follows a great war there is nothing sadder than the surprise of the returned soldiers when they discover that they are regarded generally as public nuisances, and not too honest.

The veterans of the recent struggle to make the world safe for democracy are now suffering that viper's bite in the United States. The same newspapers which were anointing them, ten or twelve years ago, as heroes comparable to the Cid are denouncing them currently as a rabble of pension-grabbers, without merit and without conscience. One hears that they have already got immense sums out of the Treasury, and that their demand for more has no more equity in it than the demand of a Prohibition agent for his bribe. They are represented to be loafers who propose to live all the rest of their lives at the communal expense. So low-down have they become in the public esteem that even politicians venture to spit into their eyes. Lord Hoover, though naturally a very timorous man, was yet brave enough to do it at Detroit, and many another statesman, it seems likely, will be doing it presently in Washington, and with far superior aim and muzzle-pressure.

In all this there is a great deal less than justice. The fact is that the damage the heroes suffered by being thrust into the war is much under-estimated, and that the amount of compensation they have got since they came home is equally over-estimated. At no time, so far as I can make out, have they ever asked for a bonus large enough to cover their probable average loss, or even the half of it. Most of them were mulcted of what amounted substantially to two years of their lives, and those years were, in many ways, the richest they will ever see. All were set back seriously in their careers, whether as garage attendants or as philosophers, and a large number were ruined altogether. But now that idealism is adjourned, when they ask for a modest dole to help them over a hard place in a hard time, they are treated as if they were hijackers holding up a Sunday-school ice-cream truck.

There are, I suppose, two classes among the veterans, as there are two classes among the rest of us. The first consists of innocent fellows who still believe that the war they were forced to fight in was an honorable and altruistic enterprise, and that their own part in it, however unwilling, was thus a great service to humanity. The other class is made up of men who have come to the melancholy conclusion that it was all a swindle. But that difference, I venture to maintain, has nothing to do with their claim upon the country. Both groups, whatever their present views, were done out of something that was very valuable to them—more valuable, perhaps, than anything short of life itself—and both deserve to get some compensation for it, whether as heroes and martyrs on the one hand, or as

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suckers on the other. If, as some say, they were all heroes, then no reward could be too great for them, whether in cash or in homage. And if, as others say, they were all suckers, then certainly the country ought to have decency enough to restore to them at least a part of what it took from them by false pretenses.

The theory that it is somehow disgraceful for a man to accept pay for serving his country is sheer poppycock. As a matter of fact, no one actually believes in it. If anyone seriously proposed, in time of war, that soldiers be given only their board, lodging and equipment, every rational person would think it an outrage. Every man who braved the wicked Hun in the late crusade was actually paid in cash for the job, just as every Congressman at home was paid in cash for keeping him pumped up with idealism, and every ammunition-worker for providing him with cartridges. The generals behind the lines, of course, got more and the privates in the trenches got less, but every last man got something: the only substantial difference was that the compensation always seemed to run in inverse proportion to the work done. A man who risked his life and limb got barely enough to keep body and soul together, so that he arrived home when it was all over out of pocket as well as out of work, whereas one who remained on this side of the water and devoted himself assiduously to *Geschäft* emerged from the heroic business very well heeled, and not infrequently enormously rich.

Nor did any difference in ability have anything to do with this curious disparity. Some of the most intelligent and able young men of the nation were drafted ruthlessly and shoved into the forefront of the fray, and some of the most stupid and worthless men, both young and old, were allowed to stay at home, cheer the four-minute men, and wax fat.

These facts have been conveniently forgotten by many folks, but they are not forgotten by the heroes (or, if you please, suckers). These heroes, in many cases, are still suffering from the serious money damage that was inflicted on them, and in all cases they are made unhappy by the feeling that the whole arrangement was and remains grossly unfair. First they were rooked in the name of patriotism, and now they are denounced as grafters for demanding that their loss be made good. What the government says to them, in effect, is that they have already got enough for what they did—that their service was not sufficiently valuable to justify running up a debt to pay anything more for it.

Meanwhile, they observe the prudent fellows who staid at home during the war and piled up money, with the government now helping them to keep it by setting up high tariffs, costly to all the rest of us. And they observe, too, the farmers, who devoted the war years to robbing everyone else, and now demand aids from the Treasury, and get them. But the poor conscripts, when they protest against all this as inequitable and ask for places of their own at the same trough, are belabored as something akin to criminals, and get nothing, not even the beer they plead for with such touching eloquence.

Their remedy, obviously, is to pool their political strength, as the farmers and tariff-babies have done, and bring irresistible pressure to bear upon the politicians. Various altruistic leaders, eager for the ensuing jobs, already whoop them up to that end. I suspect that they will be heard from hereafter, and in a most unpleasant manner. We are just beginning to pay for the war.

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The Impregnable Rock

Thinking of the theological doctrine called Fundamentalism, one is apt to think at once of the Rev. Aimée Semple McPherson, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday, and the late Dr. John Roach Straton. It is almost as if, in thinking of physic, one thought of Lydia Pinkham or Dr. Munyon. Such clowns, of course, are high in human interest, and their sincerity need not be impugned, but one must remember always that they do not represent fairly the body of ideas they presume to voice, and that those ideas have much better spokesmen. I point, for example, to the Rev. J. Gresham Machen, D.D., Litt.D., formerly of Princeton and now professor of the New Testament in Westminster Theological Seminary, Philadelphia. Dr. Machen is surely no mere soap-boxer of God, alarming bucolic sinners for a percentage of the plate. On the contrary, he is a man of great learning and dignity—a former student at European universities, the author of various valuable books, including a Greek grammar, and a member of several societies of savants. Moreover, he is a Democrat and a wet, and may be presumed to have voted for Al in 1928. Nevertheless, this Dr. Machen believes completely in the inspired integrity of Holy Writ, and when it was questioned at Princeton he withdrew indignantly from those hallowed shades, leaving Dr. Paul Elmer More to hold the bag.

I confess frankly, as a life-long fan of theology, that I can find no defect in his defense of his position. Is Christianity actually a revealed religion? If not, then it is nothing; if so, then we must accept the Bible as an inspired statement of its principles. But how can we think of the Bible as inspired and at the same time as fallible? How can we imagine it as part divine and awful truth and part mere literary confectionery? And how, if we manage so to imagine it, are we to distinguish between the truth and the confectionery? Dr. Machen answers these questions very simply and very convincingly. If Christianity is really true, as he believes, then the Bible is true, and if the Bible is true, then it is true from cover to cover. So answering, he takes his stand upon it, and defies the hosts of Beelzebub to shake him. As I have hinted, I think that, given his faith, his position is completely impregnable. There is absolutely no flaw in the argument with which he supports it. If he is wrong, then the science of logic is a hollow vanity, signifying nothing.

His moral advantage over his Modernist adversaries, like his logical advantage, is immense and obvious. He faces the onslaught of the Higher Criticism without flinching, and yields nothing of his faith to expediency or decorum. Does his searching of Holy Writ compel him to believe that Jesus was descended from David through Joseph, as Matthew says, and yet begotten by the Holy Ghost, as Matthew also says, then he believes it calmly and goes on. Does he encounter witches in Exodus, and more of them in Deuteronomy, and yet more in Chronicles, then he is unperturbed. Is he confronted, in Revelation, with angels, dragons, serpents, and beasts with seven heads and ten horns, then he contemplates them as calmly as an atheist looks at a chimpanzee in a zoo. For he has risen superior to all such trivial details, the bane of less devout and honest men. The greater marvel swallows all the lesser one. If it be a fact, as he holds, that Yahweh has revealed the truth to His lieges on this earth, then he is quite as willing to accept and cherish that truth when it is odd and surprising as

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when it is transparent and indubitable. Believing, as he does, in an omnipotent and omniscient God, maker of heaven and earth, he admits freely that that God probably knows more than he himself knows, both of the credible and the incredible, though he is a member of both Phi Beta Kappa and the American Philological Association.

It must be plain that the Modernists are in a much weaker position. The instant they admit that any part of the Bible may be rejected, if it be only the most trifling fly-speck in the Pauline Epistles, they admit that any other part may be rejected. Thus the divine authority of the whole disappears, and there is no more evidence that Christianity is a revealed religion than there is that Mohammedanism is. It is idle for such iconoclasts to say that one man—usually the speaker—is better able to judge in such matters than other men, for they have to admit in the same breath that no man's judgment, however learned he may be, is infallible, and that no man's judgment, however mean he may be, is negligible. They thus reduce theology to the humble level of a debate over probabilities. Such a debate it has become, in fact, in the hands of the more advanced Modernists. No two of them agree in all details, nor can they conceivably agree so long as one man, by God's inscrutable will, differs from all other men. The Catholics get rid of the difficulty by setting up an infallible Pope, and consenting formally to accept his verdicts, but the Protestants simply chase their own tails. By depriving revelation of all force and authority, they rob their so-called religion of every dignity. It becomes, in their hands, a mere romantic imposture, unsatisfying to the pious and unconvincing to the judicious.

I have noted that Dr. Machen is a wet. This is somewhat remarkable in a Presbyterian, but certainly it is not illogical in a Fundamentalist. He is a wet, I take it, simply because the Yahweh of the Old Testament and the Jesus of the New are both wet—because the whole Bible, in fact, is wet. He not only refuses to expunge from the text anything that is plainly there; he also refuses to insert anything that is not there. What I marvel at is that such sincere and unyielding Christians as he is do not start legal proceeding against the usurpers who now disgrace the name. By what right does a Methodist bishop, in the face of John II, 1-11, Matthew XI, 19 and Timothy V, 23, hold himself out as a follower of Jesus, and even as an oracle on Jesus's ideas and desires? Surely there is libel here, and if I were the believer that Dr. Machen is I think I'd say that there is also blasphemy. I suggest formally that he and his orthodox friends get together, and petition some competent court to restrain the nearest Methodist congregation from calling itself Christian. I offer myself as a witness for the plaintiffs, and promise to come well heeled with evidence. At worst, such a suit would expose the fraudulence of the Methodist claim and redound greatly to the glory and prosperity of the true faith; at best, some judge more intelligent and less scary than the general might actually grant the injunction.

H. L. M.

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A HEX ON THE HOUSE

BY JOEL SAYRE

SURE, I can remember the Poet and Peasant when the jernt was a goldmine and on good nights they used to have four bartenders woikin'. Now they got one man behind the bar, and they're usin' wax dummies for customers. They's a hex on the house, sure enough. I even seen it put there.

It was the night of the Paulino-Schmeling fight a couple years ago. I rode a bus down to Times square from the Stadium, and the only place to set was beside Eddie Braddock. Now, you know and I know and we all know that Eddie Braddock is always pesting, and it's a guy's own fault for havin' anything to do with him. But I laid money on Paulino, and I was kinda punch-drunk myself that night. Anyways, when Eddie says how about a shot at the Poet and Peasant, I, like a sap, says okay.

When we got there they wasn't no customers in the jernt: just the two owners and the day bartender and the night bartender and the little bow-legged guy that looks after the free-lunch. They was all standin' at the end of the bar near the door. Every customer used to carry his own key in them days, and I let Eddie in and shut the door.

Both the owners is built like Hack Wilson, the Cubs' center-fielder. Hymie Fradkin is something like the late Kid Dropper in the face, and he could look through the keyhole in a doll-house with both of them green eyes at oncet. I ain't no flyweight, myself, but one time when I tried on his coat and buttoned it up to settle a bet, I felt shipwrecked.

He named the jernt the Poet and Peasant because "The Poet and Peasant" overature is his favorite number. He told me oncet he's got all the different phornograph records of it in existence out to his place: singin', orchester, pipe organ, marimba band, musical saws—the whole woiks. Every day he goes through all the raddio programmes in the papers to see if it's gonna be on the air: and if it is, he'd rather do six months in the louse-house than not catch it.

Gus Cherkas, the other owner, is dark in the face and he's got a little black fuzz left on the top of his knob, and he's got a long scar down his left cheek. I don't know how he got it. They tell me that when he was a waiter at Jack's in the old days he was anchor man on the flyin' wedge, and maybe that's how he come to get it, shovin' Harry Thaw or them Yale football players around. I dunno. Anyways, Gus is a pleasant enough mug, always gaggin' and clownin'. He's a Roumanian or some kinda guinzo.

Well, as I say, they was all standin' together at the end of the bar. Emil Kurtz, the night man, is behind the bar; Jack Quinn, the day man, has just finished his trick and he's got his hat and coat on; so has the little bow-legged free-lunch guy. Emil is stout and red in the face and one of the best bartenders I ever seen. The last time I hear tell of him was at Belle Liv-

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ingston's just before they give her that thoity-day bit. Jack is a big, sad toikey, all the time worryin' 'cause he got in trouble with the choich when he divorced his wife. His dogs bother him, too.

Hymie was leanin' against the wall by the end of the bar. Gus, the other pardner, was settin' on one of the high stools at the front of the bar. He was pullin' his hat up and down on his face. Jack Quinn and the little free-lunch guy was standin' between Hymie and Gus, facin' Hymie.

There was such a stink of trouble that I felt like scrammin' right outa the jernt, but everything looks fine and dandy to that goofey Braddock. It's a long bar and I steer for the middle of it.

"Evenin', gents," Braddock sings out in that goddam glad way of his. Nobody says a woid or even looks in our direction.

All of a sudden Hymie lets out a roar like a baboon and throws an ash-tray off the bar straight at Gus's head as hard as he can slam it. I wisht you coulda seen the way Gus ducks and lets his head roll with the punch. Tommy Loughran couldna done better. The ash-tray hits the *ce*ment floor and then slams the wall so hard it goddam near broke it down. All Gus done was pull his hat offa his face and say:

"Geez," he says, "whatsamatta, you crazee?" Like that.

You know them ash-trays is heavy with all that brass and glass in them.

Hymie bellows: *"Crazy!"*

He was fit to be tied. Somehow another he has his pocket knife in his hand with the big blade opened up, holdin' it away over his head. The pernt of the blade is stickin' outa his fist. Jack and the little free-lunch guy close in and try to calm him down. Gus Cherkas just set there on his high stool, pullin' his hat up and down on his face. I seen that his legs don't even reach the bottom rung.

Jack and the little free-lunch guy get their arms around Hymie and Jack keeps sayin' over and over again: "Now, listen, Hymie, listen. Will ya listen?"

Finely Jack coaxes the knife away from him. He stands there puttin' the bad eye on Gus. Oooh, was he boint! He was tremblin' all over, he was so boint.

Then, before anybody can grab him, he picks up one of them high stools like it was a camp stool and starts for Gus with it cocked up over his head. Them stools must weigh eight or ten pound. The seat part of them is two or three inches thick.

Well, I don't know how a big stout guy like that Emil got over that bar so quick, but he done it, takin' bottles and glasses and everything with him, and he grabs the stool with one hand and Hymie with another and holds on till Jack and Little Free Lunch closes in again. They get the stool away from him and coax him back to his corner.

This is just the time for Braddock to yell: "Hey, how about a drink? How about a little soivice?" And he done it.

Hymie hears him, and it's the foist time he tumbles that we're in the jernt. He kinda pulls himself together and he says to Gus: "I'll settle with you right now, you cheap grease-ball so-and-so. Come on in here." Then he opens the door to the back room and stands there, holdin' on to the knob. Gus gets down off his stool and walks over to the door. He kind of walks through it sideways, like he expects Hymie to put the boots to him from behind. Hymie don't, though. He tells Jack and Little Free Lunch to go on home and then walks into the back room and shuts the door. Jack and Little Free Lunch scram.

"Hey, how about a drink here?" Braddock yells. Emil comes around back of the bar again, but he just stands there lookin' at the door of the back room.

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"That guy's *in*sane," he says. He was kind of mutterin' to himself. "I know him twenty years now and he's always been like that. My God, he was in the death-house nine months, wasn't he? He croaked a screw at Dannemora with his bare hands, didn't he? He's *in*sane, I tell you."

We could hear Hymie barkin' through the door.

"What's the trouble?" Braddock says, fulla good news.

Emil comes to and takes a look at him.

"Oh, just a little argument," he says, "just a little you-know. What'll it be, boys? Have one with me."

He lays out a fresh quart of Golden Wedding and two glasses on the bar and was just fixin' the seltzers when Hymie and Gus come out of the back room and set down on stools at the end of the bar. Gus has his back to us, and we can't hear what they're sayin'. Emil says: "Well, all the best, boys," and we all toss off our shots.

I was just goin' to work on the seltzer when I looked in the mirror and seen Hymie grab Gus: I gag on the seltzer and it gets down the wrong pipe. Gus grabs at Hymie's arms, but it's like tryin' to grab a couple of them pistons on the Twentieth Century. Hymie don't sock him: he just kinda grabs him and pushes him, and Gus goes down in the sawdust. It was goofey the way he went down—like in the funny papers, and his hat flew off. There he was, flat in the sawdust, stickin' up them stubby arms and legs.

Emil got to Hymie before he could kick Gus's brains out and he done a Rock of Ages 'til Gus could scram outa the jernt. And he never come back. They tell me he's got a spot of his own on Staten Island now and doin' all right.

But can you imagine what that goofey Braddock done. He gets off his stool and walks over to Hymie and says: "You know," he says, "you oughtna pull a knife on a poison like that. You're li'ble to get in trouble some time."

Oooh! I put my mitts over my ears so's I wouldn't hear the bones crunchin'; but, by God, that mug's got a charmed life. Hymie just looks at him for a minute, and then he turns around and walks behind the bar and pours himself a sitz-bath fulla rye and tosses it off. The raddio is on the back of the bar, and after he gets through with his shot, he goes over to it and gives the buttons a twirl.

"This is station WJZ," says the announcer. "You just been listenin' to the McStash Merrymakers playin' 'The Poet and Peasant' overature. The next number——"

But we never found out about that next number, 'cause Hymie lets out a terrible scream and throws the raddio—wires, bowels and all—right through the bar mirror. Ooooh!

"Uh-oh!" Braddock sings out after all the glass finely come down, "seven years bad luck."

And I scrammed for my life.

II

Now, you know and I know and we all know that there's only one thing in the woild that puts a speako over, and that's good will. You can have the swellest fix-in's and trimmin's that money will buy and you can soive champagne at two bits a seidel and give the booze and beer away and lay out steaks and lobsters on your free-lunch counter, but if you ain't got good will you ain't nowheres.

The other angle is that maybe your rye ain't so hot and the gin hoits a customer's ear-drums and your beer proba'ly gives him a sore throat, but if you got plenty of the

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old good will, everything is eggs in the coffee.

All speakos, or anyways the kind of speako the Poet and Peasant was, is run the same way. So much a half-barrel for beer. So much a case for perscription rye. So much for white to cut it with. So much for gin. So much for maybe a couple bottles of brandy for some of the customers that calls for it. So much for your bartenders and your free-lunch guy and your porter. So much for protection: cops, prohis and the boys downtown. So much for stuff like light, heat, and maybe gettin' the can fixed when it's broke.

All these expenses like on your booze and beer and protection go up or down, accordin' to how conditions is. Take like protection—it don't pay the cops and the prohis to soak you more than you can stand. Everybody's gotta live.

There ain't much dough in beer or Scotch. The take in a speako comes mostly from rye and gin: they pay about four to one. Rye is easy to cut, and it tastes pretty good, it don't matter how thin you slice it, so there's a big demand for rye. Scotch is tough to cut, and it don't matter how good you cut it, it don't taste so good. All speakos serve cut Scotch, of course, but there ain't much demand for it. Anybody with a pail, though, can make gin, and there's quite a big call for it in rickeys and the like, especially among the dames.

But if you ain't got good will you ain't nowheres, not if you got a jernt that's woith a million boffos.

III

So what?

So Hymie owns the jernt all to himself. He's got a jernt that's a gold-mine. And what does he do? Why, he squoits it all away, that's what he done.

Foist of all, he goes and gets himself jammed up with Mrs. Knees Callapuzo. Her husband was just after gettin' croaked out in Chi and she come to town to see if she couldn't do herself some good. Hymie, the mug, falls in love with her right off. Don't laugh, I'm levellin', honest to God. Did she do herself some good?

Right there some of the good will went blooie. The jernt up to that time was a great hangout for newspaper guys, because they was two, three, four papers published right in the neighborhood. Newspaper guys are mostly screwey, but they spend all their dough in speakos—even in times like these here, and if they don't spend it in one day they spend it in another. They like to get together and cut up touches.

That's the main angle on good will. A guy likes to come to a speako and forget about his troubles and his wife. Well, this here Mrs. Callapuzo right away reminded everybody of their wife. You'd see a guy come into the jernt for a quick one, and when he'd get it and then seen her settin' down there at the end of the bar roarin' baby talk to Hymie, he'd toss it off quick and scram instead of havin' maybe a couple like he was goin' to when he come in.

That wasn't the woist. She wasn't in town more'n a couple months before she collected a whole mob of dames all in the racket like herself and begun to throw tea parties in the jernt. These dames wouldn't stay in the front room where they belonged, where they was enough booths for all the lady sharpshooters on Broadway, but lepped up on them stools at the bar as soon as they come in. By the time the newspaper mob got in sometime around eleven, the tea party was all stiff as a plank and all them dames was screamin' and plungin' around enough to give a poison the horrors, let alone a newspaper guy.

The newspaper mob got boint up about

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it and went to the booths in the front room theirself, but they couldn't get their shots served to 'em fast enough, and that boint 'em even more. So they come back to the bar and gathered down at the other end to the dames and give 'em doidy looks. But it didn't do no good, 'cause by that time the dames was so stiff they wouldn't hardly noticed if you hit 'em over the head with the ice bat.

Then there was the match game. Ain't you never seen the match game played? Well, it's a great gag with all the newspaper guys. Everybody that's goin' to play takes three matches and then puts their hand behind them and in one hand you put either three, two, one or you don't put no matches. Then you put that hand on the bar and you guess how many matches they is altogether in everybody's hand. Say they is five playing. Well, there can be any number of matches on the bar from none to fifteen. Each one guesses the total number matches in all hands. When all the guesses is in, everybody opens their hand and the guy that guessed the right number drops out. The last two players left in the game plays two out of three. The guy left holdin' the bag pays for five drinks. Sounds screwey, but them screwey newspaper guys get a great kick out of it.

Well, they's a new inspector in the district, old Maw McCormick, who they moved over from the East Side, and he's plenty tough. They got a new three o'clock curfew law, and he's seein' it's enforced.

It's three-thoity, and about fifteen of the newspaper guys is playin' the match game, includin' Mr. Helman, who writes about the theayter, and Ed Griffin, the sports colyumist, both of 'em big shots on the *Star*. They're roarin' and laughin' and makin' plenty nerse. Hymie is scared: he thinks old Maw McCormick might hear 'em and raid the jernt.

Well, that's all right, and if he'd ast 'em nice to not make so much noise and conned away to 'em what he was up again, why, everything woulda been O. K. But instead of that, he lets out a roar that drowned out all the nerse that the newspaper guys was makin', and just as Mr. Helman and Griffin, who are horse and horse in the finals, open up their hands, Hymie grabs their matches and calls 'em every so-and-so and so-and-so he can think of. There is an argument that lasts till four o'clock and makes ten times as much nerse as before, and in the end all the newspaper guys walks out, hopin' Christ will smack 'em flat if they ever come in the jernt again.

At that everybody scrammed, and the last thing I hear as I'm goin' out the door is Mrs. Callapuzo screamin':

"Atta boy, daddy, you tell 'em every time."

IV

Well, the jernt is marked lousy with the newspaper mob from then on, and maybe you think *that* didn't put a hole in the damper. And then something happens that toins all the rest of our stummicks.

Like all them kinda guys, Hymie was nuts about animals, specially dogs and fancy pigeons. Before Mrs. Knees come into his life he used to spend all his dough on 'em, and pretty near always they was a mutt hangin' around the jernt.

Well, this here night I'm tellin' you about was Hallowe'en. They was a bunch of actors and show people in the place, cuttin' up touches and enjerin' theirself and for the foist time in a long while the bell on the damper was doin' some ringin'.

About two o'clock in comes Joe Reilley, the comedian, and he's got his kid with him.

The kid has got one of them false-faces

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on, kind of a devil's head, and Joe is leadin' him by the hand. From the size of him, the kid don't look more'n five or six years old.

"Come on, sonny," says Joe, "don't be a-scairt. Boys, this here is the devil, himself, come to scare you on Hallowe'en."

And he give 'em the wink. The kid went up to everybody and says: "Booooo!" and everybody played like they was scairt, sayin' "Oooo, lay offa me, Mister Boogey Man."

And then Joe pulls off the kid's false-face and I'll be goddam if it wasn't one of them Singer midgets, and an old one at that.

Well, everybody had a million laughs, and they set the midget up on the bar and he sticks a big cigar in his puss and calls for a shot.

The midget has about twenty shots and gets stiff and puts the false-face on again and starts to scare everybody all over. And then all of a sudden a great big goddam wolf of a police dog that'd been standin' behind the bar jumps up and puts his teeth in the midget, right through the false-face and everything. If Jack hadn't crowned the mutt with the icebat he'd bit the midget's head off.

Well, it cost Hymie a grand, cause the midget was a member of this here Actor's Equity, and they took up the case and claimed that the marks the goddam dog left on the midget's puss prevented him from practicin' his profession. And it cost the jernt all its customers in show business. Things was tough enough in that racket without havin' your head bit off every time you wanted a shot.

And if that wasn't enough, them mutts of Hymie's give his wife (not Mrs. Knees, but the one he was married to) the mange.

"Yeah," he says, the night he told me about it, "she's got it bad, all up around here. She's sufferin' something terrible."

He had on his hat and coat and was goin' home.

"Pass me up them Glover's," he says to Jack.

And so help me, if Jack didn't reach down behind the bar and pass up a couple bottles of Glover's Mange Cure!

After that all of us regulars laid off the rye for months.

V

The next thing we heard was the big mug had set Mrs. Knees up in a love nest, *a love nest*, just like in the papers. She didn't hardly never come in the jernt no more, which was a break, but Hymie didn't neither, and Jack didn't like it.

"He ain't attendin' to business," Jack tells me oncet. "She's got him walkin' around on his heels, and, believe me, it's costin' him plenty. She'll let on like she's sore at him and then clip him for a flock of dough or a present. And he's takin' it out of the damper. And the booze mob ain't been paid for I don't know how long and are boint plenty."

And pretty soon the booze and beer starts to taste like the booze guys ain't been paid in a long time. Honest to God, it got so bad even the water in the jernt give you a jar when you took a swallow of it. And everybody knew what that meant: it meant that if Hymie didn't come across with some dough pretty quick he was goin' to get some pardners.

And sure enough, one night Little Willie Wilson and a mob of gorillas come in the jernt. Willie and Hymie went in a huddle in the front room, and when they come out, Willie bought a round for the house to celebrate him havin' a piece of the jernt.

You gotta pay the booze guys if you're runnin' a speako, or they're gonna move in on you.

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That wasn't the woist of Hymie's jams, though. What give him the horrors every time he thought of it was what was gonna happen if his wife found out about him and Mrs. Knees. Mrs. Fradkin was quite a dame, herself. Her old man ran a waterfront jernt on the North river, and when she wasn't nothin' but a gal, she used to make up the Mickey Finns for him and toss the sailors out in the gutter.

Emil Kurtz, the night bartender, quit.

"Some night," he says to me, "Hymie's gonna be in here with Callapuzo and the Missus is gonna walk in. The only thing we can do is all take a dive right through that front window. It's thoity foot down, but it wouldn't be nothing to what would be goin' on up here. No, sir, I got enough headaches as it is without no more. I'm gonna scram."

And he did.

But just to give you an idear of how scared Hymie was of the Missus, Little Willie Wilson had to shoot a fellow over on the West Side one night. He took it on the lam.

The cops found out that Hymie was a pardner of his and brought him in. Poor Hymie didn't know nothing about no shootin', and, at the time it happened, him and Callapuzo was cryin' their eyes out at a moom pitcher, "The Jazz Singer."

But Hymie was so scared that his Missus would find out he'd been with the other dame, he wouldn't tell the cops nothing about where he'd been when the guy was bumped off. They took him in the goldfish room and went to woik on him with the hoses and automobile tires till they was tired, but he wouldn't tell 'em nothin'. Finely they toined him loose.

Geez, what a sweet, standup guy that Jack was! He stuck with the jernt and took all the raps. Hymie was marked lousey with the cops, and whenever they didn't have nothing better to do they'd come in and toss the place around. Shakin' down the damper, movin' out the stock, makin' it tough. Hymie got nastier and nastier, as business got woise and woise, and he took most of it out on poor Jack.

An old cop, Mike Guiness, used to come in the jernt after his trick was over, and see couldn't he sauf up all the beer. His twenty-five years was all up but a couple months, and he was just waitin' around till he could retire. So he put in his time saufin' up beer and playin' "Sidewalks of New York" on the nickle piano. If he'd play it oncet he'd play it fifty times a night. Every time he had a beer he'd put in another nickle and have "East Side, West Side" too. I figure he'd pounded them sidewalks so long, he just liked to lay back and listen about 'em. And would he go for that beer! Jack swore he saufed 103 one night before he give up. Anyways, it seemed like he couldn't get enough of both, the song or the suds.

One night two mugs stuck up the jernt. They got in by tellin' Jack they knowed so-and-so and he let 'em in. Well, they pulled rods on him and locked him in the can, and then cleaned out the damper, includin' the dough from the punchboard for the Catholic Orphan Asylum that Jack had been runnin'.

And all the time old Mike was snorin' over in the corner on the floor, wore out from beer and "The Sidewalks of New York." It's a wonder them two mugs didn't pick his service revolver and shield off of him while he was layin' there, but they didn't touch him.

Well, about two months after that, somebody done a doidy stinkin' trick on poor Hymie. Nobody knows who it was, 'cause the guy had more enemies than the Kaiser durin' the war, so it coulda been almost anybody. But here's what they done.

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A guy gets on a 'phone, a pay station, and calls Headquarters. He tells 'em they's just been a moider up at the Poet and Peasant and gives them the address. Well, that's the doidiest way to rib a speako there is, 'cause in two minutes there was the Homicide Squad and Johnny Broderick and bulls from the West Forty-seventh and the West Thoitieth street houses and an Emoigency Squad crew and an Assistant District Attoiney—all highballin' for the jernt.

Well, Hymie was there and Jack and old Mike the cop and me and one or two other guys the night it happened. Mike is stiff and the piana is playin' "Sidewalks of New York" and we're all havin' a quiet shot, when we hear that funny high nerse the whistle on them Emoigency Squad wagons makes. It's right outside the buildin'.

"Must be a fire somewheres," says Hymie and steps in the front room to take a look out the window. And then in a second he's back and them little green eyes is buggin' outa his head.

"Jesus!" he yells, "they's a million cops outside and they're comin' upstairs."

He rushes over to the 'phone booth to call up his bondsman. He's kickin' around in there and cussin'. Then he sticks his head out of the door and roars.

"For God sake, gimme a nickel, somebody!"

The cops outside are poundin' and kickin' on the iron door and roarin'. Everybody reaches in his pants for a nickel, but there ain't nobody got one. Jack joiks open the damper. One of the cops starts shootin' through the door.

There ain't a nickle in the house. Mike's put 'em all in the piano. And the piano belongs to some guy that rents 'em out and he keeps the key himself.

Well, when the cops got in, after gettin' a blow torch from the Emoigency Squad wagon and cuttin' the goddam door down, and findin' they wasn't no moider, they was fit to be tied. They socked everybody in the jernt, me included and even Mike, and got out their axes and crowbars and went to woik on the jernt. They called up the Federals to come and move out all the stock they left behind theirselves. And they threw Hymie and poor Jack in the louse-house.

And, of course, they was the usual headache down to the Federal Buildin'.

VI

Well, after that, Hymie had to go. Willie Wilson and his mob tossed him right out on his fanny. I seen him on the street the other day and he was full of plans.

"I'm gonna open up another jernt," he says, "and I got a great idea for it. How about one of them Old English Choppe Houses with Chinese waiters?"

I says great and scrammed.

Jack Quinn is runnin' the jernt now. He's such a sweet, standup guy. I wish him all the luck in the woild. But the jernt ain't doin' so good.

It seems like they was a hex on the house.

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NO MORE TRUMPETS

BY GEORGE MILBURN

His parents were waiting for him in the warden's office when he came in. His mother kissed him damply and started weeping again when he put his arms around her and patted her.

"Oh, Claude, son," she sobbed, "I prayed to God for this day, and now He's answered my prayer."

"Yeow, on the same day my parole come due—ain't it funny it happened like that?" said Claude, turning to take his father's stumpy hand. The old man hadn't found a place to spit yet, and as he shook hands his face was set and very solemn with his mouth full of tobacco juice.

Claude said, "Where's Jim?"

His father spied the warden's spittoon and stooped low over it to discharge his spattering burden.

"Jim's waiting outside in the car," his mother said, wiping her eyes.

"Couldn't get him to 'light," said the old man. He drew the back of his hand across the amber dew on his chin.

"Alice didn't come," his mother began again. "She didn't feel like she ought to in her condition." She looked down modestly. "I guess I wrote and told you Alice was expecting the stork, though."

The warden came in briskly and took Claude by the hand and clapped him on the shoulder. "Well, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons," he said in a jovial tone, "we're certainly going to miss Claude here, we certainly are."

"Thank you, Warden Hintz," said Mrs. Parsons with as much diffidence as if she were the one taking leave.

"He's made a mighty good record here, he certainly has," the warden went on, "and we're all mighty proud of him, we certainly are. His radio programmes has directed much attention to the work we're doing here with the boys. As I guess you know already, Claude's been assistant director of the band for the past year, and I think he plays the trumpet just as good as Professor Wetstein, the director. Oh, I don't mind saying it at all, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, your boy's got to be a person of importance here at the reformatory. Yes, sir-ee! Right up there among 'em. Claude's a regular kind of a genius along music lines, he certainly is, and it's going to be a big loss to us to have him leave, it certainly is."

Claude wondered how long the warden was going to keep on talking, and he began to wish that he'd let loose his hand. The warden's hand was sweaty, and it was sticking to his.

Mr. Parsons mistrusted this unstinted praise of his wayward son, and he said uneasily, "Well, Warden Hintz, that's mighty fine. I guess we'd better be gettin' started, though. We're in a car, see, and we got 152 mile to go before night."

Mrs. Parsons, however, had been enjoying the warden's speech, and she bobbled her head. "Yes, Warden Hintz, Claudie's a good boy at heart. And we certainly appreciate all you done for him here."

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Warden Hintz, thus encouraged, talked a while longer, bestowing advice and praise. Claude was glad when he let go his hand, now soggy, and they moved out of the office.

Jim was sitting in the car outside the reformatory gates. He had one leg thrown up over the steering wheel.

"Hi, there, Claude!" he called.

"Hello, Jim," said Claude, shaking his brother's hand stiffly. "Hod-a-mighty! I never would 'a' known you, grown like a weed." Jim was eighteen.

Claude stepped back and looked at the automobile. He said, "You all have bought you a new Ford, ain't you?"

"I wrote and told you we did, Claudie," Mrs. Parsons said reproachfully. "Don't you recollect I wrote and told you? Sometimes, son, I think you never did read my letters. You never did say nothing about what was in them when you wrote back."

"Yeow, I read them," Claude said, climbing into the front seat with Jim, "but I got so much other mail from them radio bugs."

The car passed through the small town at the foot of the reformatory hill, and out into the open country. It was April. Claude pulled in his belly and filled his lungs with sweet air.

"It's a great life!" he shouted to Jim, feeling the wind in his teeth.

"If you don't weaken," Jim yelled back. And they both laughed and Jim took one hand off the wheel to slap Claude on the thigh.

His mother kept leaning forward from the back seat, wanting to talk to him. She kept putting her hands on him. He wished she wouldn't do that. It spoiled the feeling he had.

"Don't it feel grand, son, to be out in God's open air again? Just think, five years and fourteen days you've been cooped up in there!"

"Ah, Mamma, you know good and well that I've been going out on concert tours with the band ever' Summer for the last three years," Claude said.

She leaned back in her seat, but after a few moments she was at him again. "Son, don't you ever think no more about going down to the University and taking up an electrical engineering course? You know that Robertson boy, that was in your class at high-school with you, finishes this year down at the University. I was just talking to Mrs. Robertson yesterday, and I was just thinking how nice it would be if you could go on to college like you was going to. You're only twenty-two."

"Naw," said Claude shortly, "I'm going to be a musician."

"Oh, son, they ain't no living in that no more. The talkies has just took everything. Those Hibberts, I don't guess you knew the Hibberts, but they located in town, and Mr. Hibbert had such a good job playing the drum in the orchestra at the Ritz Theatre. Well, the Ritz put in talkies a year ago last Fall, and now Mr. Hibbert has been out of work for almost a year, and from all I hear they're just on the verge of starvation."

"Sure, I know, but there's always a place for a good trumpet player."

"Well, anyhow, Warden Hintz certainly did speak high of you, didn't he?"

"He ought to, the old gabbo. I've just about been running the band around there. They can't do nothing with the boys in the band without me."

II

It was sundown when Jim threw the gear into second and Claude recognised the grade north of Humphrey's farm. He felt a touch of nausea as familiar places began appearing along the road.

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When the car was passing Rose Hill Burial Park, his father, who had been silent most of the trip, leaned forward and pointed.

"Now, Claude, if you'll look right through that clump of cottonwoods over there," he said, "you can see the marble shaft they put up over that Coker boy's grave. They ought to of put him up a marble shaft, they didn't have to pay no lawyers."

"Spare us the gory details, pop!" Jim shouted.

Stewy Coker was the boy with whom Claude had robbed the filling-station that night, six years ago in June. The filling-station owner had caught Stewy between the shoulder blades with a charge of buckshot. Claude had said on the witness stand that all he was sorry for was having missed when he fired back at the man who killed Stewy.

The old man was imperturbable. He kept on talking.

"Now you can see our new skyline, Claude," he said. "Just look'e. What do you think of that? That buildin' you see goin' up acrost over yonder is the new six-story hotel they're buildin'. Now that tall white one there with the little hen coop affair at the top is the new Fidelity National Bank Buildin'. They claim they're goin' to have a moorin' mast for Zepplins on top of that little hen coop business you see. And all this pavement has been put in new since you was here. Oh, you wouldn't know the old town. It's got to be quite a city. Quite a city."

Jim drove the car around to the furniture store in Second street to let the old man out. It was almost dark, and the clerk would be wanting to close up for the night. Mr. Parsons got out and went inside to check up on the cash register. Charlie Rice, the clerk, came out to shake hands.

Alice and Walter came over after supper that night. Claude had wanted to go out with Jim, but he heard the car back out of the driveway, and he knew that he was stuck. Alice was going to have a baby. My God, she was as big as a tub. He was shame-faced before her.

He had never seen his sister's husband, Walter, before. He disliked his brother-in-law immediately. He didn't like the way he shook hands, straight out from the elbow. Walter was a sleek young man with black hair pasted down so flat that it seemed to be enameled on his skull. He wore spectacles with white gold rims and he laughed unnecessarily and without humor.

After Alice had kissed Claude and had sunk down into one of the overstuffed rockers in the parlor, Walter came forward and stiffarmed Claude's hand.

"So you're Claude, huh-huh-huh," he said, chuckling in a monotone. "Heard a lot about you. Feel like I know you a-ready, huh-huh-huh."

"Oh, yeah?" said Claude, sourly.

There was a moment's startled pause, but Mrs. Parsons, fussing around the two, filled the breach brightly with, "I wrote you all about Walter, Claudie. Walter's manager of the Great Western grocery stores here. They have five stores in town. They have stores all over the country. Walter got his place five years ago, when he was twenty-two, just your age now."

After the conversation had been drawn around to it, Walter said, "Well, Claude, what're your plans, huh-huh-huh?"

"I don't know as I got any plans," said Claude.

"Didn't think you'd have, huh-huh, but I been talking it over with Alice, I mean, Alice talked it over with me, huh-huh-huh. I often say I'm the head of the family, but Alice is the neck, and the neck turns the

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head whichever way it wants it to go, huh-huh-huh." Walter demonstrated this by waggling his head stiffly.

"Well, the fact is, we're letting old Krause, our meatcutter, go at the end of the month. All our meat comes out ready-cut, anyhow, and no use us paying a expert meatcutter, huh-huh-huh. So we thought maybe you would like to take a job clerkin' in the downtown store's meat department. The job won't be open until the first, and that would give you a little time to cat around and enjoy your freedom some, huh-huh-huh. This job won't pay so much, but you could work there until you had a chanct to look around and get into something where you can follow your trade."

"Trade? What d'ya mean, *trade*?" said Claude.

"Why, didn't they learn you no trade?" said Walter. "I thought they always learned you a trade in places like that."

"Well, you've just got another think a-comin', then," said Claude. "I'm a trumpet-player and a bandmaster, and the warden will tell you I'm just as good as any in the State."

Walter said, "Oh! Ah! Well! Huh-huh-huh."

Claude stood up abruptly. "Well, I'm all wore out," he said, yawning. "I think I'll hit the hay."

Mrs. Parsons jumped up and said anxiously, "Yes, you do, son. You just go up to bed and get a good night's rest. You've had an awful hard day. I fixed your bed in Jim's room, and you just go up there and go to bed."

He climbed the stairs, unbuttoning his shirt as he went. He turned on the light in Jim's room, the room that had been his six years ago, and closed the door. He heard his mother come bustling up the steps.

She called to him, "Claudie, don't you want to take a nice warm bath tonight? They's plenty of hot water for you, and you would sleep so much better, son."

"No, mom," he said, opening the door only a crack because he was in his underwear. "I don't guess I do. I'll just turn in like I am."

"You're sure you don't want to take a nice hot bath, son? The heater's been on ever since we got home and they's plenty of hot water if you want it."

"No, I guess not." Why, in the Name of God, didn't she stay back downstairs? He shut the door.

"Oh, son, I forgot to put out your sleeping garments. You can wear some of Jim's. Let me get some for you." She rapped softly on the door.

"Wait! Wait till I get my pants back on!" he yelled. He scrambled into his trousers and opened the door. She laid out a pair of Jim's pajamas and went out.

He put on the pajamas and got into bed. He had been asleep hours it seemed when he was awakened by the light going on. It was Jim, come back from his date.

He blinked his eyes and Jim laughed. Claude swore softly. "Where the hell have you been?" he said finally.

"Oh, just out horsing around," Jim said.

Claude sat up in bed. "Well, I was looking for you right after supper. Jim, you know what I want you to do for me?"

"I'll bite," Jim said, peeling out of his coat, shirt, and undershirt with one motion and standing, as white and glistening as an onion, under the light.

"I want you to date me a girl for tomorrow night."

"Just any girl do?" Jim screwed up his left eye into an elaborate wink.

"Sure, any girl. Oh, I want a nice one. You know."

"Yeah, I know. Nice for what?" Jim

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whinnied under his breath. "All set?" he said, and snapped off the light.

He got into bed and settled himself. Then he said, seriously, "Why, yes, Claude, I think I can fix it up. Maxine, that's the gal I was out with tonight, Maxine Davis, has got a dumb cousin visiting her, and I think she'll party all right. I'll see Maxine about it, and you all can ride in the back seat. 'Course we don't have to say nothing about where you been the last few years."

Claude felt his blood surging up in the dark. He knew that he was getting mad. This little feeble brother of his was ashamed of where he'd been. The crummy little rat. " 'Course we don't have to say nothing." Why he ought to be proud to claim kin to a man whose trumpet solos had brought praise from radio fans all over the country. Ashamed to be brother to the assistant director of the reformatory band! The little louse!

Claude waited a moment. He didn't want to blow off and crum everything. But he'd let him know. His voice quavered a little when he began talking.

He said, "You know, Jim, I just been laying here thinking about a little girl I met over to Sunset Park last Summer. See, the reformatory band went on a concert tour ever' Summer. We played over there at that amusement park for a week. We played ever' night. They was pretty strict with us, but one night we had intermission and I slipped off and went to one of these here fun houses, all kinds of trick slides and falls and ever'thing. I was all dressed up in my band uniform. We had keen uniforms. I met this little girl, Lona, her first name was. She had got separated from the party that had brought her, and I didn't have no trouble making a pick-up. We went out on the lake in a boat, and I took her over on the other side. Kur-rist, but that was one hot little mamma. I wisht I had got her to give me her last name. When we got back they was all out looking for me. They thought sure I'd went over the hill. But old Wetstein, he was in charge, he couldn't say much, because he couldn't do nothing with the band without me, and he let me get away with more'n he would the others."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Jim said drowsily, "Yeah, I guess it must of give you a big kick to get out like that once in a while."

Claude could tell that his brother was almost asleep. He said, "Yeah," and lay there in the dark, wide awake, thinking. He thought of the rustic bandstand in Sunset Park, the dreary beat of the merry-go-round's competing music, the swirling garlands of lights on the rides, the cool paths beneath the trees. He thought of the girl, the dark, rush-fringed lake, and how they had soaked their feet getting out on the other side. He remembered how his new band uniform, gold braid and scarlet, had excited her. He tried to bring to mind an image of her face, but it eluded him. He went to sleep and dreamed.

III

The next morning he woke up early, at the habitual time. He remembered where he was, and he stretched out between the cool, smooth sheets to reassure himself. Jim was still sleeping.

"This is something like it," Claude murmured to himself. Then he turned over and went back to sleep again.

When he woke up the next time Jim was out and gone. He got up and dressed slowly. The alarm clock on the dresser said 10 o'clock. He went into the bathroom and shaved with Jim's safety razor, discarding the blade, although it was scarcely dull, and putting in a new one. While he

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was shaving his mother called up the stairs.

"Claudie, you up?"

"Yes," he called back.

"Well, then I'll put your breakfast on for you."

"Don't bother," he said.

"Oh, yes, I set it back for you, son. It's all warm. All I have to do is put it on the table for you."

He came downstairs and picked up the morning paper as he came through the front room. It was rumpled and scattered, and he stood in the dining-room door straightening it. His mother hurried in with a platter of bacon and fried eggs. There was a bowl of corn flakes and a pitcher of cream at the place set for him. He folded the paper over and propped it up, reading as he ate.

His mother hovered about. "I reckon it must feel pretty nice to get some good old home cooking, don't it, son?"

"Oh, not bad," Claude said, "but I used to feed pretty good anyhow. The band played all during meals, and we never did have to eat the regular mess. And after I started broadcasting over KRJR people sent me more stuff than I could eat. What's the matter with you all? You all just can't get it through your heads that I had got to be somebody in there, can you?"

When he had finished, he wiped the egg from his lips with a corner of the table cloth, and called, "Mom!"

Mrs. Parsons appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Mom," he said, "is my old sax still around here?"

"Why, no, Claudie, don't you recollect, I wrote to you about that saxaphone. That little Spurlock boy down the street was taking lessons, and your papa got a chance to get out of it what we paid for it wholesale, so we sold it. It was just laying around here, tarnishing, and we didn't know if you'd care about it, as you wrote that you was playing a horn over there."

"Sold it!" he whined. "Well, I'll be goddam! So you went and sold my sax, did you?"

"Claudie!" She clicked her tongue. "Don't use swear words, son!"

"Well, what am I going to use to practice on? I guess you think I'm going to set around in there twiddling with that radio?"

"Well, I don't know, son. Didn't they say nothing about letting you bring your horn home with you?"

"Naw, of course they didn't."

"Well, it looks like they might of. You know, the papers all had that big write-up about you last year. They practically just as much as said that if it hadn't been for the way you played that solo of 'My Wild Irish Rose' over the radio for the St. Patrick's Day programme, that millionaire never would of bought the reformatory band them new uniforms. So they might of at least let you brought your horn home."

"Ah, how d'ya mean, bring it home? That trumpet was the property of the band. How could I take it?"

"Well, Claudie, after the crops comes in this Fall, money won't be so scarce, and maybe you can get your papa to order you a new horn then. You know, I hate to say anything about it, son, but your pa just never has got back to where we was since we finished paying off the lawyers we had for you."

"Yeow, I know how that goes."

Claude got up and went over to the blue ginger jar on the golden oak buffet, where the milk and ice money was kept. He took out a dollar in small change and went out the front door. He walked to town slowly, cutting through Burbank Park, sauntering in the shade. As he came out on the busi-

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ness street on the other side he noticed that the Pigeon Pool Parlor had a new electric sign. He walked past there. It was cool and dark inside, and the place was deserted.

Claude wondered how long it would be before he could get so he could handle a cue again. Old Man Funk, the proprietor, was idly knocking a cue ball about on the front table. Claude knew that he had better not start off by playing with a shark like Old Man Funk. He hesitated, but he walked on past.

At the corner he went into a red-fronted drug store and bought a seventy-five cent harmonica. He went past the open magazine rack and swiped a *Gangland Stories* magazine. When he came out he started walking quickly toward home.

That afternoon he sat out on the front porch playing the harmonica. He perfected an imitation of a railroad train going through a cut, whistling and chugging.

At four o'clock the school kids began coming past. He whistled through his teeth at some high-school girls. They looked back and giggled among themselves, and Claude called, "Uh-oh! Uh-oh! Uh-oh!" but they went on.

Then he got up and went into the house and shined his shoes and took a bath. He was sprinkling toilet water on his hair when Jim came upstairs.

"Well, ever'thing's set for tonight, big boy," Jim said. "Maxine's got this dumb cousin of hers for you. Now if the old man just don't stop us from taking out the car."

"Ever'thing's all set then?"

"All but about taking the car out tonight. I've already had it out every night this week. It's gettin' about time for the old man to howl."

"That'll be all right. Leave it to me. I'll just tell the old man we're taking it, and that'll take care of that," Claude said.

IV

It was growing dark when Jim stopped the car in front of a small house over on Okmulgee avenue. Jim tootled the horn, and a girl, dressed in white, came bounding out across the lawn. Another girl came down the front porch steps and strolled along after her.

When the first girl came up to the side of the car, Jim said, "Maxine, I want to make you acquainted with my brother, Claude."

Maxine screamed, "Oh, how do you do?" and started giggling.

Claude said gravely, "Pleased to meet you."

He got out of the front seat and came around on the other side to open the back seat door. Maxine ran around and climbed into the front seat.

The other girl came up. She had hair the color of corntassel, her eyes were round and bulging, and her lips were painted into a pucker. She got into the back seat and Claude got in after her, slamming the door.

Jim turned around from the wheel and said, "Miss—ah, Miss—say, I never can remember your name!"

"Oh, *par*-don *me*!" shrieked Maxine. "Irene, this is Mr. Claude Parsons. Mr. Parsons, I want you to know my cousin, Irene Withers."

"Oh, she does, does she?" said Jim roguishly. "Just that hot, I betcha!"

Everyone laughed at that. Then Claude said, "Well, now we know each other, so we won't get out here and get one another mixed up," and they all laughed more than ever at that. Jim stepped on the starter and the car lurched away. Claude took advantage of the hilarity to slip his arm around the blonde.

"Baby, where have you been all my life?" he said, snuggling down beside her.

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"Na-o-ow!" she drawled, glancing at him and moving away.

"What's the matter, girlie?" Claude said solicitously.

She pooched her lips. "Not while we're in town. People can see."

It was quite dark when Jim stopped the car on a side road. He shut off the engine and sighed. They sat there in the dark. Jim and Maxine exchanged casual kisses. Finally Jim said, "Well, I guess Maxine and me will get out and pick some flowers."

They scrambled out of the car and started walking off. They had gone only a short distance when they heard the girl in the back seat start saying, "You quit now! Aw, stop now, Claude!"

And then they heard her screech, "You keep your filthy hands off'n me, you goddam jailbird!"

They stopped, listening. They heard a loud groan.

"Oh, God! he's choking her!" Maxine exclaimed, running back toward the car. Jim followed her.

When they reached the car they found Claude slouched down in the bottom, moaning.

"What's the matter, Claude?" Jim said.

"Ah, the little devil kicked me," Claude breathed.

"Why, Irene, what do you mean, acting like that?" Maxine said. "If I'd of knew you was going to act this a-way, I never would of asked you to go with us."

"Well, I don't care," said the blonde. "I'm plenty broad-minded, I guess, but I ain't a-going to let no dirty convict paw me. I got too much respect for that."

Jim turned to Maxine. "So you went and told her, did you?" he said contemptuously.

"No, I didn't, Jim! Honest to God, I didn't, Jim! I never told her nothing. Did I tell you, Irene?"

"Sure you told me, and you don't need to try and lie out of it, Maxine Davis. And I ain't a-going to let no lowdown crook try and maul me, or I'll have him throwed back in the pen where he belongs if he's not careful."

She began sobbing heavily.

Claude was beginning to recover. He sat back up in the seat. "Jailbird, hunh?" he asked indignantly. "Why, listen here, girlie, you don't know nothing about me. You don't even know who I am. I'm a band director. I play over the radio. I'm the best trumpet-player in this State. You didn't know that, did you?"

"Yah, trumpet-player!" said the girl. She quit weeping. Her scorn dried her tears. She took out her compact and began fixing her face in the dark. "I'll trumpet-player you if ever you lay hand on *me* again."

"Well, what do you want to do, Claude?" Jim said, impatiently.

"Do? Do? Why take this little floozy back to town and dump her, of course."

V

They drove back in silence. Jim stopped the car in front of the bungalow on Okmulgee avenue, and the two girls got out. Maxine stepped back up on the running board and whispered to Jim. Claude crawled over into the front seat with his brother.

He kept cursing, "Why, the dirty little tart! Why, the dizzy little slut! Calling me a jailbird! Why, she don't even know who I am. She must not of ever heard me play over the radio. I just wisht I could of had on my band uniform tonight! The goddam lousy little broad!"

Jim didn't say a word. When they reached home, Claude got out, but Jim didn't move away from the steering wheel.

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"Going to drive the car into the garage?" Claude asked.

"Nope. I'm going back around and get Maxine again," said Jim.

Claude stood watching the red midge of the tail light disappear. When it had gone, he murmured, still staring blankly, "If she'd ever seen me in my band uniform, it would of been different. She just didn't know who I was."

He sat down on the brick terrace and took out his harmonica. He began to imitate the sound of a freight train going through a cut, very softly, making the long-drawn wail of the locomotive whistle distant and mournful.

After a while his mother called out from the downstairs bedroom window, "Claudie, is that you?"

"Yeow!"

"Was that you making that noise on a French harp?"

"Yeow!"

"Come on in and go to bed, son. It's 'way past 10 o'clock."

He got up and tapped his harmonica against his palm to knock the spit out of it, and trudged into the house.

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AMERICANA

ARIZONA

THEOLOGICAL communication in the Somerton *Tribune*:

UNKNOWN TONGUES

I want to write on this subject as the Bible gives it to us. I believe that on the day of Pentacost the Lord gave the Apostles eleven tongues, and that they spoke with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The tongues spoken on the day of Pentacost were for this cause: as there was every nation under Heaven at that place and but few of them knew anything about Jesus, God showed His power by making His preachers speak to them so they could understand.

Some people say if you don't speak in tongues, you can't be saved. The holy dance follows the tongue speaking. I shall not spend time on the dance. Paul said to abstain from all appearance of evil, and any child of God sees dancing as the work of the devil.

ELDER F. L. LEWIS.

ARKANSAS

HYMN for the Christian children of this great State, composed by Brother J. L. Brown, editor of the *Baptist & Commoner* of Little Rock:

I am glad I am a little child,
And not a little dog;
I am glad I am a human,
And was not made a hog.

I like my little kitten,
I think it very nice,
But I am glad I'm not one
And have to live on mice.

I am glad I am a human
And can walk and talk with men
I am glad I am not a piggy
With four legs in a pen
I am glad I'm not a calf,
And my mother's not a cow;
I am glad I'm not a piggie
And my mother's not a sow.

I am glad I know there is a God
That gives me life and breath,
And can take me up to Heaven
To live on after death.

THE same gifted man states the issue between him and two other Baptists:

Brother Jones, Brother Manning and myself are agreed on where Paradise is today. Our difference is over where it used to be. I have not learned enough Greek yet to make me believe that God did not know where to put Paradise when He first made it. I don't think He made a mistake, and put it in the wrong place, and then later on found out his mistake and had to take it up and move it to another place. Maybe He did, but I hardly think so.

ILLUMINATING note upon the sad state of public opinion in the Ozarks, from a recent treatise on the region by Vance Randolph:

The noun *judge* or *jedge* is regularly used to mean a fool or clown.

COLORADO

THE United Press correspondent at Springfield on the field sports of a hardy people:

Ice cream sold briskly today despite cool weather because 221 residents had just had their tonsils or adenoids removed. An airplane brought fifty pounds of ether from Denver yesterday, when the supply ran out at the free clinic for poor people. Five surgeons operated on the 221, many of whom were school children. The American Legion Post and the Parent-Teacher Association arranged for the clinic.

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ILLINOIS

FOOTNOTE on the beautiful resilience of Christian moral theology from an article in *School & Society* by Dr. Paul H. Vieth of the International Council of Religious Education of Chicago:

> As Coe points out, religion changes in the act of teaching it. It is never just the truth which is transmitted, but the truth as interpreted by the teacher and as understood against the background of experience of a particular pupil. One needs only to ask whether under even the same teacher, the words "love your enemies" would have the same meaning in 1912 as in 1918 or again in 1931, to show how even the teaching of the meaning of identical words is dependent upon surrounding circumstances.

INDIANA

LIFE in Noblesville as disclosed by the local correspondent of the International News Service:

> Because he maintained that his wife had too much work to do in caring for their sixteen children, Ralph Roudebush, a farmer of near here, has requested the board of trustees of the local library to refuse to lend books to her. In his letter to the board Roudebush said: "I think that a woman who has sixteen children to care for hasn't the time to read any books and I would be pleased if you would not loan any members of my family books during the coming school year."

PUBLIC notice in the celebrated Osgood *Journal*:

> The people that rumored it around that I am married are badly mistaken or aimed to tell a real lie, as I am not and do not intend to, as I have five children that it is my duty to raise, to show honor to their father, whom there is no man can take his place. Also other things have been said. If these same people would sweep their own backyard, they would have plenty to do. Anything can be thought and said, but not so easily proved.
>
> MRS. MAMIE E. LOVE.

MARYLAND

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GEDDES, Poet Laureate of Baltimore, raises a hymn to that grand and immensely wet old town:

> There's a spot all native sons adore,
> The poet's dream, dear Baltimore.
> For the gallant men of the long ago,
> With lovely maidens to and fro.
> For in those knightly days of yore,
> Reigned all around Lord Baltimore.
> Who mingled with the people, say—
> With grace and justice day by day.
>
> And something else there lingers still,
> Where jolly lads can drink their fill.
> Good fellowship in Baltimore,
> Forever through our souls to pour.
> For love's the same to rich and poor,
> And all who visit Baltimore.
> Sweet charity is true and strong,
> For meekness always treads along.
>
> So when this poem travels on,
> Remember Key's inspiring song
> Was made in dear old Baltimore,
> Sweet liberty to all restore.
> Some men might boast of greater claim
> Around our Nation for a name;
> Of prettier spots of long before,
> Still all the world loves Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS

CIRCULAR broadcast in Boston, Cambridge, and the adjacent faubourgs:

> NOTICE!
>
> SPECIAL EXTRA
>
> STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!
>
> ———
>
> A MESSAGE FOR YOU!
> FROM THE GREAT BEYOND,
>
> At a Series of Seances, Meetings and Demonstrations of the World's Greatest Psycho-Mediums, Spiritualists, Clairvoyants, Telepathists, Mentalists and Numerologists of Modern Times. Do not fail to visit the Grand Spiritualist Meetings and Occult Demonstrations Sponsored by Prof. Dr. Calvin B. Braganza, Ps. D., D.M., D.S.C., the Eminent Seer, Biographer, Teacher and Prince of Mystics.

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Features extraordinary are Madame Mary Malbond, Philadelphia's Famous Trance-Medium and Spiritual Adviser. Will not fail you. She being Conscientious, Accurate and Genuine.

Madame Barclay, Celebrated Trance-Medium and Crystal Gazer, Graduate of Norman Barclay National School of Sciences, Westminster, England, who will answer every question and deliver a message to all.

Prof. Dr. C. B. Braganza, Ps. D., D.S.C., Society's favorite Astrologer, Psychologist, Numerologist, Telepathist, Crystal Seer and Mystic—Needs no introduction.

We expect other Mediums, also the Mysterious Mohammed the Hindu Marvel, in his Trance of Death, allowing himself to be Buried in a Coffin one hour and a half. Make reservations; a Limited Seating Capacity. Free Admission. First Series, Sunday at 8:15 P.M., The Wesleyan Hall, 581 Boylston st., Boston. Prof. Dr. Calvin B. Braganza, 65 Westland ave., Suite 1, (Director).

MONTANA

SPECIMEN of judicial English from the archives of the United States District Court at Helena:

GREAT NORTHERN UTILITIES COMPANY

v.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION OF MONTANA ET AL.

District Court, D. Montana.

No. 1060.

Before SAWTELLE, Circuit Judge, and PRAY and BOURQUIN, District Judges.

Opinion of the Court

BOURQUIN, District Judge.—This case is somewhat unique in that, believe it or not, plaintiff resists defendant's order to raise its rates. But if madness, seems is method in it, the object, cut-throat competition to a finish anticipated of a rival so lost to ethics as to poach upon plaintiff's preserves and underbid it, its attitude that in a restricted field wherein both can not survive, if it must perish it will die fighting rather than by slow starvation; and that it has an inalienable right of self-preservation to lay on until the other first cries hold, enough, and flees the field whether or not damned.

NEW YORK

HALITOSIS and B.O. acquire a new baby brother:

No One Is Exempt From

EPIDERMIS STAGNOSIS

This American Skin Condition Robs Women of Their Beauty, Demoralizes Texture and Ruins Complexions. Palmer's Treatment Produces Amazing Results!

If your pores are clogged with grease and dirt, if you have blackheads, pimples, blotches and a bad complexion, you have epidermis stagnosis. This American skin condition comes on from the food you eat and the impurities carried in the air you breathe. No one is exempt from it. That is why so many millions are the victims of a demoralized skin texture in youth.

There is no need for it. Epidermis stagnosis can be banished. Every day Palmer's "Skin Success" Treatment is purifying the pores, revitalizing the life cells, toning the skin, improving the texture and making women beautiful. Results are actually amazing!

This remarkable beautifying treatment is composed of an ointment, a whitening cream and a soap.

Palmer's "Skin Success" Ointment 25c
Palmer's "Skin Success" Soap.... 25c
Palmer's "Skin Success" Whitening Cream 25c

Complete Treatment..... 75c

Family size of Palmer's "Skin Success" Ointment—containing about 6 times regular size—75c

Sole Licensee

E. T. BROWNE DRUG CO., INC.
127 Water Street New York City

A MANHATTAN wizard throws his hat into the ring:

THE PRESENT DEPRESSION-CALAMITY CANNOT BE CURED BY KINGS, PRESIDENTS OR STATESMEN

Brothers and Sisters, high and low:

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A great Business Crash, economical Depression, very disastrous in its consequences to most Nations, started in the Fall of 1929 —and its Termination seems to be far away.

None of the great Chiefs, Rulers, Leaders, whether they are Kings, Presidents or Dictators, are able to overcome or cure this Calamity.

Therefore I, the Evangelist, inform you that:

By the Grace of HOLY LORD GOD, I have been instructed and learned the way to lift this heavy Cloud of Misfortune from Mankind, *but only on condition that*:

The Chiefs and Leaders must openly call me to start the great work.

I am able to propose a very fair settlement—also for the great Political, Financial Questions that now agitate and keep the Nations in permanent Disturbance. I know a fair way to settle finally, irrevocably the questions of WAR DEBTS, Reparations, Disarmament, the (just as good as) BANKRUPT Dawes and Young Plans, the Corridor of Danzig, Silesia and the Saar, give France Security without spending Billions on fortifications, and satisfy the smouldering Aspirations of Germany, Austria and Hungary for Revenge and Recapture of the lost Provinces.

Also to mend, improve our enormously corrupted Crime Conditions, and also to settle definitely the Zionist Question which neither King George nor MacDonald will ever settle. This applies to India, etc.

EVANGELIST CHARLES ARANY
(*Called Prophet Jonah II*)
102 Mott street
New York

NORTH DAKOTA

THE Hamilton correspondent of the Cavalier *Chronicle* supplies his weekly column of hot news:

Don't expect very much news from Hamilton this week. The facts are my mind is more befuddled this Monday morning after meeting so many old time friends and forming an acquaintance with several new ones, who by the way spoke such kindly words, in fact made complimentary remarks, in regard to the Hamilton column. One lady said she often wondered who would write nice things about me when I had crossed the bar. I can truthfully state I have ever endeavored to be truthful and give word pictures of the beautiful in the lives of those whom we have known and respected for the beauty of character portrayed in their lives. When introduced to another lady by a lady friend she asked on hearing the name, Is this the Hamilton correspondent? She said I have wanted to see Mr. C. for considerable time. When I informed her I was searching for a widow lady who enjoys a ride on the ferris wheel but could not find her, I made the remark if either wished to give me their company I would be pleased. The one lady said she knew it would be O. K. with her husband and as she was a new acquaintance she gave me her company and we enjoyed the trip up and down and the opportunity of getting better acquainted. Hope some day to meet her husband and family in their home.

PENNSYLVANIA

CONTRIBUTION to the critical vocabulary by Brother Floyd G. Snelson, Jr., dramatic reviewer for the Pittsburgh *Courier*, organ of the Aframerican intelligentsia:

Isabell Washington, irresistible in her charm, beauty and intrepidity, is rapturously intrinsic in every motive.

CAMPAIGN card of an Erie statesman:

VOTE FOR
MAX SCHAACK
The father of twelve children for
CITY TREASURER
Your Support Respectfully Solicited

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL PENDULUM

BY JOHN HEMPHILL

THE constitutional history of the United States shows that, just as styles in clothes and habits in people react from one extreme to another, so the development of the American experiment in government has demonstrated a regular clock-like swing between extremes of interpretation.

The initial swing favored the rights of the States, and the extreme of that swing brought in the doctrine of Nullification and Secession, followed by the crisis of the Civil War. Then, reacting, the compensatory swing brought on a climax of centralization in the Eighteenth Amendment. Will this second great oscillation, in its turn, precipitate a crisis similar to the Civil War?

Assuming that our government had its beginnings in the Declaration of Independence, the initial swing of the pendulum covered fifty-seven years, until, at the extremity of the State Sovereignty interpretation, the South Carolina Nullification Ordinance was adopted in 1833. Then, in just half that span of fifty-seven years, or in twenty-eight years, came the Civil War in 1861. Another fifty-seven years brought us to the other pole in 1918, represented by the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. As Nullification and Secession had been the unsound extreme on the States' Rights side, so national Prohibition became the absurd extreme on the Federal centralization side.

In 1846, thirteen years after the Nullification Ordinance of 1833, there was no more apparent reason to fear civil strife than there is in 1931. The Civil War became probable only during the ten years immediately preceding it. If the likeness holds, the critical years of revulsion from the Eighteenth Amendment will be the last ten of the twenty-eight, or from 1936 to 1946. The extremes are established facts; the question they suggest is simply whether the means between them must be civil war.

States' Rights and Federal centralization, as political creeds, had their birth in the historic difference of opinion during Washington's administration between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hamilton. The dispute waxed so hot that the Cabinet and the electorate were alike split into two diametrically opposed schools of political thought.

Mr. Hamilton's party, the Federalists, desiring to augment in every way the power of the national government at the expense of the States, promulgated the theory of implied powers. The Federalists admitted that in the Constitution the national government had been granted only certain specified powers, but they insisted that the grant must be construed liberally, so as to include all rights that it was needful or desirable for the Federal government to possess.

While Mr. Hamilton was engaged in developing this theory (which was to guide the Federalist, the Whig, and later still the Republican parties in their ever-increasing drive for centralization of power at the

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expense of the States), Mr. Jefferson was at work upon the opposite theory, which has become known as that of States' Rights. The Democratic party, following his lead, became the party of decentralization. It argued that the people of the States had granted to the Nation only such functions of government as were inherently necessary to the national existence, that these functions were specifically mentioned and defined in the constitution, and that all else was retained by the people within the domain of the governments of the several States.

This basic difference of opinion has come down to us today through all the intervening political campaigns as the transcendent issue in American political history. Other issues, upon occasion, have elbowed it out of the way temporarily, but always it has survived. With varying degrees of intensity the fight of centralization against States' Rights has been fought for a hundred and forty years. The course of the struggle reveals the swing of the constitutional pendulum.

The Jeffersonian view early achieved an ascendency. With Jefferson's election in 1800 the Federalists were well humbled. Then followed his eight years, the eight of Madison and the eight of Monroe. In Monroe's time the opposition to the Jeffersonian theory was reduced almost to extinction, so that the period came to be termed the Era of Good Feeling. The opposition, which voiced itself for a short period during the administration of John Quincy Adams, was quickly silenced again by Andrew Jackson, who made it his mission to oppose and defeat the centralizing influence of the United States Bank. During all this time the anti-Jeffersonian party fought a losing battle. The Hamiltonian creed, despite the vigorous work of Chief Justice Marshall, did not progress. The old Federalist platform of centralization grew increasingly unpopular, and the opposing school of States' Rights became drunk with power. Against a background of several decades of popular approval, John C. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency and rose in the Senate to insist that the Jeffersonian doctrine logically and historically justified his creed of Nullification and Secession. On the wave of its immense popularity he was driving the doctrine of States' Rights too far, and the Civil War resulted.

With the war fever came the revival of the Hamiltonion theory. Salvaged from the ashes of the Federalist and Whig parties, the Republican party at birth laid claim to Hamilton's plan for the centralization of power in the national unit. Ever since then the States have suffered impairment of their sovereignty, and the Republicans have driven forward insistently the Hamiltonian doctrine of centralization. Just as the early Democratic successes paved the way for Calhoun's extreme views, so the almost uninterrupted Republican ascendency since the Civil War brought in the great folly of centralization, the Eighteenth Amendment of 1918. National Prohibition was the logical and historic consequence of an over-developed and inordinate insistence upon centralization.

Neither Hamilton nor Jefferson advocated or, if alive, would have countenanced, the extremities to which their followers drove their creeds. Nowhere in Hamilton's writings do we find any advocacy that the Nation should preëmpt the States' police powers. Nowhere in Jefferson's work do we find justification for Calhoun's Nullification and Secession. Fortunately, the thoughtful man understands this, and thus does not hold Hamilton or the Republican party responsible for the stupendous folly of 1918, nor does he hold Jefferson's doc-

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trine of States' Rights responsible for the Civil War. He knows that the issue settled by the Civil War was Nullification and Secession, not States' Rights, and he knows that the latter is just as valid and just as urgent in 1931, if not more so, as it was in 1801. He knows likewise that when the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is accomplished the Hamiltonian creed will not be discredited—that a certain reasonable amount of centralization is desirable and necessary under our constitutional system. The original creeds of both men were intelligent and useful; each as a balance and check upon the other. But the principles of each have been debased. When Jefferson's followers over-extended his doctrine, war resulted. Now that Hamilton's followers have debased his doctrine, war may likewise result.

II

Of the twenty-eight years between the extreme swing of the pendulum and the resulting crisis (if we are to have one as a result of the Eighteenth Amendment) thirteen years have now passed. We stand today in respect to Prohibition in the same position as our great-grandfathers stood in 1846 in respect to the South Carolina Ordinance of Nullification of 1833. And in 1931 we find the general situation strikingly similar to that of 1846. Thirteen years after the extreme swing of centralization of 1918 there are at least eight distinct, pronounced and significant points of similarity to conditions existing thirteen years after the extreme swing of States' Rights in 1833.

First, there is the disposition of politicians to avoid recognition of the issue. As Stephen A. Douglas ignored the question of Nullification and attempted to skirt around its by-product, slavery, just so does Herbert Hoover attempt to evade the embarrassing question of National Prohibition. Douglas was, and Hoover is, an ostrich. Each has been blind to the most urgent question of his time.

Second, there appears to exist in 1931 the same compromising tendency that appeared in 1846. The modificationist, the beer-and-light-wine temporizer, is to the Eighteenth Amendment precisely what Henry Clay was to Nullification. Clay earned the title of the Great Compromiser, but he accomplished nothing. He knew that Nullification was wrong and unworthy of compromise, and today the modificationist knows that National Prohibition is wrong and unworthy of compromise. The efforts of the latter are destined to meet the same failure that fell to the lot of the Great Compromiser, for the issue before the people is not as to intoxicants (beer and wine among others), but as to government, and specifically as to whether or not the national government shall appropriate the local police powers of the States. All a compromiser (modificationist, Henry Clay or any other) ever accomplishes is to postpone, but to make more severe by the postponement, the inevitable.

Third, there seems to be the same disintegration going on in the majority party, the Republican, in 1931 as was discernible in the Democratic party, then the majority party, in 1846. The people, rather intelligently, show a disposition to visit defeat and calamity upon the party in whose ranks developed the resented extreme. It may not have been fair for them to blame the party of Jefferson for South Carolina's Nullification extreme, but nevertheless they did so. It may not be fair today to blame the Republican party for the extreme to which a few fanatics drove the centralization theory of government in 1918, but

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nevertheless they will do so. And there is a sort of rough but satisfactory justice in both cases. The actual existence of Republican disintegration cannot be denied. The wet movement within the Republican ranks will undoubtedly lead to a precise equivalent of what the Democratic party experienced prior to the Civil War in the split between the Northern and Southern wings. The Republicans will have a Breckenridge and Bell ticket by 1940, and perhaps in 1936.

The fourth point of similarity is a striking one. The more reasonable and intelligent people who had espoused the cause of States' Rights prior to 1833, shocked by the extreme of the Nullification Ordinance, immediately began to shift to a more nationalistic view. This feeling accumulated momentum continuously throughout the succeeding twenty-eight years. It broke the Democratic party and it destroyed James Buchanan. In exactly the same way many leading Republicans, shocked by the extreme of centralization to which it succumbed in 1918, promptly shifted away from its nationalistic creed toward the doctrine of States' Rights. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, ex-Senator Wadsworth of New York, the late Senator Morrow of New Jersey and President Coolidge have made, and others are making with increasing regularity and boldness, States' Rights speeches. Yet these very men scoffed at States' Rights before 1918.

The fifth point is the same as to ideas as the fourth is to men. Prior to 1833 many extreme ideas were prevalent on the States' Rights side. There were Jeffersonians who attempted to deny national bankruptcy legislation even though the Constitution specifically granted Congress the power to preëmpt that field. Immediately following this States' Rights extreme of 1833, all support of the States' exclusive jurisdiction vanished. The National Bankruptcy Act of 1800 had been repealed in 1803 and the subject was left to the States thereafter, so our national bankruptcy procedure practically originated in the second Federal legislation upon the subject, in 1841. All ideas and movements based upon an extreme view of the Rights of the States were killed as dead as doornails by the challenging Nullification Ordinance of South Carolina. Just so have died, since 1918, all the numerous movements, many of them well organized, that had their roots in the centralization creed. The associations sponsoring Federal Education, a Twentieth Amendment upon the subject of Child Labor, a Twenty-first prohibiting the use of tobacco, and many similar projects all are gone; they may still survive on paper but they do not thrive in fact. And what about Mr. Hoover's bouncing back to the States all the troublesome questions arising out of the depression, instead of employing as formerly the federal commission method of dealing with them? And how much do we now hear upon the subject of government ownership of railroads? In 1915 at least one out of every ten of the American people advocated federal ownership of the carriers. Today there isn't one in a thousand favoring it. The reason is obvious. The people had all the States' Rights they wanted and more beside in 1833, and the people have had all the centralization they wanted and more beside since 1918.

The sixth point of similarity is the behavior of the theologians. Sectional antipathies were fed and fostered by the preachers of 1846, and their successors are doing the same thing today. The Northern cleric convinced his congregation in 1846 that the Southerner was a monster of iniquity, and the country minister of today is teaching his dry clients that the man of

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the city is a rogue and a drunkard. The clergy made before, and they are making now, an enormous amount of bad feeling. They contributed greatly to the bringing on of the Civil War, and they will contribute greatly toward the revolution against the Eighteenth Amendment, if we are to have one. They openly invite it, in fact, by their attitude. Try to get rid of it, they say, and we'll hold it long after a majority votes to be rid of it. That is their firm stand.

The seventh point has to do with these same theologians. In 1846 they completely lost sight of the serious governmental problem which the South Carolina Ordinance created. Instead they laid hold of the emotional issue, the human question of slavery. They were, no doubt, right at bottom, but being right then does not prove that they are right in 1931 in their attempt to dismiss Prohibition as a governmental problem and make it a purely moral question. This time they are probably wrong. They are surely wrong if a majority of people disagree with them. But, right or wrong, their use of the same tactics makes this seventh point of similarity quite obvious.

The eighth and last point follows logically the sixth and seventh. It has to do with the fury and the vindictiveness of the Prohibitionists. All manner of illegal things were done, including murder, by the Abolitionists before the Civil War. John Brown ravaged Kansas in the name of God and actually thought that his crimes and vandalisms were blessed. Today, in the name of the law and Christian righteousness, the dry crusaders show the same brutal fury. Poison is put into alcohol by a benevolent government on the theory, we are told, that anyone so low as to take a drink of it should be murdered by the State. Children playing in the streets must learn to dodge the machine-gun bullets that enforcement officers and racketeers, indistinguishable from each other, are spewing forth in all our cities. The honest but starving farmer must be comforted by the fact that when he goes he will sleep on the bosom of his God; he must not be jealous of his neighbor grown rich and prosperous with a still in the woods. The impassioned fury of these people who thus strive to force their fetish upon all comers, and make them like it, is precisely the same that John Brown showed in Kansas almost a hundred years ago. Let them not forget that it was things like the raids of Brown that brought on the Civil War. Minds inflamed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" met minds outraged by the Kansas raids and the war resulted.

III

Thus, if the constitutional pendulum is swinging true to form, we are only fifteen years away from another revolution. The suggestion may seem absurd—but the probability of a revolt always seems remote until it is almost an accomplished fact. We face what is in reality a possibility and it should be considered as such, not with alarm, but with intelligence.

During these days of deep economic distress and suffering, the favorite banality is to the effect that revolutions are bred by a lack of food, not by a lack of drink. But that may not always be so. The depression is temporary or, at most, a transition into some modified economic structure, but the tyranny of Prohibition is permanent and growing worse every year. The depression will pass and be forgotten, but Prohibition's denial, not of drink, for we can all get that, but of freedom and liberty and representative government, will be with us until we pry it out of the Constitution.

The ten million people of my own State

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of Pennsylvania are not going to starve in a land of plenty, and a revolution will not be necessary to gain them food, but they can't recover the right to govern themselves as long as the Eighteenth Amendment exists. Suppose every man and woman in Pennsylvania desired and decided to handle the liquor problem in a given manner? They couldn't do it because Kansas and a few other States might still fanatically and desperately hold on to the Amendment. Such a situation may easily lead to revolution. It has before. It is tyranny and taxation *with* representation perhaps, but surely not with representative government. The danger of revolt, lying dormant but potent, arises out of the possibility that an entrenched minority in the few States necessary to block repeal may stubbornly attempt to force its fantastic and fanatical ideas upon an unwilling majority.

All wars, civil or otherwise, are caused by the unintelligent actions of some person or persons. The possibility of civil strife ahead of us can be easily averted by reasonable action on the part of the theologians and other moral crusaders. They alone are being unreasonable. The people of New Jersey, for example, ask only for the return of liquor regulation to them, that they may govern themselves. No one in New Jersey wants to dictate to the people of Kansas what they shall or shall not drink. If Kansas wants to be dry, she can be just as dry, and dryer, under a respected and enforced State law as under an unenforced and unenforceable Federal law. The fanatics are fighting for a non-existent thing, National Prohibition. Instead of accepting a return to State Prohibition where it is wanted, and liquor regulation and control where that is wanted, they are going to any extremes to enforce their intolerant views upon the rest of us.

An ever-increasing majority asks only relief from tyranny and the return of representative government. Is there any doubt on whose hands will be the blood of this revolution if it comes?

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TITCHENER AT CORNELL

BY GRACE ADAMS

THERE is a rapid rustling of paper, a nervous rasp from a violin, a staccato note from the piano. Then a great bearded man in baggy tweeds and flapping house-slippers mounts a tiny stool, raps peremptorily upon his music-stand, and raises his small baton.

The strangely assorted instruments go valiantly into their tune. It may be from "Iolanthe," or from "Pinafore," or perhaps from "Ruddigore," but it is almost invariably by Sir Arthur Sullivan. For it is eight o'clock of a Sunday evening and Professor Edward Bradford Titchener of Cornell University is directing his private orchestra. Titchener always plays Sullivan.

Out in that large museum-like hall behind him, with its calabash drums, its queer wooden idols and its portrait of Titchener himself, resplendent in the crimson of his Oxford gown, his audience may be limited to two uncomfortable students glancing furtively at the open New York papers, or to one. Or the idols may have the large cold house to themselves. It does not matter. Titchener smiles happily, waves his arms with vigor, and calls sharply to his pianist, who happens to be his wife. He might just as well be playing to a multitude.

How Titchener recruited his weekly orchestras of embarrassed students, willing to give their every Sunday night to him and Sullivan, remains a mystery. No one who saw them gazing intently, even fearfully, at that compelling baton, ever recognized them on the campus afterward. But once they had adjusted their music-racks the first night, they came again and again. For when Titchener had selected a leading rôle for himself, his supporting cast never dared to miss its cue.

Titchener played Sullivan's music, presumably, because he liked it. But he might have chosen it for another and more æsthetic reason—as a fitting accompaniment to his academic life. For serious student and famous psychologist that he was, he yet carried out his most ordinary pedagogic duties with all the pomp, the glamour, the fantastic unreality that called for *opera bouffe* music.

On week days, when he turned from the subtle whimsies of the Savoy scores to the serious mysteries of scientific psychology, he played to larger audiences, but his dominance was no less sure, his showmanship just as keen. No roll was called in the vast, especially equipped amphitheatre where, during the Fall and Winter, he taught his sophomores, no questions were asked, no problems discussed, no lessons assigned. He lectured formally, arrayed in his academic gown and surrounded by his entire teaching staff and all his research students, his every word—some said even his gestures—recorded by his secretary.

In the Spring, at his private seminaries, he spoke to his research fellows and his sub-professors, some of whom had more years and almost as many academic degrees as he, as though they were rather

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stupid children who must be taught their psychological A. B. C.'s. Yet it was for these select few that he especially staged his show—to dazzle them by the glory that could accrue to academic psychology, to make them eager to perpetuate that glory.

Titchener came to Cornell in 1892 when both he and it were young—and both striving to appear older than their years. Andrew D. White, by his own broad scholarship and by persuading such men as James Russell Lowell, Louis Agassiz, Goldwin Smith and Bayard Taylor to become nonresident professors in his faculty, had somewhat softened the barren newness of the institution that topped Ezra Cornell's deep gorged hill. Titchener, a full professor in charge of its psychological laboratory, hid his mere twenty-five years behind a bushy beard and a formidable manner.

During the thirty-five years that he taught at Ithaca that beard grew no scantier, and the manner changed only to become more formalized. But his punctilious austerity was more than pose. It was a symbol of the true dignity which Titchener felt belonged to sound scholarship and of which he believed psychology should claim its own just share.

II

Edward Bradford Titchener, born in Chicester, England, in 1867, entered Oxford as a senior student at the age of eighteen. For four years he studied philosophy and the classics at Brasenose College, where Walter Pater's gem-like flame was still burning at its brightest. Pater's tutelage he never forgot, nor did he allow his students, his family or anyone associated with him to forget it. Once at Cornell he was in an unaccountable pet for days—unaccountable, that is, until he confessed that he had found his own daughter guilty of writing two *different thans* into her doctor's thesis.

At Oxford in the '80s, however, the biological sciences seemed even more glamourous to a keen-witted, realistic youth than the meticulous niceties of the English language. So the year before he received his bachelor's degree Titchener became a research student in experimental physiology under Burdon Sanderson.

Although Sanderson's laboratory was famous, there were others like it. But at Leipzig Wilhelm Wundt had a laboratory that was unique. Its subjects were not spinal frogs, decapitated turtles or chloroformed rabbits, but alert and intelligent human beings. And the subject that was investigated there was called experimental psychology. It was to this laboratory that Titchener went as soon as he left Oxford. He stayed only two years and never returned, but while he was there he became more deeply imbued with Wundt's scientific ideals than any other of the great Leipziger's students.

It is not easy for us, who have grown used to Freud's and Watson's psychology, to recapture the disinterested and impersonal attitude which young Titchener acquired from Wundt and which guided all his subsequent work. Titchener never admitted either behaviorism or psychoanalysis to psychology, because he always identified mind with consciousness. But the consciousness he analyzed so assiduously for almost forty years was not just the turbulent stream of thought which James's famous description and many patient novelists have made popular. It was no less, if no more, than "the sum-total of human experience considered as dependent upon a nervous system."

Today this seems a rather curious definition of the human mind, especially strange because it contains no reference to

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personality; but that omission was deliberate, for Titchener was certain that science could only be impersonal. Man, he believed, could never be more than an experiencing organism. The study of that organism Titchener relinquished to biology, and the investigation of the forces that play upon it to physics, but for psychology he claimed the sole right to analyze the experiences themselves.

Thus he admitted readily that psychology must always be a doubly dependent science, conditioned directly by biology and indirectly by physics, yet at the same time he held it to be unique, for it alone can study consciousness directly. All knowledge is derived from conscious experience, but while all other scientists must search beyond the personal consciousness for the independent phenomena which they study, the psychologist should be content when he has analyzed, described and explained the conscious processes themselves. According to the Titchenerian code, introspection was the only method by which the mind could thus be scientifically studied.

But this introspection was, of course, a technique vastly different from the leisured looking-inward which James and his followers employed. Introspection meant for Titchener an accurate, precise, impersonal and disinterested description of the mental processes produced by the excitation of the nervous system, and nothing more. The meaning of these processes, their usefulness or worth, he ignored, for he knew that no real scientist has ever observed or tabulated a value or a significance. Such fanciful speculations he gladly turned over to the philosophers, a class of persons for whom his admiration was somewhat less than ardent.

This Titchenerian type of psychology is, of course, highly artificial and purposely impractical, but it is the only type which has ever withstood the rigorous tests of scientific exactitude. And when Titchener, a fledgling Ph.D., came to America in 1892 he was certain that by adhering to his impersonal and disinterested standards he could make psychology as exact, as pure, as highly respected as the greatest of the natural sciences.

It must have seemed to him that he was coming to a promised land, for the United States was just then entering upon a kind of psychological orgy. James after twelve years of labor had finally produced his "Principles." Stanley Hall was founding associations and periodicals with astounding rapidity. And laboratories of psychology were springing up like mushrooms all over the Middle West. Yet before he was thirty years old Titchener realized that if he persisted in his determination to keep psychology as pure and as exact as he felt it should be, he would persist alone.

America, to be sure, wanted a science of psychology, and wanted it badly, but Americans reserved the right to construe their own definition of that science. They had no desire to make "impersonal observations;" they had no sympathy with the "disinterested attitude." They asked for results. They demanded of the psychologist that he teach them how to improve their own minds and how to understand and solve their practical psychic problems. And all the great psychologists of the country—James, Hall, Cattell, finally even Münsterberg—tried to teach them as they wanted to be taught.

But Titchener never broke faith with the strict academism that was Wundt's. To keep that faith he renounced all the growing psychology of America and voluntarily, before he had any prestige of his own, isolated himself from all other psychologists of his own intellectual caliber.

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III

His isolation from the rest of American life was almost as complete. When he first arrived he intended to become naturalized immediately, but rather than answer the stupid questions which that proceeding required he decided to remain an Englishman. He was still a British subject when he died in 1927, and he knew next to nothing of the American character. "Babbitt" amazed him. He kept asking if it could be true, and he asked the question in the same incredulous way he might have asked it after reading about the customs of a newly discovered African tribe. He once said that the only time he had ever felt socially at home in America was during a Summer when he taught at the University of Virginia.

But why should he have bothered about the strange ways of democratic America when he was monarch of an empire which was all his own—his research laboratory? The empire comprised the two top floors of one of Cornell's oldest buildings, the other floors of which housed the university's executive offices. It was a somewhat dingy kingdom and none too clean, dreadfully hot in Summer, filled with draughts in Winter, and at all times cluttered with the most astounding assortment of apparatus, but it may be significant that it stood just above the handsome office that belonged to Cornell's president. The head of a university must listen to the advice of its trustees, the whims of its alumni, and the importunities of its student body. But Titchener, from the first day he stepped into his laboratory, ruled it absolutely and his authority there was never questioned by anyone.

Into its direction he put the whole force of his gigantic energy. The amount and the quality of the research it turned out was his challenge to the rest of American psychology—to mental testing, to behaviorism, to psychoanalysis, but especially to those other laboratories which had grown large and wealthy by allying themselves with elementary education or with commerce.

His challenge was successful, and through it he acquired just the reputation he desired. He did not become a popular author, he had few friends among the other psychologists of America and no intimate associates, but that he was the most thoroughly scientific psychologist who has ever lived here none of his colleagues has ever denied. His four volumes of "Experimental Psychology," combining the research of his German predecessors with the exercises of his own students, contains most of the evidence to be found in the English language that psychology has ever been an exact laboratory science.

Three foreign countries apparently considered him the foremost psychologist of his generation. When Russia built its first, and for many years its only, laboratory of psychology it followed Titchener's direction. When Japan and France chose standard works upon the subject they both selected Titchener's text-book.

The Cornell laboratory was not at all the free and easy kind of place to which brilliant youngsters come to work out their own bright ideas, but a workshop where Titchener's ideas, and no one else's, were tested by those he considered competent to test them. It was, in fact, a research factory, its products experimental studies, exact, precise, labored, and often quite unintelligible to the very persons whose arduous work had made them possible. How much these laborers of his actually learned about the subject their industry was supposed to be advancing, was a problem to which Titchener seldom gave any thought.

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He considered that he had amply repaid them for their services when he gave them Ph.D. degrees.

He apparently condemned the lack of that degree as an inexcusable academic omission. Three of his own four children became doctors of philosophy (at institutions other than Cornell and in subjects far removed from scientific psychology) at remarkably early ages. The youngest daughter rather disgraced the family by deserting graduate work for matrimony when she had only bachelor's and master's degrees to her credit. In his laboratory he never recognized, either personally or academically, any students except those who had sworn to work piously toward their doctorates. He knew that other students, satisfied to become mere masters, were there, because he directed all their work, but these lowly ones got their orders indirectly, as a worker on a bolt might receive instructions from Henry Ford.

So closely did Titchener identify the men who comprised his department with the subject that he taught them that they seemed to belong to him not only as professional assistants but as human beings. He himself was psychology, and whatever request he made of them was ultimately in the interest of psychology, however incongruous it might seem. Every year an instructor was detailed to be the private messenger through whom he made his contacts not only with his laboratory but with the outside world. Each afternoon this courier carried typewritten questions from the other professors to Titchener and in a few hours brought back the curt replies. He also fetched from the library his master's learned books in German, Italian and Sanskrit, and ran his personal errands. Once every Fall word would come to the laboratory that Titchener wanted two husky professors to put up his storm doors and bring in his bird cages. Two professors went immediately.

While he was building up his laboratory the university of which it was so important a part changed almost entirely. Every year more embryonic engineers set up their tripods upon the campus and more of the ground surrounding it became cluttered with the barns and stables and chicken-coops of the agricultural college. Titchener was uninfluenced by the change. Münsterberg died in Cambridge, and Harvard asked Titchener to take his post; he declined. Hall resigned from the active presidency of Clark and recommended Titchener as his successor; he stayed on at Cornell.

IV

It was no abstract love of the university which kept him there. The Cornell which slopped pigs, baked biscuits, planted sod, laid sewers, managed hotels, and spread manure across the gorge from his book-lined, paper-littered study never existed for him at all. He did not go to faculty meetings. When Phi Beta Kappa elected him to honorary membership he ignored the invitation. When Sigma Xi was organized he was at first enthusiastic, for its founders promised that it would be dedicated to the furthering of real science. But when he attended his first meeting and found his fellow scientists accompanied by their wives in a mood of Rotarian jollity he never went again. In his later years the college community saw him only as he walked with dignified leisure across the swinging bridge from his lecture-room to his home.

And yet Titchener had none of the shy asceticism that is usually associated with the academic recluse. He was a robust, healthy man, and not averse to vigorous exercise. His intellectual interests were by

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no means confined to psychology or even to science, but ranged from numismatics to the daily wisdom of Percy Crosby's "Skippy." He once said that he could read anything—except the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. He took keen delight in seeing his anonymous quips in the satirical column of the *Cornell Sun*, the students' daily paper.

Even his austerity, his most conspicuous characteristic, seemed to belong less to an aloof professor than to a successful executive or an eminent statesman. And he did not live by frugal professorial conventions. It is true that his New England wife, who had been one of his earliest pupils, did his cooking, but the meals she prepared were, for upstate New York, exotic, and the hours he kept scandalous. And he was as fussy about the brand of his Havana cigars as about the cut of his English tweeds.

His isolation at Ithaca was as voluntary and as deliberate as his withdrawal from the popular psychology of America. He believed teaching to be a dignified profession and he disdained and ignored those who sought to lower its standards. When he first came to Cornell he made intimate friends among White's original faculty—with men much older than himself. But when they died or retired he made few new contacts.

Once he attempted to coördinate his own department with other scientific schools in the university. He and a professor of chemistry agreed to exchange graduate students for a series of lectures so that each might give to a new audience his interpretation of the scientific attitude. But Titchener called the agreement off abruptly when he heard the chemist explain that his materialistic exposition should never be construed as casting any slurs upon the Christian religion. And Titchener's friendship with Hiram Corson ended as suddenly, when that eminent student of Browning and Shakespeare turned in his dotage to spiritualism.

Toward all forms of supernaturalism Titchener's attitude was adamant. Religion he recognized as the bitterest foe of science and of truth, and he never, if he could help it, gave the enemy quarter. Ithaca being a small town and his daughters popular members of its younger set, convention decreed that when they married they should have regulation weddings with white dresses and veils and bouquets and all the other fixings. Two of these weddings occurred in the Titchener parlor and a Unitarian minister officiated. But the brides' father instructed the embarrassed divine that he must delete all references to God from his service and that no one present would be allowed to kneel.

When one of his graduate students, the daughter of a New Zealand missionary, succumbed to an influenza epidemic, Titchener was even more upset by her funeral than by her death. The acquiescent Unitarian happened to be out of town and the Episcopal clergyman who finally conducted the service stuck to his prayer-book. And Titchener had to sit stolidly through the ritual. That night, when he realized that he had apparently sanctioned Christianity by officiating at the funeral, was one of the few times that he was genuinely concerned over what the college community might say about him.

So that no such horrifying exhibition might be perpetrated over his own remains he left specific directions with a crematory that it should come and claim his body as soon as it was notified of his death. This the crematory did—to the dismay and disappointment of the university, which felt cheated of the elaborate obsequies that always follow the passing of the academically great.

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V

That Titchener lived almost wholly for psychology is only too evident, but the quality of his affection for that subject remains in doubt. His fame rests upon his reputation as an experimental scientist, but an experimental scientist is a rather different kind of person from a successful executive. An experimental scientist enjoys the feel of progressing work even more than he does the finality of its result. A biologist gets his real fun from seeing the queer forms squirming under his microscope, a chemist from watching the explosions in his test tube. But an introspective psychologist is more intimately concerned in his tests than any natural scientist, for he is not only the conductor of his experiment but one of its most important subjects. Yet few graduates of the Cornell laboratory can remember ever having seen Titchener at work on an experiment. For years before he died he never entered his laboratory. All his consultations with his students were held in the study of his home.

Whatever one might think a psychologist should be or do, one must concede the lonely grandeur of Titchener's fight against the practical psychologies of America. But did he not, despite his assurances to his students, know that it was a losing fight? Were not his last twenty years at Cornell, his whole manner and life, a memorial to the ambitious young Titchener who had come to America so confident of the purity of psychology?

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LÜCHOW'S

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

I took a walk and got as far as Lüchow's.—*James Huneker.*

THAT walk was taken in 1886, on the same day that the future Steeplejack of the Seven Arts took up his permanent residence in New York at the Morton House, at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street. August Lüchow had then had the place for four years. Lienau's beer-house, kept by an old German couple, was several doors to the westward. This latter was Huneker's first stopping place, so the walk was merely out of one saloon into another.

This was the classical way of walking in Fourteenth street in those golden days. One simply walked from beer-saloon to beer-saloon, and in the Summer from beer-garden to beer-garden. Fourteenth street was as completely beer and pretzels as Maiden lane was diamonds and Baxter street second-hand clothing. From river to river it was one vast beer gullet, one great river of malt, the alimentary canal of Gambrinus.

All these places were run by Germans, Austrians or Hungarians. Pretzels, cheese, sausage and pickles were given away with dripping schooners of cold beer that cost five cents. Almost every saloon had a piano in the back room. In fact, Fourteenth street at the time of Huneker's walk was not only the beer centre of the town but also its musical centre, for hard by Lüchow's and Lienau's there were Steinway Hall and the office of the *Musical Courier*, not to speak of the old Academy of Music.

Another walk. Ten years after Huneker's entry into Lüchow's—a place he was to be entering regularly for thirty-five years afterward—I, having cast my first presidential vote for Bryan, free silver and the salvation of the *chandala*, felt, like any other young Philadelphian, that my manhood would not be complete without seeing New York. For a Philadelphian to visit New York for the first time is to experience a second puberty.

An old rummy who worked on Alec McClure's *Times* and who declared that in his New York days he had often got drunk with Henry Ward Beecher, drew up for me a Baedeker of New York in which the only public building that he wanted me to see was Tammany Hall. All the rest of the points of interest were beer saloons, gin-mills and what were known in those tongue-tied days as houses of ill fame. Tammany Hall was described as being "cata-cornered from Lüchow's and three doors west of Carl's place at the corner of Third avenue and Fourteenth street." I asked him what and who was Lüchow's.

"It's a place," said McClure's best drunken reporter, "where you get beer that'll make blond hair grow on your esophagus and your gizzard sing 'Die Wacht am Rhein' ". That sounded fine to me, for even at that early age I was an adept and conscientious beer drinker.

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I rounded into Fourteenth street at Third avenue and walked straight to Lüchow's, giving Tammany Hall and Tony Pastor's a negligible once-over. I had reserved my thirst from the time I landed at Liberty street. As it was a warm November day and I had walked up from downtown via the blatant Bowery, I had a regular horsehair edge on.

As I entered the place the cells of my pylorus and the psychons of my memory clicked, for my maternal grandmother was born in Munich, and so my hereditary will-to-guzzle chortled with the delight of recognition. In Philadelphia, I saw at a glance, there was no such place as Lüchow's. The dark wood, the high ceiling, the ultra-Teutonic waiters, the dripping bar, the mounded free lunch, the heavenly odor of pig's knuckles, sauerkraut and *Paprika Schnitzel*—all these things saturated me with an indescribable feeling of contentment.

I anchored at the bar and discovered at once that the quality and the upkeep of the beer in the place were all that my crapulous newspaper friend had told me. As it went down—*Seidel* after *Seidel*—every atom of my body bloomed with radiant philanthropy. Dill pickles and tiny raw onions burst in my throat and sprayed my brain with a fine tickle. I guzzled not like an epicurean—an epicurean is always an invalid, a flannel-belly—but like a healthy animal, like a man who salutes his gullet, his tongue, his appetite, his thirst, reverently and joyously. I was then and there a Lüchower forevermore. *Hoch!* I went straight back from Lüchow's to the Twenty-third street ferry in a four-wheeler, singing at the top of my voice. That was all I saw of New York on my first visit. I never got above Lüchow's. I believe I topped Huneker's walk.

II

Still another walk, thirty-five years later. I walked down Irving place, where, facing that famous street of famous people, Lüchow's still stands like a Memory surveying ruins.

Everything in the district has changed except Lüchow's. Its three-story, buff-colored, quiet exterior, with its lace-curtained windows and its refined air, is in striking contrast to the blatant, blarish, blowsy note of modernity that surrounds it. In place of the old saloons and beer-halls—such as the Alhambra Garden, which was only a few yards east—we now have tango gardens, chop-suey dumps, cheap music-stores where radios spew all over the sidewalks the Morton Downey and Rudy Vallee caterwaulings (on the very sites where on back-room pianos or in Steinway Hall Joseffy, Huneker, Sternberg and Neupert used to play Music!), fly-blown cafeterias, gutter vaudeville, putrid speakeasy bars, and all the other appurtenances of cheap-jack Prohibition America and a New York gone Main Street.

The ancient gayety of Fourteenth street has departed, and in its place there is the hectic, convulsive, drooling, lickerish look of an old man trying to simulate a youthful gayety with a smelly glandular serum bought in some shady drugstore. Lüchow's is about the only dignified place in sight. To me—as I stood looking at it on this particular afternoon from in front of the Consolidated Gas Company building across the street—it seemed to be a symbol, an admonition, a kind of funeral oration on our lost liberties, our lost gayety.

And as my imagination is always a thousand horse-power stronger than my sense of reality, I flung down the walls and the gin-sodden nineteen-twenties with them, and saw again a beer-happy human-

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ity seated at tables or standing at the bar in a Lüchow's that blew the bung out of the carcass of Care and drowned in millions of gallons of Pilsner and Würzburger the rotting hulks of Work and Worry. I heard again the shouts and laughter of the beer-laden and the mirthful hosannas of millions of dill pickles and squares of cheese as they committed euthanasia in beery tidal-waves in hundreds of thousands of laughter-quaking stomachs.

I heard again the guffaws that lasted for hours when one was a-sosh with this blessed stuff that made Lüchow and beer as completely synonymous as Strauss and waltz or ale and England—festal howls, yowls and grunts, tornadoes, hurricanes and simoons of unleashed and boundless gayety from fat German faces as round as the moon gone cockeyed, and as delightfully silly as God's universe.

And the dishes—the palate-thrilling, belly-ravishing dishes—that Lüchow's served in those days! Perhaps the most famous was *Hannoverische Kalbsschnitzel mit Steinpilzen*. Marry this to two *Seidel* of Pilsner or Würzburger and not only was God in his Heaven but you would even concede the divinity of Theodore Roosevelt. Then there were *Rinderbrust mit Meerettig*, or *Rinderbrust gedämpft, en casserole*; grilled *Bratwurst mit Sauerkraut, Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelklösse*, and *Gänseweissauer mit Bratkartoffeln*. These were only a few of the masterpieces that Lüchow was famous for. Oh, yes—let me not forget *Hamburger Kücken in der Pfanne gebraten mit Gemüsen*, one of my favorites, to be flooded only with Würzburger. Or *Junge Taube mit Spargel*.

Lüchow's drew the finest class of patronage, not only from all over New York but from every section of the country. The very name of the place had the power of making one hungry, thirsty and mouth-watery. It conjured up images that directly affected the most delicate cells of the body. I had but to say Lüchow's if I were in Harlem with some of the boys—and we were on a Third avenue elevated in two minutes, bound to Fourteenth street!

Contemplating the street as it is today, I recalled my own nights of laughter in this place, when Baron Sinzig, George Luks and myself have laughed to the screaming point—those insane waves of beery mirth where you cry, "Oh, my God!," "Stop, or I'll die!," "My belly's bursting!"—the wild, care-free, Dionysian, fulgurating, cleansing hysteria that is in malt and hops, my eucharist, wherein I partook of the blood and body of Immanent Joy. I used to rock for hours with gayety in my mellow Pilsner stews, my soul the buffoon of Gambrinus, my face twisted to ridiculous grins or convulsed as if a bomb filled with the Devil's laughing-powder had exploded in my brain.

This is the laugh that's gone out of the American soul forever—the laugh that's in beer and Rhine wines. As I left the corner after putting back the walls of Lüchow's I uttered an anathema on Prohibition and those who brought it about which, could it have been recorded, would have certainly landed my carcass in the same coffin that Benedict Arnold occupies.

III

Guido August Lüchow, a Hanoverian, was called to this country in his early twenties. He started at Stewart's place, in Duane street, in 1879. Stewart's was at that time one of the best-known saloons downtown, celebrated for its excellent domestic beers, its imported wines, and the proprietor's penchant for expensive oils, which decorated the walls. It was in

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existence until the war, and may still be serving food for all I know. What happens below Fourteenth street has never interested me very much—it is too commercial, even the drinking and eating. August must have felt, as a waiter reared in the good old German dogma that beer and wine and good food were put on earth to make us forget business, that his destiny lay uptown further, where there were music, actors and Laughter.

At this time a certain Baron von Mehlbach had been doing an almost one hundred per cent beer business on the same site that is now Lüchow's. His establishment was only about an eighth the size of the present place, which runs all the way back to Thirteenth street (in those days and even up to the beginning of the Twentieth Century a thoroughfare notorious for its vast number of ladies of uneasy virtue, both housed and free lance). Young August took a job in the baron's place as bartender and waiter in 1880. The baron—probably only a beer baron—was getting old, had cleaned up a tidy fortune in Fourteenth street, and wanted to end his days in a native beer vat in Munich. He saw in Lüchow just the sort of fellow to succeed him as papa to the beer-buddies who patronized his place, and in 1882 he sold out the saloon to the thrifty August.

So down came MEHLBACH and up went LÜCHOW on the front window in the one-hundredth-and-sixth year of American Independence, the thirty-eighth year before the Bootleg Amendment, the thirty-seven hundredth year of King Gambrinus' reign on earth, the year one of Chester A. Arthur and his sideboards in the White House, and the twenty-sixth year of August Lüchow's life. *Hoch!, Prosit und Gesundheit!*

There are several self-evident truths that escaped Thomas Jefferson. One of them is that an honest seller of food and drink is the noblest work of God. When to this honesty is joined a scrupulous regard for clean beer pipes, then we have Civilization Triumphant. We had it, generally, in the old German saloonkeeper before the Stinkball Amendment. We had it preëminently in August Lüchow, the most famous—and certainly, in the annals of New York thirst, the only immortal—of these beer dispensers; the meticulous honesty of a man proud of his business, proud of his association with the word beer, and proud of the fact that nothing was ever misrepresented either in liquids or food in his place. His pride was the pride of the artist, the *maestro*.

He lived in a time when it was inconceivable that people could ever cultivate a palate for poisonous drinks, as they have today. If Prohibition is ever knocked out, it will take a whole generation of Americans to rediscover the taste for fine beers, wines and liquors. (A young friend of mine who is a post-Amendment drinker, belonging to the generation that knows only speakeasy beers, wines and liquors, got deathly ill several times on his first European trip from drinking pure beers, ales and whiskies.)

Lüchow knew, of course, the inferiority of the American beer to the German article. They used to tell me that the difference was in the water. What it really was I never knew, for I have never concerned myself with analyzing why I like or dislike things. But American beer always left a brassy taste in my mouth, while Pilsner and Würzburger (of which I have drunk enough to drown both Dayton, Tennessee, and Westerville, Ohio) never carried that taste with them. Pilsner, especially, was, to me, always like drinking moonlight.

It was as early in his career as 1885 that

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Lüchow, greatly concerned over the threat to the American kidney (for we Americans are naturally adulterators and cutters of everything), became the American agent for Würzburger and later one of the American agents for Pilsner. He wasn't the first man to import German beers, but he was the first to popularize them, to found a genuine Pilsner and Würzburger cult—so much so that a song was written about thirty years ago in honor of him and his place called "Down Where the Würzburger Flows" (which I have sung exactly 2,841 times at 1,718 bars):

Rhine wine it is fine,
But a big stein for mine,
Down where the Würzburger flows!

The whole country danced it and sang it. It promised to nose out "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem. Lüchow himself remarked at the time, "I feel like a kind of Beer Columbus!"

Along came also, about this time, or a little later, a musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," the music of which is still played over the radio. It helped to make Lüchow immortal. Würzburger and Pilsner were Europe's greatest gifts to America, and, personally, if I had the power I'd junk the Statue of Liberty and put in its place a colossal effigy of Guido August Lüchow, with an o'erflowing *Seidel* of Würzburger held high in one hand and a *Seidel* of Pilsner in the other, and crown his head with a wreath of pretzels, for greater love hath no man than to preserve the kidneys of his brother. Pilsner preserved mine, and therefore will I shout hallelujah to his name until I am forever beyond the reach of that *eau de skunk* which we call beer today.

The domestic beer (up until the war) that Lüchow sold was negligible. He had one tap for transients who rushed in and shouted "Gimme a beer!" and slung it in in the usual American fashion. Why try to save the livers of pigs? The old German beers should be allowed to sing on the palate, fiddle arpeggios on the tonsils and gurgle ecstatic God-bless-yous as they glide slowly down the esophagus. No good beer is ever drunk; it is consumed. It isn't swallowed; it is ingurgitated. It is a softly lapping, shoreless sea on which float millions of happy dill-pickles.

For that portion of the rising generation that is naturally beer-minded; for those Boy Scouts, still uncorrupted by the teachings of their scoutmasters, who have latently in them the beer-and-ale thirst of the Fathers of the Republic; for all those who have grown up this side of the Feculent Eighteenth and to whom these things of which I speak are Eleusinian mysteries, I must write it down that Pilsner was a light beer and Würzburger a dark. But it probably means nothing to you who were born under the dynasty of the Bootleg Borgias. For while Lüchow was a real man and Lüchow's was (and is) a real place, they are also symbols and slogans of a Lost Cause. The future historian will date the transformation of the Republic into an Imperial Plutocracy from the Spanish-American War, and the transformation of what was the finest democracy the world has ever known into an Oligarchical Plunderbund from the day the selling of beer was declared a crime. For me, a beer drinker for many years, it was the Second Fall of Man.

Going back to the matter of domestic and imported beers, or the distinction between such places as Lüchow's and the Hofbräuhaus and the common corner saloon, there was a great difference the next morning. A night's bout with the purely domestic product, of miscellaneous breeds and species, left you filthy, with a

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tackhammer going in your head and your heart pounding and yelping for a dose of *Schnapps*. But after a night of Pilsner (and I seldom drank anything else) I used to be as fresh as a Dutch cherub the morning after, my metabolic contraptions all dressed up for—more Pilsner!

Lüchow was also a connoisseur of and importer of wines. These he bought in person in his trips back to Europe—Förster Jesuitengarten, Deidesheimer, Eltviller Sonnenberg, Rüdesheimer Berg, Niersteiner, Rauenthaler and how many others, from the humble Laubenheimer at $1.50 a quart to Steinberger Tröckenbeer at $25! In all the years that I patronized Lüchow's I do not recall ever seeing hard liquor on a table. It was sometimes asked for and served at the bar—especially the pre-brandial cocktail. But whiskey at Lüchow's seemed as out of place as a stein of Würzburger on Tom Sharkey's bar, further down the block. However, a pony of brandy after dinner was often seen, August himself sometimes topping off his dinner with one.

Personally, he was one of the finest types of Germans—or Europeans, for that matter—that ever came to this country. For my part, you can have your Baron Steuben, your Franz Sigel, your Carl Schurz, and even your Lafayette—give me the European who raises the level and sharpness of our pleasures, who brings with him Continental manners and the unbuttoned, un-puritanical conception of life. Freedom and liberty end with Prohibition. The two most civilized men who ever came to New York were August Lüchow and Henri Mouquin.

Lüchow was a joyous, overflowing, live-and-let-live fellow. He fairly glistened with good nature. The main characteristics of his face—at least in his middle years—were honesty and merriment. In later years, as you may note by the hand-painted oil painting (with a pouring electric light on it) that now hangs on the wall of the restaurant, a somewhat severer and more settled look came over him. Good fellowship costs like everything else in this world; but it is a payment always given without regret. For myself, I might say with Nathan Hale, that my only regret is that I have not four kidneys to give to the service of Gambrinus. And to that sentiment I think I hear August Lüchow from the *Rathskeller* of the Mansion in the Skies shout *"Ja wohl!"*

He was not a man for stunts; but he pulled off one that attracted great attention at the time. It was typically Augustan. When Prince Henry and his party left America on March 11, 1902, Lüchow chartered a river steamer almost the size of the old *Grand Republic*, rolled on board enough imported beer and wines to irrigate forever the God-forsaken State of Kansas and invited everybody to get on board who had a mind to trail Henry out to sea. Was there a party? A German band, mountains of frankfurters, pyramids of sauerkraut, *und—und—und*—Well, *Gott im Himmel!*, there has never been a real floating beer party since. Nobody remembers coming back. *To-ho-yo!*

As all his employés will testify today, Lüchow was an extremely charitable man. Next to the upkeep of his place, his passion was enjoying the society of his friends. He never married, which probably added to his popularity. His only romance was Beer and Friendship. He lived with his sister, who looked after him like a mother. He died in 1923, leaving behind him an institution the character and flavor of which I here attempt to convey, although it would take the pen of a Huysmans and the brush of a Hals to do it rightly.

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IV

There was nothing Broadwayish about Lüchow's. On entering I always got a sense of vastness. The center room was very large and open, a sort of closed beer-garden. In the old days the smell of Würzburger seeped all through you as you passed the door. As you got deeper and deeper into the place, with its many rooms, your cells were beered up before you even got your face into a *Seidel*. There was a pastry-counter opposite the bar. I recall at least five pantrymen in the busy hours cutting off great hunks of cheese-cake. There was a constant non-stop flight between the bar and the lunch counter.

It had a family air, enhanced by the wholesome, kermess-looking faces of Lüchow and his raft of German waiters. Everybody drank leisurely, as though he or she had nothing else on earth to do. (Indeed, what is a worthier occupation in a world invented by some insane Tyl Eulenspiegel than the drinking of fine beers?) The air was always one of freedom and good-will. Papa Lüchow, if he knew you, would take a seat with you and inject a remark—and a round of beers.

In the evening the Vienna Art Quartette played some of the best music I have ever heard. Indeed, Lüchow's to this day carries on the high musical traditions of old Fourteenth street and its famous patrons of the past, who included De Pachmann, Caruso, Paderewski, Ysaye, Dvořák, Richard Strauss, Victor Herbert, Rafael Joseffy, the De Reszkes, and almost everybody else you can think of. Jazz has never been heard in the place.

About twenty-five years ago Louis Zucker, the pianist of the quartette, was killed by a Third avenue cable car. Another pianist took his place in ten minutes. The present conductor is Edward Fink, who has been at the piano for nineteen years. Everybody who goes to Lüchow's knows him as Ed. I have heard him smash out Liszt and Wagner in a way that actually caused me to stop drinking my Pilsner. The quartette always gets a big hand and is profuse with encores.

Irving place, which has housed in the past more famous persons in the arts than probably any other street of only five blocks in the world, poured its beer-thirsty crowds into Lüchow's night and day. The place was the headquarters, of course, of Heinrich Conried and his German actors in the old Irving Place Theatre, now given over to legs and painted barkers. The Steinway Room on the second floor Lüchow made over to the employés and patrons of old Steinway Hall. I never had the privilege of attending any of the feasts there, but my old friend Baron Ferdinand Sinzig, of the House of Steinway, used to regale me for hours with tales of the gay jinks in the room. It was this same beloved Baron Sinzig—whose beer-feats I am never tired of recording—who had a record of thirty-six *Seidel* of Würzburger in Lüchow's—*without rising*! A native of Cologne, he was absolutely kidneyless. And it was this same Sinzig who gave a piano recital in Rumford Hall, and who, after playing three pieces with three encores, told the audience the recital was over, as he had an engagement with Anton Seidl at Lüchow's. But he went on, as his manager, refusing to see the pun, threatened him with a black eye after apologizing to the audience.

In another room on the second floor the famous Bohemians were organized by Rafael Joseffy and James Huneker. The Society of Authors and Composers, still in existence, was also organized at Lüchow's.

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Of the dreams that were dreamed and the stories that were told there over oceans of Würzburger and Pilsner there is no record.

One hears of only one unpleasant incident in the whole history of the place. Let its hero tell it himself. The story appears in Huneker's fascinating autobiography, "Steeplejack":

> One night at Lüchow's, sitting with Ed Ziegler, August—Himself—Joseffy and De Pachmann, an argument was started. De Pachmann, who had been especially irritable, turned vicious, and spitting out his rage—he was a feline person—he called Joseffy an unprintable name. Before Joseffy could answer the villainous attack, I, with a recklessness unusual for me, let the Chopinzee have the contents of my glass full in the face. If I had been sitting closer I would have slapped his mouth; as it was, the wetting might cleanse it. Sputtering, he was led away by a waiter and presently returned, smiling as if nothing had happened. Joseffy was disgusted with me, as well he might be. It was unpardonable, my conduct, and I promptly apologized. Then De Pachmann explained it was jealousy, as I had mentioned Joseffy's name seven times more —he gave the exact figure—than his in my Chopin book. It sounded childish, but it dissolved the disagreeable business into laughter. After all had gone away except Ziegler, Joseffy turned to me and severely reproached me, but ended his sermon thus: "And you, of all men, wasting such a lot of good beer!" I can recall the diabolic twinkle in his eye yet.

Mr. Victor Eckstein, the present proprietor of Lüchow's, still points out the exact spot where this took place. He was present, although not sitting in. Mr. Eckstein has been in Lüchow's for thirty years, and so great is his reverence for his old boss that he named his son Guido August Lüchow Eckstein.

Today Lüchow's is run precisely as it was in the days of its founder. It still serves excellent food, the old waiters are there to wait on you, the quartette still gives you Liszt and Wagner—all is there except the one important thing—German beer. In the middle of the restaurant stands a ten-gallon stein, which I hope to drain at one draught the day Lüchow's puts in German beer again.

The place has the air of waiting for a miracle. Standing before the picture of August Lüchow recently I was conscious of almost saying out loud—"waiting for a miracle!" The lips of the picture opened and I distinctly heard come forth, *"Apfelmus!"*

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LEGAL COBWEBS

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

JAMES HARRIS, a gentleman of color, was indicted in the State of Delaware in 1841 for having stolen "a pair of boots". But at the trial it appeared that, in the excitement of acquiring new footwear in violation of the law, he had seized and asported, not two boots that were mates, but two that were both for the right foot. He was convicted as charged in the indictment; but on appeal the high and honorable Superior Court reversed his conviction on the ground that a charge of stealing a pair of boots could not be sustained by proof of the stealing of two boots that were not mates. "The object of certainty in an indictment," said the court, speaking didactically, "is to inform the defendant plainly and precisely of what offense he is charged. This certainty must be not merely to a common intent but to a certain intent in general, which requires that things shall be called by their right names." (*3 Harrington 559.*)

To be sure, that was ninety years ago. But the rule applied in the Harris case has not yet been sent to limbo. In fact it still works. For, in law, rules and precedents are like musty bottles in old wine cellars—they are esteemed for their age. In 1881, for instance, the Kansas Supreme Court decided with all due judicial solemnity that evidence of the stealing of a gelding would not sustain a charge of stealing a horse. (*State v. Buckles, 26 Kan. 237.*) In 1912, the Alabama Supreme Court held that a charge of a violation of a statute making it a felony to steal "a cow or an animal of the cow kind" could not be sustained by evidence of the stealing of a steer. (*Marsh v. State, 57 So. 387.*) And in 1917 it was decided in Missouri that a conviction under an indictment charging a man with stealing hogs would have to be reversed where the evidence showed that the hogs were dead when taken. The august appellate tribunal that handed down this illuminating decision went across the seas for its main precedents and cited three English cases as authority, two of them decided in 1823 and the other in 1829. It reached the conclusion that "the carcass of a hog, by whatever name called, is not a hog." (*State v. Hedrick, 199 S. W. 192.*)

A very recent example of a reversal of a conviction because of "variance", as the courts call the vice condemned in the cases already cited, is the Texas case of Prock v. State (*23 S. W. (2nd) 728*), decided last year. Here the complaint on which the defendant was arrested and bound over for trial described him as a "male person," and the information filed against him and on which he was tried described him as an "adult male". It was held that this difference required the reversal of his conviction of aggravated assault on a female, though where the harm to him lay is beyond the imagination of an ordinary man.

Another Texas case was reversed in 1910 on the ground that the indictment in which the defendant was accused of

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burglary described the burglarized premises as being occupied at the time of the crime by six Japanese mentioned by name, while the evidence was to the effect that there were only five. (*Grantham v. State, 129 S. W. 839.*) In 1917 the Illinois Supreme Court reversed a conviction for embezzlement because of a mistake in the name of one partner out of more than thirty named in the indictment as the injured parties. (*People v. Dettmering, 116 N. E. 205.*) And in 1919 it similarly upset a conviction in a liquor case because in one count out of forty-nine, under all of which the defendant was found guilty, his name was spelled *H*oldburg instead of *G*oldburg. (*People v. Goldburg, 123 N. E. 530.*)

Judges whose morning prayer is, "Keep my feet in the paths of Coke and Blackstone, for precedents' sake!" may, of course, find complete satisfaction for their souls in such decisions. But if one dares to be captious and ask what difference it can make to a defendant—what rights of his are jeopardized—if two unmated boots are described as a pair, a gelding as a horse, a steer as of "the cow kind", or a dead hog as a hog, or if he is proved to have burglarized the premises of only five Japanese instead of six, or embezzled from thirty men properly named and one misnamed, or has the first letter of his last name given wrongly in one count out of forty-nine, one is moved to repeat with the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals that a technicality is "a microbe which, having gotten into the law, gives justice the blind staggers" (*Ryan v. State, 129 Pac. 685*), and to exclaim with the Wisconsin Supreme Court that "there is little wonder that laymen are sometimes heard to remark that justice is one thing and law is another!" (*Gist v. Johnson-Carey Company, 158 Wis. 204.*)

With many American appellate tribunals the point of view, regardless of the breakdown of the judicial machinery and the increase of serious crime, is still that expressed long ago by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in the case that is said to have driven William Cullen Bryant from law to literature as his life's work. "In a matter of technical law," said the court, "the rule is of more consequence than the reason for it." (*Bloss v. Tobey, 19 Mass. 320.*)

II

American courts have been especially fearsome of permitting one jot or tittle to be taken from, or changed in, indictments. This attitude is due to the supposedly sacred character of the Grand Jury as an institution and of the indictment as its solemnly begotten child.

Thus, it has been held within the last five years that a Federal court is absolutely without power to amend an indictment—even to strike out by stipulation of the defendant's counsel the words "and feloniously" as surplusage. (*Stewart v. U. S., 12 Fed. (2nd) 524.*) The leading Federal case on the subject was decided by the Supreme Court in 1886, when it was held that, if a change is made in the indictment, "the power of the court to try the prisoner is as much arrested as if the indictment had been dismissed or a *nolle prosequi* had been entered." (*In ex parte Bain, 121 U. S. 1.*)

Applying this rule, our appellate courts, both State and Federal, have handed down decisions that seem the height of folly if justice is really the end sought by the judicial process and if individuals are expected to retain a modicum of respect for the law and for the tribunals established to administer and interpret it.

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Among the most notorious are the "the' and the "did" cases. Of the former the best known is a Missouri case, decided in 1908, in which a verdict of guilty was set aside because the indictment read "against the peace and dignity of State of Missouri" instead of "the peace and dignity of *the* State." (*State v. Campbell, 109 S. W. 706.*) But there had been a similar holding in Texas as far back as 1883. (*Thompson v. State, 15 Tex. App. 39.*) The leading "did" case was decided in Mississippi in 1895, when a conviction was reversed because the word was omitted from the indictment. Then in 1907 this original case was followed as a precedent in a murder case. In the murder case the fact that the word had been omitted in the indictment before the words "kill and murder" was discovered in the lower court at the time of the trial, and its insertion was permitted by the trial judge. In spite of this amendment, the defendant's conviction was reversed and the case ordered dismissed. (*Cook v. State, 17 So. 228;* and *Hall v. State, 44 So. 810.*)

The "the" cases have been overruled in Missouri, and there have been no recent "did" cases; but that does not mean that the technical approach to the consideration of indictments has been rejected, not by any means. That reversals still continue in many jurisdictions as of old will be evident from a few cases out of many decided during the year 1930.

In South Carolina, for instance, it was held that, where an indictment for murder charged that death occurred in the same county as the assault but the evidence showed that death occurred in another county, though the assault causing death occurred in the county in which the trial was being held and, therefore, the defendant was properly brought to trial there, still it was error to permit the indictment to be amended at the trial to show that death occurred in the other county. (*State v. Platt, 151 S. E. 206.*) In Louisiana an indictment charged the defendant with forging a certain order for $6 on a corporation and, on motion of the State's attorney, the indictment was amended to give the value of the forged order as $4 instead of $6. This was held to be reversible error. (*State v. Sylistan, 125 So. 859.*)

In Illinois a conviction was set aside because the indictment charged an attempt to open a showcase with intent to steal its contents but failed to allege that the attempt was unsuccessful. (*People v. Donaldson, 173 N. E. 357.*) In Texas an indictment was held fatally defective because it alleged that the defendant deserted his complaining wife "unlawfully and willingly" instead of "unlawfully and wilfully". (*Carter v. State, 27 S. W. (2nd) 821.*)

And in a New Jersey case, where an indictment for larceny was amended by striking from it the name of the party found by the grand jury to be the owner of certain alcohol alleged to have been taken and by substituting the name of another as owner, the appellate court held that the trial judge was without authority to permit such change, saying: "There can be no conception of the crime of larceny without ownership of the property alleged to have been stolen being in some one. It is therefore quite clear that the allegation of ownership in an indictment is a matter of substance and not of form." (*State v. Cohen, 147 Atl. 325.*)

But there are a number of late cases in which it is held that such amendments as those just mentioned are permissible. The substitution of a different name for that given in the indictment in connection with the ownership of the property taken, for instance, was upheld in Iowa in 1922

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and in Mississippi in 1929. (*State v. Luce, 191 N. W. 64;* and *Wood v. State, 124 So. 353.*)

The difference of opinion in these cases lies largely in varying conceptions by the courts of what is a change in substance and what merely a change in form. That is the rock on which they split, one stream of decisions flowing in the most ancient channels and the other breaking through the banks of hoary precedent and cutting new passageways through the legalistic débris of the centuries.

III

The strange thing about American adherence to outworn doctrines and practices is that we claim to have inherited them from England. And yet England and her dominions have long since cast most of them overboard as so much rubbish. The judge who sits in an English criminal court may wear an ancient garb, but the procedure he follows has been modernized until an American hardly recognizes its semblance to what we are supposed to have derived from the same source. Since 1851 such defects in the indictment as have been discussed above have been of no importance whatever in English jurisprudence. The insertion of words like "the", "did", and "against the peace and dignity", or amendments to show true ownership or description of property or identification of persons are permitted as a matter of course.

The fundamental difference between present-day English criminal jurisprudence and American criminal jurisprudence may be graphically illustrated by quoting the indictment in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case and comparing it with a similar indictment in Canada. The Sacco-Vanzetti indictment read as follows:

> COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
>
> *Norfolk, ss.*
>
> At the Superior Court, begun and holden within and for the County of Norfolk, on the first Monday of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, the Jurors for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on their oath present That Nicola Sacco of Stoughton in the County of Norfolk and Bartholomeo Vanzetti of Plymouth in the County of Plymouth on the fifteenth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty at Braintree in the County of Norfolk did assault and beat Alexander Berardelli with intent to murder him by shooting him in the body with a loaded pistol and by such assault, beating and shooting did murder Alexander Berardelli against the peace of said Commonwealth and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

In Canada that indictment would have read:

> *In the Supreme Court of Ontario*
>
> The Jurors for our Lord the King present, that Nicola Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti murdered Alexander Berardelli at Ontario on April 15, 1920.

Compare this last, too, with an indictment returned by a grand jury in the District of Columbia in 1891. It charged that the defendant

> did cast, throw, and push the said Agnes Watson into a certain canal then situate, wherein there then was a great quantity of water, by means of which casting, throwing, and pushing of the said Agnes Watson in the canal by the aforesaid Frederick Barber, in the manner and form aforesaid, she, the said Agnes Watson, in the canal aforesaid, with the water aforesaid, was then and there mortally choked, suffocated, and drowned.

This indictment was held defective on the ground that it did not allege that Agnes Watson died by reason of "the de-

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fendant's homicidal act." (*U. S. v. Barber, 20 Dist. of Col. 79.*)

If England and Canada have been able to modernize and simplify indictments and other elements of their criminal jurisprudence, why can't we? Do our inflexible constitutions stand in the way? Are we helpless in the face of the rising tide of criminality?

The answer is that what our co-heirs of the English common law and English jurisprudence have done, we can do. And we have already made a beginning in some States. California is, despite the Mooney case, perhaps the most striking example; and her accomplishments are worth noting as proof that we are not altogether helpless.

California's record of reversals in criminal cases, while not among the highest, was formerly, unlike her climate, nothing to brag about. In the period extending from 1900 to 1909, for instance, 22.5% of all criminal cases appealed were reversed. True, the record for Illinois for the same period was 37.3%; but that of New York and Massachusetts was under 15% each.

The old attitude of the California courts is evidenced by a case decided in 1880. It involved an indictment charging "entry into a stable to commit *larcey*." This was held not to describe any offense because of the simple omission of the letter *n*, notwithstanding the fact that there was a provision in the Penal Code, reading: "No indictment shall be deemed insufficient, nor shall the trial, judgment, or other proceedings thereon be affected by reason of any defect or imperfection in matters of form which shall not tend to the prejudice of the defendant." (*People v. St. Clair, 55 Cal. 524; 56 Cal. 406.*)

All of which goes to show that judges, like horses, may be led to the trough but can't be made to drink by mere legislative enactment. Judicial reform by statute can be, and repeatedly has been, thwarted and prevented by the wrong kind of men on the bench. One thing the layman groping for something better in the field of law needs to realize is that in the end, regardless of what the law-makers may say, it is the judges who determine what the law is and how, if at all, it shall operate.

But in 1911 the following section was added to the California constitution:

> No judgment shall be set aside or new trial granted in any criminal case on the ground of misdirection of the jury or the improper admission or rejection of evidence, or for error as to any matter of pleading or procedure unless, after an examination of the entire cause including the evidence, the court shall be of an opinion that the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice. (*Constitution, Art. VI, Sec. 4½.*)

The first case involving this provision to reach the Supreme Court of the State seems to have been approached somewhat doubtfully and apprehensively. The court did, however, go so far as to say that "Section 4½ of Article VI must be given at least the effect of abrogating the old rule that prejudice is presumed from any error of law." (*People v. O'Bryan, 130 Pac. 1042.*)

That was in 1913. But by 1924 the Court had become bolder, and now it laid down this rule: "It is now incumbent upon the complaining party to make an affirmative showing that prejudice followed from the error relied upon." (*People v. Mahach, 224 Pac. 130.*)

The result of the recognition and application of this new constitutional provision is manifest from the fact that, while from 1910 to 1912, over 23% of the appeals in criminal cases were reversed, the percentage from 1916 to 1918 was only 12 and from 1918 to 1920 only 11.

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Then in 1927 the Penal Code was amended so as to permit a short form of indictment or information and so as to make many other radical changes. The former crimes of larceny, embezzlement, false pretenses, and kindred offenses, for instance, were amalgamated into one crime, theft. And many of the old, technical rules were wholely abrogated. All these provisions have been sustained by the higher courts, and the spirit in which they were adopted was completely recognized in People v. Campbell, 265 Pac. 364, where the Supreme Court said:

> Much of the time of courts has been consumed in the consideration of technical objections to pleadings in criminal cases; yet it is probable that few judges are able to recall a single case in which a defendant was actually in the slightest doubt as to the crime with which he was charged. Modern legislation is endeavoring to cut the Gordian knot by which the trial of criminal cases has so long been fettered, and the courts ought not to thwart that laudable effort by an adherence to mere technical precedents which regard form rather than substance.

The short form referred to has also been adopted in Maryland, Massachusetts, Alabama, Iowa, New York and other States and has the endorsement of the American Law Institute. So we are making some progress, and there is some reason for hope. But before we can travel very far, the comparatively few enlightened jurists and members of the bar who are striving for a better judicial system must be supported and reinforced by an awakened, insistent and clamorous laity. Tradition, the self-interest of certain groups, indifference, conservatism, and a reactionary judicial psychology constitute almost insuperable barriers to even the degree of reform attained in England. And a sane system, truly modernized and humanized, must carry us far beyond it.

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THE DOWNFALL OF ELDER BARTON

BY JAMES STEVENS

EVERY fourth Sunday there was preaching in the Hardshell Baptist meeting-house on the road to Hyattsville. When I was in my eighth year Elder Dewberry Barton of Tyrone rode our Southern Iowa circuit. Like all other preachers of his sect, he took no wages for his labors in the vineyard. Instead, he lived by horse trading. He was also a breeder of Morgans and an upright judge of rye whiskey, and in his youth he had traveled from Kentucky to the Territory of New Mexico. The elder was the first grand hero of my boyhood.

Moravia, a town of five hundred souls, was the trading center nearest the Baptist settlement on the Hyattsville road. On Summer Saturdays before his preaching dates Elder Barton would ride over from Tyrone in his box buggy, trailed by a string of trading horses. He drove two snorting hot-eyed Morgans as black and proud as sin. The boys in my neighborhood always watched for the elder. It was the richest sight outside of a circus parade, as the coaly horses pranced down the street, with leather shining and nickel gleaming, with a flash of red spreader rings and goat hair plumes, a clink and jingle of harness rigging, a dazzle of whirling wheels. Sometimes twelve horses would be trailing with a fine thunder. Above all this magnificent motion, noise and color loomed the black-bearded elder. There was glamour in town.

The boys who were free of Saturday chores trudged through the heat and dust for Repp's livery barn when the hero had passed. The parade was over, and now the dickering was the show of the afternoon. Up from the hollows and down from the ridges of the rolling prairie country the farm people had driven, to bargain, swap and gossip in the Moravia square. Horses and rigs were still coming as we started for Repp's barn. Dust drifted sluggishly from the ruts, settled on the board walks, and grayed the leaves of the volunteer timothy in vacant lots. Where the walks were unshaded the boards blistered bare feet, and oozing resin gummed unwary toes as we lazed on.

Generally the stricter Christian parents of Moravia prohibited their boys from loitering around Repp's barn. It was suspected as the town's lone haunt of the Old Nick. Pleas Repp himself had confessed religion; but he had backslidden twice; once from the Methodists, and again from the United Brethren. For two years or so he had considered giving the Holy Spirit another chance at him, this time through the Cumberland Presbyterians, but he was still holding back. Nearly everybody had lost hope for Pleas. People said he gassed with Jeff Biggle too much. Mr. Biggle was the one man in Moravia who came close to being an infidel. Stem Tracy was another sinful character who passed much of his spare time in Repp's barn. A boy was apt to hear profanity there and be tainted by a sight of cards and bottled beer. The

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Methodist boys yearned dreadfully for the lusty enchantments of the place, but they usually had to shun it as a pitfall.

II

The barnyard was the scene of the trading. There we might perch on the poles of the back fence, fairly safe from the sinful influence of the barn proper. Christian farmers congregated under the boughs of a great white oak, and the trader they dickered with was supposedly a holy man. So all the boys in my neighborhood were allowed to watch the trading. The elder charmed us like a circus ringmaster. I watched his performance with intolerable pride. I was the only Hardshell boy in town. Even the Rev. Pearl Yates, the tremendous Methodist preacher, seemed a puny and feeble figure when Elder Dewberry Barton strode forth to trade. The boys who sneered at the Hardshells at other times now thought of me as one related to a royal church.

Dickering went on in the oak's shade, which spread over a third of the barnyard. Below our perch ran a long wooden watering trough. The wet earth alongside it was a crazy pattern of horseshoe prints. Surreys, buggies, hacks and lumber wagons stood about the yard, with red and yellow spokes and iron tires shining. The trading horses champed, whinnied, snorted, stamped, switched flies and rattled halter chains from a feed rack at the right side of the yard. In the background towered the dull red wall of the barn. The air bristled with sharp smells. Gnats hovered over the trough. Flies buzzed viciously at our toes. Two sullen yellow hounds snoozed in the dust among the oak roots.

A row of farmers squatted on one edge of the watering trough, some of them puffing solemnly on corncobs and clays, all of them chawing plug. Every so often a straw-hatted head bobbed sharply, a whiskered chin jutted out, and then a thin amber crescent sparkled for an instant in the sunlight before cascading down on some mark—a bee, maybe, or a horsefly, or the tail of one of the hounds, or sometimes just the plain hub of a wagon wheel. A good chawer would always try himself on a live mark. A bee was hard, but a wheel hub was beneath contempt.

The dickering always started with a going-over of the elder's stock. All along the string at the feed rack farmers sidled in between the horses, felt them down for sweenies and other blemishes which the eye might not catch, thumped their ribs, jabbed thumbs into touchy spots, hoisted hoofs, prying and testing for signs of stringhalt, spavin and ringbone. After such a ceremony a farmer would stand back and give the horse a general sizing up, nodding wisely, mumbling mysteriously to himself, plucking at a whisker, maybe, or else shoving up his hat and scratching under it. Scratching of some kind seemed to be a necessary part of sizing up a trading horse. The boys always did more scratching than anything else when they played horse trading. Pleas Repp was the one they liked best to imitate. He was fat, and his red face was as bare as a baby's. He had no hair to scratch, either, so he always scratched himself behind. Since he was considered the shrewdest judge of horseflesh in town, the boys figured that his system of thinking was the best one.

Every now and then a farmer would step up to the elder, point at a horse, and say:

"*'Pears* sound enough. But how's his wind and temper?"

"Sound of wind and a willin' sperit," the elder would declare. "You got the warranty of Dewberry Barton fer that. And

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that there warranty means you can go the length and breadth of two counties 'thout findin' a Dewberry Barton hoss which is wind-broken or a balker."

Then, if the farmer asked any more questions, the elder would take him in hand and go on:

"Sta'nch as this yere white oak! Sound as a Bryan silver dollar! And that hoss has blood in him, sir! Look at his eye! You know a hoss has been *bred* when you see him roll a eye like that there one! Blooded, sir, blooded! Cash or swap, what am I offered?"

Any day during a week following Elder Barton's Moravia Saturday a mother of the town might look into her back yard and see her eight- or ten-year-old pointing pridefully at some smaller boy tied to the fence by a clothes-line and in a tremendous voice describing him as staunch as this here oak, sound as a Bryan silver dollar, and blooded, sir, blooded!

The elder's voice was so deep and rich it always somehow made me think of custard. He loomed mightily among the farmers, making most of them appear drab and mean. He wore a big black Bryan hat. A coal-black beard and wavy hair flowed over a red bandana knotted around his neck. A black cutaway coat flapped its tails above the tops of shining boots. But the elder's most glittering articles of apparel were the fringed and beaded Buffalo Bill gauntlets that he waved grandly in the heat of trading. The fringes fluttered and the colored beads sparkled in the sunlight as he made his fine mighty motions and expounded the beauties and virtues of his horses.

"A good man and an honest dealer," was the opinion generally expressed about Elder Dewberry Barton, "but jest a mite too gaudy fer a preacher."

From the first, indeed, there was considerable head-shaking in the congregation over his "soundness." He had buried his wife in Kentucky, so the story went, and had been a roving preacher ever since. He was still companionless and unsettled. In his home congregation at Tyrone there was some feeling against him because of his friendliness with the Irish colony there. The Irish were loathed as idolatrous Papists by all the Methodists and Hard-shells of the prairie country.

But until he was actually convicted of traffic with Rome by the Rev. Pearl Yates, the elder had an unsullied glamour for all Moravia boys. He and his romantic trade were patterns for our play.

III

The Rev. Pearl Yates, the Methodist, was the main preacher of Moravia, and he kept hatred of Romanism going like a bonfire in the town.

He was a prodigious black bull of a man. Exhorting in the pulpit, he was a locomotive of the Lord, huge, sooty, steaming from every pore as he roared hoarse blasts for the salvation of the righteous and the damnation of sinners. The latter, he preached, were mainly drinkers of rum and members of the Church of Rome. When the Rev. Yates lit into rum and Rome his eyes would get a red-hot look under his smoky and bristling hair. In all his motions he spread the stubby fingers of his thick, hairy, swarthy hands like claws. He rasped and snarled when he was exhorting at top speed, and sometimes slaver oozed from the corners of his mouth and trickled on his black coat. I was fearfully afraid of him, for he made death and damnation seem just around the corner. Then I would forget Elder Barton and my bringing up as a Primitive Baptist, and wish I was a sound Methodist and safe.

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When there was no preaching in the Hyattsville meeting-house many Hardshells would drive in to hear the Rev. Yates. As my grandmother lived in town, she generally attended the Methodist meetings. I would be lugged along, as I lived with my grandmother alone. The Rev. Yates often preached directly at the Hardshells in his congregation. He seldom shook their faith in their doctrine, but he did inflame them with hatred of Rome.

That hatred was already strong enough in all the Primitive Baptists by virtue of their own doctrines. When they called their church the True Church they meant that it was an honest daughter of the churches of the Corinthians and Thessalonians and others founded by the Apostles. They strove to maintain the practices of primitive Christianity. Their only ceremonies were communion and feet washing. Their elders took only thank offerings of food and shelter. No music profaned the church. The Hardshells chanted hymns exactly as the Negroes chant spirituals. Epistles were exchanged between churches. They had no Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor societies, or missionaries. They regarded themselves as a little band of saints selected and maintained by the mysterious will of God through the centuries of the reign of those ministers of the Anti-Christ, the Popes. In His own good time He would overthrow Rome and bring victory and power to His true church. All was foreordained and predestinated. It was a faith of resignation. Only hatred of Rome gave it life and strength.

More than once I overheard the brothers and sisters of the Hyattsville congregation remonstrating with Elder Barton for his friendship with the Tyrone Irish, who were described by my grandmother as "all Romans, heart and soul, hair and hide." When he was rebuked the elder would only sort of smile through his beard and turn off the subject by saying that the Irish were good neighbors, and he couldn't hold their Popery against them any more than he could hold the affliction of sightlessness against a blind man. Somehow, that would shut up the remonstraters.

There were other black marks against the elder. He would get exalted and glorified while he preached, and actually appear to enjoy himself, whereas the usual prairie preacher would scowl, groan, tear his hair, thump the Bible and generally appear to suffer horribly through his own sermons. Even when the elder preached from Job and Jeremiah he would look as happy as though he were putting over a big horse trade. He would reel off yards of Old Testament Scripture without once looking at the Bible; he favored stories of warriors and kings above the warnings of the prophets; and his rich voice brought the stories grandly to life.

But his stern congregation wanted little of this rich stuff of Scripture; they hungered for the marrow of doctrinal bones; they yearned perpetually for reminders of their close kinship with the primitive Christian church.

"Elder Barton robs Paul to pay Abraham," my grandmother said. "The only hope he preaches for the True Church is of eternal rest in Abraham's bosom."

The Moravia Methodists, and the Hardshells who were with them in spirit if not in doctrine, got their chance at Elder Barton in the mortal sickness of the Widow Crouch. In that matter his traffic with Rome was brought to light, and the Rev. Yates convicted him of offending God. Even the boys were frightened into renouncing their hero. They had been brought up to believe in a God who would heave a soul into the pit of eternal damnation, not only for sin, but also for showing

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sympathy to a transgressor. The prairie Christian was convinced that his first duty was to make the way of the transgressor hard. So such hating preachers as the Rev. Pearl Yates won their power.

IV

In the eyes of the sanctified the Widow Crouch was the most sinister embodiment of sin in Moravia. They always called her the Roman widow. She was the town's lone Catholic, but that name of her church was never used by the local Protestants.

The Roman widow was also a first-rate hater. A high thorn hedge grew about her cottage and garden. No one ever visited her. Sometimes an Irish farmer from Tyrone way would fetch her a load of hickory stovewood, and once a month she would journey over to visit a cousin and to attend her church. Usually the only sign of life at her place was a gray drift of wood smoke fading up into the thick boughs of the old maples that shadowed the cottage and outhouses. Once a day the widow appeared with a wicker basket to do her trading. In all seasons she dressed in heavy black. Her face was lean and grim, with colorless tufts of hair sticking from her chin. Little gray eyes glittered venomously from the shadows of her dark sunbonnet.

Timothy Crouch had been an Iowa Central section boss who worked out of Moravia. He had come to a violent end while trying to thaw frozen dynamite in a can of water over an open fire. The widow had money from the railroad. She could have gone to Tyrone to live. Her cousin was also a lone widow woman and would have welcomed her company. But the Roman widow stayed on in Moravia, hated and hating, the Old Nick's own, and the Pope's.

Many believed that she was kept in town as a Papist spy. More suspected her of casting spells on the crops, the cows and the hens of sanctified Methodists. A belief in witches and in possession by demons was quite common in all the prairie towns. My grandmother was bold in it. I once heard her stand against Elder Barton himself in defense of this belief, supporting her arguments with quotations from Scripture. She silenced the elder and made him look troubled, though I could tell that he was not convinced. For a long time after that argument I had my own doubts about witches. But when the elder fell, the old tormenting belief came back. It meant something very real to a prairie boy of those days when he would hear: "Air you actually possessed?" or, "I declare, onless the boy's possessed, I jest can't figger what's a ailin' him."

Nobody ever openly accused the Roman widow of being a witch, for shortly after her husband was blown up she had gone to law with the Rev. Yates for scorning her name from the pulpit. The preacher was put to a tremendous lot of trouble and expense in settling the suit, and that gave the widow a malignant name. But there was back-of-hand talk going on about her all the time. My grandmother used to scatter salt and mumble charms around her garden, and I knew they were supposed to stave off the spells of the widow. I had learned long before that salt would melt the spells of a witch, if used with the proper charms.

There in my eighth Summer, however, I was getting fairly doubtful about the whole witch and demon business. It was against all the sense and reason that I'd ever learned at home for me to doubt, but I simply couldn't help it, the influence of Elder Barton was that strong in me. All sound evidence, it was plain enough, was for the existence of witches. There was Scripture for it. There were the facts of

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cows drying up suddenly, of a field of corn failing while the field next to it eared out, of hens molting and shutting off their eggs out of season. Such unnatural happenings surely had a reason back of them, and nobody had ever brought up a likelier reason than witches. But I let Elder Barton's doubts weaken my Baptist sense. Some wicked thing in me kept insisting that when the Widow Crouch went to bed at night she stayed there, sleeping like anybody else. I was naturally ashamed to confess my heresy to anybody. When a bunch of Methodist boys would hide around the widow's hedge and yell out the song that started

There was a Romish lady, brought up in Popery;
Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey.
"Oh, pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now,
For under these false idols I can no longer bow";

I'd join in and sing on with them about how the Pope burned the good Methodist girl at the stake, pretending that I was still as sensible and decent as the other boys.

Perhaps to live hated and hating was what the Widow Crouch wanted. If so, Moravia appeased her hunger. She lived alone, loathed and abhorred by her neighbors, for ten years before she was taken mortally ill.

V

There were, of course, other sinners who plagued the sanctified of the prairie town. Every so often the Rev. Yates would steam up and roar down the whole line in one blazing sermon, from the Roman widow to the backsliding liveryman, Pleas Repp. The other churches in the town proper were the United Brethren, the Christian—always called the Campbellite by the Rev. Yates—and the Cumberland Presbyterian. The pastors of these sects were always trying to get ahead of him, but they invariably fell far behind, giving way to new aspirants, while he steamed triumphantly on. The Rev. Yates was the one real bugaboo of sin in Moravia, and he knew it. Every sinner in town feared him, though he never named names. He had a way of turning righteous wrath on a sinner without coming out openly against him.

When he blasted at the curse of infidelity in Moravia, for example, everybody knew he was hitting at Jeff Biggle, the shoe merchant. Mr. Biggle had resisted the working of the Holy Spirit all his life. Not once had he stood up and confessed religion or knelt in repentance at the mourners' bench. That was evidence enough for the Rev. Yates, though Mr. Biggle stoutly defended himself against the awful accusation by pointing to his standing in the Blue Lodge of the Masons.

"You can't be a Mason 'thout believin' in a Supreme Bein'!" he would argue. "And I'm a Past Warden. It's not the good Lord and His Word I'm ag'in, but yer dang' sec's. Yer dang' sec's! I say it agin, fer I mean it! Jest chaw on that there till recess will you, reverend?"

The Rev. Yates tried every scheme imaginable to get Jeff Biggle into his church. One Monday morning little Luke Lolley, who was known as the brightest boy in the Methodist Sunday-school, traipsed into Biggle's shoe-store, and began to talk in the style he used when he was making a recitation before the class.

"I seen you at church last night, Mr. Biggle," said little Luke, standing with his heels together and his hands by his sides. Mr. Biggle simply gaped as the boy raised his right hand and pointed like a picture

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in an elocution book. Then: "But you didn't come to Jesus, did you, Mr. Biggle?"

"You git, you whippersnapper!" roared Mr. Biggle, coming suddenly to life.

That took the starch out of the bright boy, and he ran out, squawling. Then the Rev. Yates came in. He had been waiting outside all the time.

"You ought to listened, Mr. Biggle," he said solemnly. "Might be the littler feller was inspired. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklin's, you know!"

"Pap!" snorted Mr. Biggle, acting terribly put out. "That's all I ever knowed to come out of the mouth of a babe and a sucklin'! Pap!"

The next Sunday the Rev. Yates preached darkly about a man in town who had spoken slightingly of Scripture. Everybody knew that Mr. Biggle was meant. But he couldn't be budged. The only effect of that scheme of the Rev. Yates's was to fasten the nickname of Babe 'n' Sucklin' on little Luke Lolley.

Stem Tracy, the night dépôt agent, was perhaps the most brazen of the unsaved. He smoked what the Rev. Yates always called the vile cigarette, not only in the secrecy of the dépôt at night, but out on the public streets. Most of us boys were members of the Anti-Cigarette League, and we knew that Stem might go insane at any minute, and that in any event he was certain to waste away with a cigarette cough and die at an early age without a single lung left.

One day Dr. Prouty, who was a steward of the Rev. Yates's church, stopped Tracy on the street and gave him a free lecture about the ruin that threatened his health. The young dépôt agent listened with a sneer, then brazenly blew a cloud of the vile smoke in Dr. Prouty's face and went on about his business. The doctor had a bad temper. Tracy's impudence made him so angry that he swallowed his chaw. As he had a terribly weak stomach, he got sick right there on the sidewalk.

Stem was always held up to us as a horrible example, along with the Knapp boys and a few other young men who were known to play with cards, drink bottled beer, and attend the dances over on sinful Soap Creek. Yet even the Rev. Yates was generous in holding out hope for these young men. They had not offended God beyond repair by denying the authority of the church. Whenever they should come forward and be purged and baptized, the sanctified would welcome them as sheep that had been lost and were found again. But they kept recklessly on in their sinful good times.

The influence of Elder Barton weakened my ideas about these wicked young men. In that eventful eighth Summer of mine I often speculated as to whether the good times of Stem Tracy and the Knapp boys were really sinful or not. Again it was the elder who turned me against all the Christian sense and reason I'd ever learned.

He did it in an argument with Brother Dolbeer, a tough little nubbin of a Hardshell farmer who had been powerfully moved by the Rev. Yates's preaching.

"It ain't in the doctern of the true church that we should set ourselves up as jedges," Elder Barton declared. "We like our mornin' nip and our bedtime toddy. You like yore chaw and I'm partial to my pipe. There's nothin' in the Word agin sech likin'. No more is there agin a likin' fer cigareets and bottle' beer."

"Not to hear you preach it, they ain't," snapped Brother Dolbeer.

"I preach. I don't jedge," said the elder.

When I got my sense and reason back I realized that it was the influence of Elder Barton that had weakened me all down the line. But salvation was at hand. The

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prairie God was looking out for His own. The Widow Crouch died. That event gave the Rev. Pearl Yates a chance to show up Elder Dewberry Barton in his true colors.

VI

The sun was so low that the oak's shade covered all of Repp's barnyard. Farmers were hitching horses to the rigs. Elder Barton was standing with Pleas Repp, talking about the stock dickered for during the afternoon's trading. Brother Dolbeer was swinging his team over the tongue of a lumber wagon just behind the liveryman and the elder. I slipped down from the fence and started to skedaddle home. My grandmother and I were to ride out with Brother Dolbeer, who was a neighbor of Uncle Harve Cate's. We would stay all night at Uncle Harve's, then go to hear the preaching tomorrow. I should have gone home a half-hour ago. So I hustled now.

But when Dr. Prouty came puffing out of the barn and wheezed up to the elder I simply had to stop and listen. The doctor was powerfully excited, and it was plain that something big had happened.

"Howdy, Elder Barton," he said, and then he had to stop and pant for breath.

"How air you, sir?" The elder was stern in his greeting. Dr. Prouty had often slurred him as a horse-trading preacher.

"I've a call in trouble to make to you, Elder," said the doctor, getting his breath and his dignity back at the same time. "It's account of the Widder Crouch. She's been on a sickbed for nigh on three days. Didn't show up to do her trading, and finally somebody looked in on her. It's typhoid fever, and it ain't the least likely she'll live out the night. You know that cousin of her'n in Tyrone, Elder?"

"Right well." The elder looked powerfully troubled as he spoke. "You want me to see she gits word, do you? Sho'. I'll go fetch Mis' Lennane myself. Typhoid—pore soul—laid sick fer three days, you say? Where does she live?"

"I'll show you, Elder. And—there's suthin' else." Dr. Prouty acted flustered again. His tongue seemed to stick on him. "Delirious," he managed to say. "But she makes out she wants a—uh—priest. I wouldn't want it said—of course, you could have somebody else in Tyrone fetch him——"

"Let's go right along," Elder Barton broke in, looking stern again.

I ran on ahead of them, tremendously excited, to tell my grandmother that the Widow Crouch was mortally ill. My grandmother had a fine neighborhood reputation for being good in sickness, and she grimly made ready to live up to it with the widow. In a few minutes she found the herbs which she favored in the treatment of typhoid, and she set out with them for the widow's house. I followed, shivering all over with the dreadful but fascinating prospect of seeing the widow in her own place, among the graven images. I had a dim idea that her room would look like the shop of Curry Grimes, who made tombstones. But I didn't have a chance to see if this was so. We were stopped at the gateway to the hedge.

Elder Barton, his expression still deeply troubled, was coming out with Dr. Prouty. His eyes lit up some when he saw my grandmother.

"Sho', Sister Turner," he said, "I might of knowed you'd come when you heerd. Ain't it a perishin' shame, though? That pore soul a dyin' alone and nobody to tend her!"

My grandmother spoke shortly, as she commonly did to Elder Barton, and started

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on for the house. But he stopped her again, to say that he was driving at once to Tyrone to fetch the Widow Crouch's cousin.

"I hope to bring her here before the end," he said. "I'll change hosses in Tyrone. I'll be out fer preachin' tomorrer, but o' course I won't git to Brother Cate's tonight. I wonder could you kindly send him my excuses?"

"And the priest," Dr. Prouty put in sharply. "Are you going to bring a priest like she asked?"

The doctor's eyes were squinted in a hard look which made me think of the Rev. Yates's fiercest preaching stare.

"I reckon," said Elder Barton.

"Mighty kind of you, Elder," said the doctor. "Mighty kind."

But that burning hardness in the doctor's eyes didn't lessen.

"Bub, you go wait for Brother Dolbeer," I heard my grandmother saying. "You tell him to leave word with yore Uncle Harve about the elder."

I ran back home. All the brightness of the afternoon was gone. The sun was still blazing, yet everything somehow seemed gloomy and cold. I had a queer feeling that Elder Barton's bringing a Roman priest right into Moravia was something more tremendous than just the plain fact that the Widow Crouch was dying.

People lying in mortal sickness and in the cold grip of death itself were a familiar sight to all prairie children. It was forced on them, as a warning not to get too sure and proud of themselves. My most vivid early memories are of pale people lying in rooms where all the blinds were drawn, of dead faces under glass and flowers, of burials in the rain. Perhaps it is a distortion of memory, but I am sure there was rain for every funeral in Moravia.

Anyhow, it seemed that the biggest thing I had to tell Brother Dolbeer was about a priest coming to Moravia with nobody but Elder Barton of the Primitive Baptist Church. Brother Dolbeer didn't remark upon it, but his expression told me plainly enough that this was also the biggest item with him. His eyes got like Dr. Prouty's.

It was the same with all the other members of the Hyattsville congregation and with the Methodists. When the elder showed up at the meeting-house all the brothers and sisters declared it was mighty, mighty kind of him to forget his enmity with Rome and be a good Samaritan to a poor soul who was dying. But everyone had that hard, suspicious look. Brother Dolbeer even put it into words.

"What did you and the Roman priest talk about, Elder, may I be so bold as to ask?" he said. "You had a good four-hour drive together. Mebbe you pried inter some of his sekerts?"

"Hosses," said Elder Barton shortly. "We talked hosses."

Elder Barton preached toler'ble porely, as my grandmother said. Even I could tell that he wasn't inspired. After the meeting he wouldn't stop for dinner. He had promised to drive the priest on back to Tyrone that afternoon, he said.

VII

Driving the priest back to Tyrone on a Sabbath afternoon was what actually finished Elder Barton in Moravia. I was getting my Baptist common sense and reason back with tremendous power, and I had to agree when the other boys talked about the scandal. The worst of it was that the elder had deliberately offended the Rev. Yates by driving the priest down the main street of the town and directly past the Methodist church and parsonage, when he could have taken a back road just as well. The preacher was just coming out of his

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gate when the Morgans came prancing down, with Elder Barton holding a tight line, sitting stiff-necked and proud in the buggy seat, and the agent of the Rome Harlot beside him. A crowd of young people were on their way to Epworth League. The Rev. Yates stood before them, and when the elder was well past he raised both fists and shook them at the back of the buggy, and thundered:

"To your tents, O Israel!"

Every Sunday from then on until Winter Rome got it hot and heavy from the Rev. Yates. And he certainly undermined Elder Barton with the Hyattsville road congregation. Brother Dolbeer was the first of the Hardshells to come forward to the Methodist mourner's bench. When three others joined him the congregation agreed to make a change in preachers, and Elder Detwiler, a stocky, bald-headed man with a bushy red beard, was brought up from Moulton. He preached nothing but Paul and primitive Christianity.

The Rev. Yates was always careful to declare that there was no prejudice in his fight against Rome in Moravia; he was just appealing to common sense and reason, he said; and nobody could ever accuse him of slinging mud at the name of any man. That was so. The Rev. Yates was always the first one to say that Elder Dewberry Barton had been mighty, mighty kind in the death of the Widow Crouch. But he made it plain that there were plenty of Irish in Tyrone who had horses and rigs which their Roman priests could use when they were called in cases of sickness and death. The head priest had a fine span of his own, and a surrey and a sleigh. Good horses, too. Hadn't he bought them from a certain horse-dealer who also called himself a preacher? And so that same preacher had no call whatever to go hauling priests of Rome around the country.

"I expect I might falter in my own faith if I was exposed to the wiles of the Harlot all the way between Moravy and Tyrone," said the Rev. Yates. "We are all mortal sinners. That was mighty, mighty kind of Elder Barton, but could he have been teched and tainted? Could he? Only the good Lord and the wicked Devil know."

When Elder Detwiler answered the call of the Hyattsville congregation Elder Barton quit coming to Moravia to trade horses. By Winter the Rev. Yates got bolder in his holy fight. Finally, it was rumored around that he had learned that a certain preacher of the Primitive Baptist church was preparing to marry a Romish woman in Tyrone, and that he would abandon his own church to permit a priest to join them in wedlock. Everybody knew that the Rev. Yates meant Elder Barton and the Widow Crouch's cousin, Mrs. Lennane. The talk created a powerful stir. Then it was announced that the Rev. Yates would preach a sermon on the subject. All of the Hardshells drove in that Sunday morning to hear him.

But Jeff Biggle spoiled the whole business. He proved for a fact that he was actually an infidel when he wrote word to Elder Barton about the projected sermon. And just as the Rev. Yates stepped up to announce his text Elder Barton swung into the center aisle, with Jeff Biggle marching behind him. The elder was dressed in his black preaching suit. With his flowing beard and his great mane of wavy hair he looked as grand as ever. But there was something in his eyes I had never seen there before, though it was a common expression in others. Hate was there, a hot, hard glare of hate. As he strode on, the people in the pews he passed drew in their breath sharply. The elder's right hand was gripping the black, snaky coils of a shot-whip.

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He sat in a front pew, folded his arms so that the shotwhip lay coiled on his chest, and stared steadily up at the Rev. Pearl Yates. Jeff Biggle sat beside him, a curious expression on his wrinkled face. The corners of his mouth kept twitching.

Right then the meaning of the whole spectacle was dim to me, but I did expect the Rev. Yates to be taken aback. However, he wasn't. He gave Elder Barton just one look. Then he announced his text.

"My text for this mornin's subject. . . ." His voice shook into a hoarse mumble. The quiet in the rest of the church was awful. Then: "'Wine is a mocker; and strong drink is ragin'.'"

I was struck by the sight of Jeff Biggle. He had tucked his head down and he was shaking all over like a horse with the heaves. But I soon forgot him. The Rev. Yates was going it on rum. The rum demon never got a harder larruping than he gave it in that morning's sermon. I was sort of pleased. I was tired of hating Rome. Hating rum was good for a change.

That was my last sight of Elder Dewberry Barton. He came to Moravia no more. My Christian reason got stronger all the time, and the following Spring I was converted at a Methodist camp-meeting. Sanctification was at hand. My age was ample for it. At eight I had the perfect Methodist mind.

But even God's giant, the Rev. Pearl Yates, could not sustain my reason against the glamour that Dewberry Barton, the horse-trading Hardshell elder, had brought to our prairie town. The sinful light lasted in my memory, my first doubts bloomed on in its glow and caused my backsliding in the end. Above the most soul-shaking blasts of the Rev. Yates I would catch a worldly vision of trading horses, feel myself perched on the pole fence of Repp's barnyard once more, see the waving fringes and shining beads of Elder Barton's grand Buffalo Bill gloves, and hear his rich voice rise in praise of a beautiful black Morgan:

"Sta'nch as this yere white oak! Sound as a Bryan silver dollar! Look at the roll of his eye there! Blooded, sir, blooded! . . ."

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INDIAN THEOLOGIANS

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

SOME time ago it was fashionable to deny to primitive folk all religion whatsoever if they happened to lack such trappings of monotheism as temples and priests. Recent writers rarely go that far, but they are guilty of the same psychological fallacy when they set out to study alien faiths by inquiring into the native notions of creation, immortality, and God. No one can doubt that such ideas *may* enter significantly into the belief of ruder peoples. But it is wholly possible that the religious psychology of a primitive group does not set the same store by them as Christianity, that its religion has an entirely different center of interest. A true picture can only come from an analytical study of the total range of phenomena connected with the supernatural. When we have accomplished that, it is possible to determine whether what seems to correspond to our traditional theological categories bears a similar meaning in the alien setting. Perhaps so; but that is not a warrantable assumption at the start. A linguistic example illustrates the point. We can translate Latin *homini* into English as "to the man", but this is not a grammatical equivalent, for our speech does not inflect the noun but expresses the idea by a wholly different formal technique.

The Crow Indians of Eastern Montana may be favorably studied so as to bring out the contrast between antiquated and modern modes of approach to the true inwardness of exotic faiths. Suppose one began by looking for their views on immortality. These Indians certainly believe in souls that survive the body. The word for this concept is *irāaxe*, and, as is often the case among primitive peoples, it is etymologically connected with the word for shadow. People also sometimes see ghosts and hear their owl-like cries. But the hereafter as such has exercised the Crow imagination only to an infinitesimal degree. There is emphatically no notion of reward or punishment for the deeds performed in this world; many of my informants were not in the least interested in other-worldliness; no standardized doctrine is imposed upon the young; and whatever beliefs are current on the subject are frankly based on the reports of tribesmen supposed to have died and come to life again. The narratives of such men are strikingly bald and trivial. Here is a typical sample:

> There was a Crow who was shot and brought back to camp. He died of his wound. The next morning he got up again, went round, and told the people that all the dead were camped together and had a better way of living than the Crow; hence, he said, "Don't be afraid to die."

The informant to whom I owe this account added:

> When I was seriously sick, I was eager to see my parents, who were already dead. I remembered what the old man had told me. If it was so, I thought, I might be happy with my relatives since all the dead camped together.

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How can this hesitant, half-incredulous, self-consolatory acceptance of another man's experience be reckoned equivalent to the all-consuming thirst for life eternal among pious medieval Christians, or even with the common man's obligatory submission to a standardized dogma? The Crow religion could be adequately portrayed without a single reference to the hereafter; in any account of the Middle Ages it could not fail to loom conspicuously.

But the Crow cosmogony is hardly more significant than the Crow eschatology. In the creation story the prominent rôle is played by Old-Man-Coyote, the trickster of tribal lore, who in this context is often obscurely identified with the Sun. Now the Sun, to be sure, is unquestionably a figure of great importance in native thought and ritualism, hence the myth might be rated as the native Genesis. But the parallelism is imperfect. Let us look at the narrative.

Long ago, when the whole world was flooded, the Sun and the waterbirds were in existence. The Sun (or Old-Man-Coyote) asked the mallard, the pinto duck, and the blue-feathered duck, successively, to dive for earth. After a protracted trial each of them came up without any. The hell-diver then volunteered and brought up a little earth between his webbed paws. The Sun took it and, travelling westward, spread the mud, thus shaping the earth. Subsequently he took some of it and fashioned it into dolls, to which he gave life. In this way he created the Crows, whom he ordered to multiply.

This account is far from standardized; indeed it is welded together from three distinct versions. Even the same version vacillates as to the identity of the creator, whom one of my most devout informants alternately designated as the Sun and as Old-Man-Coyote, the Crow Till Eulenspiegel. But even if the more dignified Sun is taken as the leading character, his *creative* function has no religious value for the Crow, the story is not a sacred one, and no one is morally obliged to accept it as true. As a matter of fact, it is wholly probable that the main episode—that of the earth-divers—is of relatively recent occurrence among the Crow, who certainly share it with some dozen other tribes, all having at least an equal claim to be considered its originators. In other words, the Crow religion some centuries ago may have lacked the central cosmogonic episode altogether.

What, then, about the Indians' notion of a Supreme Being? Does the Sun perchance represent a ruler of the universe, at once powerful and benignant, who inaugurated a moral code? The answer remains dubious. This personality does indeed come as closely as any in the Crow pantheon to our ideal of a God, but that is not saying very much. It is all very well for ingenious theorists like Andrew Lang to argue that when a primitive deity combines lofty and repulsive traits the latter are a later addition to the originally pure concept. But how do people come to bring antithetical traits under a common head? Old-Man-Coyote is a typical trickster in Crow folklore; he dupes his companions to secure food and is cheated in turn; he weds Whirlwind-Woman, discovers that he has married a tartar, and seeks freedom in flight; he tries to imitate his host's magic and fails ignominiously; he lusts for his own daughters and gains his end by humbuggery. If this lying, cheating, lecherous glutton is linked with the Sun by the most devout of informants, their conception of the Sun was probably, after all, not a purely idealistic one from the start.

Quite apart from this point, the Sun vacillates in mythological portrayal even

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where there can be no doubt as to his identity. He is drawn about as consistently as Richard Wagner's Wotan. There is a lurking intent to have him powerful and benevolent. Yet in one myth he maliciously tries to starve the Indians because a handsome orphan boy has had an intrigue with his wife; and, what is more, in the ensuing conflict the human hero gains the victory. In another tradition the Sun also plays the rôle of enemy and is worsted by Morning-Star, the protector of the Crow. But let no one imagine that Morning-Star, who is commonly represented as the Sun's child, plays the part of Jupiter to the Sun's Saturn. In the extremely popular cycle of episodes told about him he does indeed overcome various monsters, but is killed by a snake and only revived by the Sun's paternal solicitude.

Another deity of great power is the Thunder, generally pictured as a species of eagle, who sometimes figures as the Sun's principal associate. But for all that, we find him in one folk-tale seeking an Indian marksman's aid to overcome his hereditary enemy, the water-monster; and in another myth he is openly flouted by a Crow who derives his supernatural power from another source.

In short, our criteria of divinity—absolute sovereignty in the universe and unimpeachable moral worth—are not the Crow devotee's premises. Whether or not he sporadically attains such a conception, it is not a settled doctrine of the people at large,—no more than there is a dogma of immortality or a fixed cosmogony.

II

Let us now forget completely about the Crow's theological tenets and ask instead how he acts in a situation of stress. How does he behave when frenzied with grief over the killing of a child? What does he do if fired with an insatiable ambition to become a great man? What happens when a warrior, hoping against hope, flees from a band of foemen in hot pursuit; when blindness reduces a man to abject poverty; when a couple banished by the camp bully are adrift in the wilds and on the point of starvation?

For such extremities there is but one recognized solution,—a direct revelation from the supernatural world. Conversely, if a tribesman has escaped death against fearful odds, has recovered from blighting disease, and triumphantly quashed powerful opposition, there is only one explanation, —he must have been blessed by some divine force, by one member of an indefinite host of supernaturals residing somewhere about the universe.

It is the thrill of personal or at least vicarious contact with these mysterious beings that makes up at least nine-tenths of the native religion. The chief performer of the great Sun Dance of other days danced facing a sacred doll until he went "crazy" or "drunk", that is, until he fell back in a trance, with the image showing him the promised corpse of an enemy. If cultures are to be classed according to Dr. R. F. Benedict's brilliant adaptation of Nietzsche's scheme as either Apollonian or Dionysiac, then the Crow is on principle a clear-cut Dionysian. For him divine exaltation is not, as is the case among the primitive peoples of Siberia, the chance boon of specially predisposed persons, but the deliberate goal of all normal men. How such an attitude of mind could flavor the whole of native life can be understood only from concrete examples.

In Crow society in the old days no man was esteemed who could not boast of a respectable military record; and all war parties were successful only if sanctioned

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and sponsored by a supernatural tutelary. Hence every youth of merit at least *tried* to gain intimacy with some divine power. A few were lucky enough to get blessings without discomfort: while such a one was peaceably asleep in his tent a friendly god might come in, adopt him as his son, teach him a holy chant, and bid him get booty from such and such a camp. But that was an exceptional stroke of good fortune. As a rule, the supernaturals had to be cajoled by prayer and self-mortification; and a self-respecting young man knew what he wanted in life and was willing to pay the price.

Typical experiences were those I jotted down from the lips of Lone-Tree, a famous old brave:

> Once I went on a high mountain and cut off a strip of my flesh with a knife. When I had fasted for three days and nights I saw the Dipper. It was towards morning. The Dipper gave me a little food, sitting down beside me as a man and saying he had brought me some food because I was hungry. "What you are eating is human flesh," said the Dipper after giving me the food. I did not know it was the Dipper, but something at the back of my head was whispering to me, "The man giving you food is the Dipper." After he had told me that the food was human I could not swallow it but vomited what I had eaten. Then the Dipper rose and walked off. I looked and saw his long braided hair hanging down in the back, and on the long queue were the Seven Stars. Then I believed that it was the Dipper. . . . During the Winter I cut scars on my arms and went into the hills. There was a clump of trees and on one of them there was a nest. Not knowing that it belonged to the Bald-headed Eagle, I lay down. At night it stormed violently. I slept and dreamt I was in a big lodge and saw the Bald-headed Eagle sitting there. I was told that the Dakota were my enemies and that I was to be a captain. It came true and I defeated the Dakota about ten times. People said I was the best captain.

Fragmentary as the account is, it illustrates characteristic features. Lone-Tree undergoes a several days' fast on a lonely summit and cuts off some of his flesh in order to awaken supernatural compassion. Auditions, as well as visions, determine his first benefactor's identity. In the subsequent episode the deity's promise is explicitly set forth: Lone-Tree is to be a leader in war, and in true Plains Indian fashion he derives his success from this blessing. In other narratives the details are altered. Thus, Big-Ox, following the most usual practice, tries to arouse sympathy by chopping off a finger joint, while Flat-Dog has his back pierced and ties a horse to it, so that his skin is jerked whenever the animal grows restless. The nature of the apparitions is especially variable. While Lone-Tree sees the Dipper and an eagle, others are blessed by powers in the guise of ordinary human beings, of weasels, of buffalo, and what not.

Sometimes the supernatural does not appear at all, but merely makes himself heard or causes strange sights within the visionary's ken. Thus, my old friend Gray-Bull once had one shoulder pierced with an arrow and led a horse around by a stick thrust through the opening. To the other shoulder an assistant tied a shield and other sacred objects. After a while Gray-Bull looked back and saw a stripe on one of the horse's legs; that was a promise of "coups", *i.e.*, he would touch the enemy in prescribed honorific fashion. Outside the camp a friend removed the "medicines" and turned the horse loose, while Gray-Bull remained to sleep there. Dreaming, he saw a gray horse with a stripe on its leg and someone talking behind him said, "This horse belongs to the Dakota." He did not see anyone, but the sights and sounds were treated as symbolic and determined his future conduct. He set

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out on the warpath and caught a gray horse. Then he struck coups, captured guns, and achieved other deeds of derring-do. Characteristically, he named one of his grandchildren Chief-With-the-Gray-Horse in honor of his revelation.

Such sacred experiences are at times full of drama. On another occasion the same authority fasted and saw a bird circling above him. It flew down into a canyon, whistling. The rocks on both sides began to shoot at it but in vain, so that it came out unwounded. This meant that my informant was to be invulnerable, and on a subsequent occasion the promise was tested and not found wanting. A Piegan Indian shot at Gray-Bull from a favorable position yet missed him. That night as he was dreaming, someone said to him, "Don't you know that you cannot be shot?"

The *Leitmotif* of the foregoing narrative is very popular. Scratches-Face, too, was once seeking a vision in approved fashion, scaling a mountain, fasting for several days, praying and cutting off part of a finger. From time to time he heard footsteps but no one was to be seen. Then he fell asleep, and in his dream he saw a group of horsemen led by a man whose horse was bobtailed and had a lightning mark on all its legs. This chief said to the sleeper, "I will show you what you want to see. You have been poor, so I'll give you what you want." Then he began to run. All the trees around about turned into enemies and began shooting but missed the riders, who returned to Scratches-Face. Him the leader addressed as follows: "If you want to fight all the people on the earth, do as I do and you will be able to fight for three or four days and yet not be shot." Once more the enemies attacked the cavalcade, but the rider of the bobtail felled them with his spear. A man with wings—the Thunder—caused a hailstorm, and the hailstones, big as a fist, also knocked down the attacking Indians. After this vision Scratches-Face went on a war party and was the first to strike an enemy; he also got good, fast horses and a kindly, hard-working wife,—the very blessings for which he had prayed.

The pattern that emerges from dozens of such reports may be summarized as follows: The supplicant mortifies himself in solitude and is ultimately, usually on the fourth day, pitied by a supernatural power, who formally adopts him as his child, teaches him a sacred song, and either explicitly or implicitly promises aid provided the visionary follows the instructions given or symbolically indicated. It was customary to wear some token of the blessing, at least in critical situations; a warrior setting out against the enemy would tie to his back a chicken-hawk feather if such a decoration had been worn by his tutelary, and so forth.

The rules laid down by the visitant involve whimsical taboos and prescriptions. Medicine-Crow was forbidden to have guns present at a Tobacco festival; Gray-Bull was told not to eat birds' eggs; Muskrat had to be careful not to be bumped against. Disobedience might be fraught with catastrophic results. In 1887 an uprising against the United States Government was led by Wraps-Up-His-Tail, who of course based his attempt on a visionary sanction. He failed, it is said, because he ignored his visitant's instructions: "He was powerless in the Winter time, but would have succeeded in the Summer . . . His vision was to come true in the Spring when it thundered, but he waited until the Fall." One informant explained that his phantom protector forbade him to have the young of any animal taken to his tent; unknown to himself, some one must have transgressed the rule, for my

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poor Crow had been suffering from rheumatism for the last eleven years.

There is clearly no vestige of ethical import in these quaint regulations.

III

The sad story of Wrap-Up-His-Tail exemplifies the loop-hole left for the Crow votary when things went wrong. Failure resulted from disobedience or negligence, whether deliberate or not. It was never the system that was at fault. If one Indian's interest ran counter to another's, that might loosen strife between the tutelaries. Each would shield his own ward as the Homeric gods supported either the Greek or the Trojan side. But, whatever the outcome, it never occurred to the loser to doubt the efficacy of supernatural patronage: he had merely enjoyed the backing of a less powerful protector.

Further rationalizations were inevitable. Great success must everywhere be rare, hence visionaries, though all started without handicaps, were bound to differ in the degree of the power they obtained. For all indications to the contrary, the Crows were hard-boiled and did not straightway accept a vision at its face value. It might be efficacious, and then again it might not. If a novice proposed a raid against the Sioux, he had trouble in getting up a party, no matter how glowingly he described his vision. He probably had to set out with a few kinsmen and daredevils. The proof of his vision lay in his success. After he had several times brought back plenty of spoils, he would have no trouble luring warriors to his standards.

To aid the unfortunates who got an inferior vision or possibly none at all a most ingenious mechanism evolved. A man who was temperamentally so unsuggestible or counter-suggestible as never to obtain a message from on high, no matter how hard he tried, was not less eager to snatch some morsels of military fame, to recover health, or to avenge a beloved kinsman. The Plains Indians conceived the happy thought that supernatural blessings could be transferred by a simple business transaction shrouded in the appropriate ritualistic vestments. As the supernatural apparitions adopted visionaries as their "children", so these in turn might allow less fortunate tribesmen to participate in their favors. The blessing was treated as an incorporeal property right, a patent of the original visionary's, which he was free to dispose of, without detriment to his own privileges, at least for a fixed number of times. Practically the scheme worked out as follows:

If So-and-so ranked as a noted warrior, it was of course because of his potent vision. A youth eager to do likewise but balked of a revelation would offer the old-stager presents for a share of his "medicine". The great man would give him a copy of the symbol worn by himself in token of his vision and, more important still, tell him how to dress, chant, and behave generally when in action. The underlying principle was comparable to that of apostolic succession. The great Tobacco organization of the Crow theoretically evolved when the original visionaries adopted novices, giving them a share in their ceremonial prerogatives, and when these in turn passed down their ceremonial knowledge and regalia to the young men of later generations.

Such inveterate vision-seekers as the Crow were of course in no danger of complete formalization. Individual members were always getting new visions, revamping the traditional ceremonial and founding new chapters of the old order even down to the most recent past.

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IV

A modern reader will probably outlaw the alleged visions as so much poppycock and suspect the Indians of being arrant liars. Yet the best observers agree that the native visionaries were generally sincere. First of all, they had nothing to gain from the most grandiose mendacity. The Crows, as I have said, were tough-minded enough to insist on evidence. They believed in visions, but they did not believe in Mr. X's vision till he had really borne the brunt of battle unhurt, stolen twenty Sioux horses, or cured a dying patient. Without some sort of verification the braggart was worse off than ever in point of public esteem.

Then, again, the mutilations practiced bear witness to the visionaries' honesty. I saw few old men with left hands intact, and several showed me the scars from wounds inflicted during their quest. Yet no one in camp urged, let alone compelled such austerities. When, in addition, some men frankly admit their failure in spite of all asceticism, the suggestion must be that the practice is generally undertaken in good faith. Incidentally, the explanation given by one authority for his repeated failure to get a blessing is illuminating: "All who had visions became well-to-do; I was destined to be poor; that is why I had no visions."

Let us recall also that the often annoying restrictions imposed on the faster were meticulously observed. Even in recent years a man I knew abstained from a prized delicacy because it had been forbidden by his familiar. Again, the symbols of the sacred experience, often arranged in the form of a "medicine bundle," are invariably treated with the utmost reverence and sentimental attachment. A lengthy rigmarole of prayer, incense, and other observance is customary whenever a bundle is unwrapped. Finally, the accounts of visions are generally given in conditions that preclude fraud. The Indian who tells his experiences to an ethnologist knows that the white man is predisposed to be skeptical. Here, too, the narrator has nothing whatever to gain, and even runs the risk of making himself ridiculous. Thus, we may pooh-pooh the vision as such, but we cannot dismiss the visionary as a humbug. To quote a fairly well-educated half-breed, baptized into the Catholic church: "When you listen to the old men telling their experiences, you have just *got* to believe them."

But this tolerant attitude does not carry us far towards an explanation, since with the best of intentions none of us can accept the accounts at their face value. Let us then endeavor to bring these uncanny phenomena under some established psychological categories. In the nascent stage of Crow religion we may plausibly postulate a condition on the Siberian style, which indeed actually prevails among some Californian tribes. That is to say, at first there were probably only a few shamans,—persons of extraordinary religious bent or of abnormal nervous instability, fearful of the mysterious section of the universe yet at the same time irresistibly drawn towards it. For some reason most American Indians democratized shamanism by throwing it open to anyone through deliberate exposure to an abnormal setting. What the average Crow bourgeois could not get except perhaps in moments of nerve-harrowing stress he could induce artificially by a lonely vigil, prolonged fasting, and the sacrifice of his flesh. Such orgies of asceticism could probably precipitate a hallucination even in many sophisticated whites. The visual, motor, tactile, auditory imagery evoked

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would then be welded into some synthesis with the god-seeker's special desires. Most of the reports embody what psychoanalysts call wish-fulfilment: an ambitious youth gets promise of martial glory; a revenge-craving mourner sees the guilty tribe punished; the ritual-minded devotee acquires new hints for the gratification of his mania.

But, over and above this, successful Crow visionaries have certain features in common that set them off from their kind in South Africa, Siberia, or medieval Europe. Somehow a Crow vision norm has been evolved to which god-seekers unconsciously conform. If virtually every Crow gets his vision on the fourth day it is because four is the sacred number; tribal tradition prescribes and suggests when the thrill is to be expected. Even if it should occur before or after, the visionary deceives himself into believing that it was at the fore-ordained time. So, as regards the chant taught by the spirit. A strange coincidence it would surely be if Crow Indians always heard songs when they sought a revelation, while, say, South Africans rarely or never do. The point is, of course, that the sacred song is an integral and inseparable part of the tribal vision concept.

In short, the individual vision is only in part an individual experience. Very largely it is predetermined by what the tribal culture sets up as the vision ideal. The individual *interprets* his hallucinatory imagery so as to fit it into the familiar scheme. He thus sees and hears what others have seen and heard before him, slightly flavoring it by his personal equation, his immediate problems, and the promptings of the moment.

Why have the Crow standardized the most inalienably personal type of experience? And why have they taken so little pains to systematize cosmic conceptions? Presumably because they are vitally interested in the former, and only casually in the latter. Old men sporadically ponder the beginnings of things and think of death, but such musings are merely harmless intellectual pastimes. In contrast, whatever has to do with the revelation is deeply tinged with emotionalism. The vision itself is never lightly spoken of; even its outward appurtenances are treated as sacrosanct, unwrapped only with meticulous care and deepest reverence. In hours of tribulation it is to the visitant of the mystic experience that one confidently turns, and without his succor one breasts the trials of life as a rudderless ship braves the ocean.

A man does not worry as to the place of his tutelary in a hierarchy of spirits. That is an academic problem, and our Crow is a pragmatist. He wants a *providentia specialissima* to ward off evil and to grant his heart's desire. The rest does not matter. That is why he cares not a fig for cosmological metaphysics, in which he dabbles only intermittently and by rule of thumb; he lavishes all his systematizing faculty on the quest of a vision.

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OLD FUSS AND FEATHERS

BY LLOYD LEWIS

If a certain Virginia housewife had yielded to the amorous proposals of a handsome male caller some time around the year 1805, it is possible that the Battle of Bull Run would have had a different ending in 1861. Perhaps, indeed, there would have been no battle at all.

The young man was one Winfield Scott, a law-student at William and Mary College. During a country walk he stopped at a farmhouse to buy a glass of milk, and while downing it he took to eyeing the matron who served him. As he described the incident in his old age:

> In a short time the devil had put it into my head to take manual liberties with her. But at my first motion she sprang away, seized the broom and came at me with such fury as only an earnest female can display. The door being open, I shot through—she pursuing and abusing me—cleared a high fence and ran with all speed across the fields till I got clear of the sound of her voice; and that, sir, is the only adventure of the kind I ever undertook.

As everyone knows, modern psychology attaches large import to early sex experiences. Here there would seem to be some support for that position. For Scott, having failed in his first act of masculine aggression, remembered it all the rest of his life, and always shrank thereafter from intimate human contacts, growing up to be a frigid, prudish, self-conscious man, hiding inner tremors behind an awesome pomposity which his elephantine physique aided him in achieving. He was six feet four and one-quarter inches tall, and, in his prime, magnificently proportioned.

Sex he always minimized—even shunned—as a thing beneath the notice of a soldier and a gentleman. True, he married, but only late in life—thirty was middle-aged in those days—and his wife was a very homely woman whose fireside he rarely adorned. Becoming General-in-Chief of the United States Army he was absent from home on glittering tours most of the time, and in the months he spent at headquarters in New York and Washington he appears to have lived alone with his military aides. Mrs. Scott bore him three daughters and he always spoke of her with gallant admiration, but she spent long years abroad, and lived there steadily during the later decades of his life.

Throughout his glorious career as the hero of two wars and the Olympian head of the nation's military forces he was notoriously shy of females. "I never allow myself to be alone with women," he repeatedly told his aides, implying that they should do likewise, and two of his favorite conversational topics were the folly of youthful marriage and the superior virtues of old maids. "They are," said he, "the blest of their sex," and he claimed for them a peculiar kindness of heart. Spinsters and very young girls he would talk to upon special occasions, evidently feeling safe in their company, but he always held at a formal distance the more likely ladies who flutter around Army

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officers in general and about so herculean a general in particular.

His habit at balls and receptions was to hold the hands of débutantes while he examined their faces with a gravity impressively paternal; then he would solemnly kiss them on the brow and let them go. Frowns would darken his stern face whenever his aides-de-camp, in the exercise of their onerous military duty of reading classical literature to him, stumbled unhappily upon amorous passages.

Once an actress blundered into his room at the Astor Hotel in New York by mistake, saw the great man sitting in a dressing-gown stropping his razor, squeaked "Oh!", and fled. She occupied the corresponding room on the floor above and had obviously made a simple error, but Scott sat frozen with fear until an aide arrived, when he gasped, "Did you see that woman?". The hero of the Battles of Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Cerro Gordo, Vera Cruz, Churubusco and Chapultepec always believed that he had narrowly escaped ravishment.

"Since my wedding day," he would declare, "I have never violated my marriage vow, nor did I ever give a human being cause to imagine that I desired to violate it."

But however he may have run from the ladies, he would not run from bullets and grape-shot. He faced British, Indian and Mexican enemies with the same lordly assumption of superiority that he learned to cultivate for more social occasions. To his dying day he suffered from a shoulder wound gallantly earned in the War of 1812, and in the Mexican War he led the Yankee invaders with complete indifference to danger.

Pioneer America, so pathetically eager to have Napoleons and Wellingtons of its own, exalted him to the majesty of a colossal military genius, but later generations, examining the records, can find that he did nothing more than fight stoutly against the half-hearted British in 1814 and march magnificently over the puny Mexicans in 1847. The contemporary imperialists inflated these victories out of all reason, and Scott himself compared his career most favorably with that of Cæsar, although he was cautious enough to admit that Washington was greater.

His real talents were not those of a military man but of a conciliator. Being the very glass of fashion and the mold of form, he served the Republic well at treaty tables. The fact that his sensitive nature shrank priggishly from dispute, wrangling and give-and-take argues that his reputation for high-minded fairness was well founded. With his lordly dignity he soothed the conquered Indians of Florida when the time came to send them West, and mollified the British in 1837, in 1839 and again in 1859, when trouble was brewing over boundary lines. And in 1832 he was useful to the Union in easing the humiliations which the South Carolinians felt after President Andrew Jackson had finished frightening them out of their plans to nullify the Constitution.

The savage readiness with which Jackson and his rude Westerners managed the business of getting ahead in life offended Scott. Also, he was repelled by the shrewd aggressiveness with which Yankees traded. He distrusted all Northerners, indeed, for their bluntness, directness and lack of formality.

From a world full of schemes, tricks and personal coercions, he took refuge behind a monstrous vanity. Even when the Whigs ran him for President in 1852 he was too proud to come down to the level of the electorate and grip the vital issues.

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Instead, he paraded across the country making highly ethical and meaningless speeches which left his hearers so disappointed that they elected his opponent, Franklin Pierce, overwhelmingly. Twice the Whigs had won with military candidates upon previous occasions, but Scott's frigidity broke the spell. He had strong prejudices against the Irish and German laborers who were pouring into the North, though on his campaign tour he sought to win them with elegant compliments. He thought that he could ignore the realities of politics as easily as he ignored those of sex, avarice and toil.

II

In the Army—he was Commander-in-Chief for twenty years—he found an ideal retreat from the burdens which beset a layman grubbing for bread and success. There, wrapped in his excessive self-esteem, he could be ever refreshed by the knowledge that he, in his cocked-hat, was the sartorial model for the nation. Always dressed to within an inch of his life, he was called Fuss and Feathers by the woodchoppers of the Northwest. But the professional Army men thought that he was wonderful. Later eyes, looking back at him, see him as only another Narcissus.

To admire himself in the mirror was one of his delights and his rooms were studded with portraits of himself at various ages. His bust in marble stood close to his desk. Observers thought he advanced most rapidly those of his aides who paid him the frankest compliments. In his sixties and seventies he would orate to these assistants for hours at a time on his bodily infirmities, and his need for more time at meals and naps. Nor was this habit so much a sign of senility as a logical development of his life-long penchant for thinking deeply and fondly about himself.

His Narcissan traits accounted for much of his enthusiasm for Southern gentlemen. In them and them alone could he find the chivalry and ceremoniousness which he admired so much in his own character. Quite sincerely he believed them vastly superior to all Northerners, and he carried his romantic veneration to the point of regarding anything they ate as better than what Yankees or Westerners ate. This view was sound in regard to many dishes—Virginia ham for instance, a delicacy which he insisted should be cooked until a spoon would cut it—but he made himself ridiculous when he said that Southern shad shamed the shad of the Delaware and other Northern waters. Always a gargantuan and solemn eater, he was happiest when he poised a forkful of Maryland terrapin before his mouth and announced, "This is the best food vouchsafed by Providence to man—the flesh that is honored at the feasts of the rich and the brave."

For the Midlands and their cooking he had only contempt, making but one exception. Finding, on a certain trip, turnips prepared to his liking in the city of Cleveland, he announced, "This is civilization"; and smiled thereafter upon the city.

His zeal for the South was one of personalities, not politics. Having joined the much-traveled Army, he evolved, politically, into a nationally-minded Whig, a Strong-Union Websterian. This left him with no special sympathy for the cult of State-worship which the Southern gentry was developing, and when his native Virginia seceded in 1861 he gave no thought to following it. States' Rights and Secession were erroneous doctrines in his mind. However, his admiration for rich and ele-

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gant Southern gentlemen was so intense as to become, indirectly, one of the reasons for Secession itself. It led him to feed the Army for twenty years on pro-Southern pap. He helped build the credo that the South was the only war-like section of the nation, and that youths from its high-toned chivalry made much the best officers and gentlemen. The whole South and even part of the North held that view, arguing that the planter-aristocrats, directing their Negroes and poor whites, acquired the "habit of command." This vague assumption Scott made concrete by a great partiality for Southern officers. Northerners charged that it was his favoritism that won so many laurels for Slave State soldiers in the Mexican War and so few for Northerners.

They pointed out that in addition to both Scott himself and Zachary Taylor, each of whom was Southern-born, the official reports conspicuously favored such Southern officers as Lee, Jefferson Davis, Twiggs, Bragg, Beauregard, Ringgold, VanDorn, Jackson and Pillow. Indeed, it is curious to note that such Northern-born officers as Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Burnside, Slocum, Hooker and Halleck all left Scott's Army as youths to seek a brighter future in civil life. Whether these young men did or did not feel themselves discriminated against, the fact remains that many Northern officers believed that a Southern clique, holding the red-tape of the Army in its hands, saw to it that Slave State men were promoted more rapidly. When four new regiments were added to the Army in 1855 eleven out of their sixteen field officers were Southerners.

When Scott, in 1859, offered Colonel Robert E. Lee the post of his confidential military secretary, an aide, Lieutenant Lay, asked him, "General, what will they say if all the staff are Southerners?", as would have been the case had Lee not subsequently declined.

"*If the Southern rascals have so much* merit, how can we fail to advance them?" was Scott's answer.

The old man, so devoted to the Union, so firm against Secession, was still talking that way when it became apparent that the Southern States were preparing to leave the Union. Any realistic, hard-headed general of the Andy Jackson type would have put unconditional Union men in all posts of authority, and would have sent them out to fire the force with ideals of duty to the flag. But Scott had been unconsciously pointing all the Southern-born officers toward this situation for a generation, and it was too late for him to see his error now.

He strutted up to the doors of war attended by a staff all Southern save one, and with only one Northerner among Army departmental commanders across the land. Slave State officers sat as his surgeon-general, quartermaster-general, chief of topography, and acting heads of commissary and ordnance. His adjutant-general, Cooper, was a rabid convert to Secession and two of his three brigadier-generals were from the South, the lone Northerner, Wool, being seventy-seven. Unwittingly, Scott had "packed the jury."

Scott had no conception of the situation which now faced the Republic. True, he was seventy-five years old, and had not sat a saddle for years; moreover, his eyesight was bad and his 300 pounds were sodden with dropsy. In the White House Buchanan, all a-flutter, turned to the Great Warrior for help and received only theoretical nothings. Scott thought that conciliators would heal the widening wound. What the nation needed was a Mars; it had only a Narcissus.

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Had Buchanan been listening, in that hour, to a savage, ruthless Jacksonite who breathed wrath and doom upon all secessionists, South Carolina might well have receded from its extreme plans. It had quieted down before that kind of threat from the Federal government in 1832. Jackson's method of coercing "traitors" was used most successfully in the Winter of 1860-61 by Frank Blair in Missouri. Having as a little boy clambered over Andy Jackson's hard knees in the White House, Blair had grown up in the West where men valued results more than ethics, so when Secession raised its head he usurped the military command, cowed the anti-Union men with bayonets, bullied, tricked and intimidated them politically, and held Missouri, and with it Kentucky, safe in the Union.

Meanwhile Scott was handing out pompous arguments to the effect that while no State had the right to secede, the Federal government had no power to restrain it. All he could make plain was that the Union ought to say to the seceding States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

His threat to put cannon on Pennsylvania avenue and "blow to Hell" all Virginians who proposed to prevent Lincoln's inauguration was merely his reaction to what he understood to be an insult to the flag and himself. Secession's greater insult to the nation was too abstract for him to grasp.

III

With the declaration of war in April, 1861, Scott's chickens came home to roost. Three hundred and eighty-seven Army officers resigned or were dismissed for their Confederate sympathies. Of them, most were soon in "rebel" gray. Considering that the Army had a total force of 1108 officers, these deflections would not have been so serious had they not included almost all the officers of large promise.

Cooper was among the first to go, becoming Adjutant-General of the Confederate Armies. Then all three of Scott's favorites—the three best field marshals in his Army—Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Albert Sidney Johnston, resigned to put on gray uniforms—Lee abandoning the subcommand in Texas, A. S. Johnston the command in Utah, and Joe Johnston the Quartermaster-General's desk. Lee's resignation, considering that he held with Scott's opinion that Secession was illegal, proved a stunning surprise to the old man, who had actually advised Lincoln to offer the soft-voiced Virginian the leadership of the United States Army.

Having done no protesting when in recent months the Southern-born Secretary of War, Floyd, scattered the Army across the far-Western posts, or when he sent 115,000 stands of arms into Southern arsenals, Scott now saw the men he had trained and favored steal that material for the Confederacy. Over $30,000,000 worth of military material was grabbed by the Southerners within their States, much of it before Secession was a fact. Scott saw General Twiggs in Texas go over to the Confederacy with all his men and munitions, and Federal fort after fort taken by the States Rights militia headed by such of his old-time "boys" as Beauregard and Bragg. He had urged Buchanan to strengthen these forts, but he had done nothing to stiffen the morale of their defenders.

When war came, Scott wanted it to be a nice war. He proposed starting it in the Mississippi Valley, conquering New Orleans, blockading the whole coast, and then, having trained a huge army, march-

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ing on Richmond. Scott's Anaconda Plan it was called. But Lincoln wisely decided to strike immediately at Richmond with the three-months volunteers who had swarmed to Washington singing "John Brown's Body". Old Abe had succeeded in filling the North with his Union Forever spirit and the way to solidify it was to fight a battle quickly. Scott objected. It was offensive to him to go to war with a mob of untrained men. Realistically, Lincoln saw that the Confederate rank-and-file, assembling across in Virginia, was equally chaotic. Better strike now before the better-trained militia regiments from the deep South arrived.

Scott, still viewing the Northern material with doubt, treated the newly selected commander, McDowell, like a schoolboy, and sent the whole complement of Federal division and brigade commanders into battle with most of their confidence gone. Remembering how highly he had valued Lee and other "deserters", the officers of McDowell's force realized, furthermore, that not one among them had ever handled a brigade in maneuvers such as would now be necessary. Of the three division commanders, all were West Pointers, but only one, Heintzelman, had ever been in a battle. Tyler, chosen to lead the attack, was sixty and had been out of the Army since 1834; Hunter had been only a paymaster in the Mexican War. Of the nine who would lead brigades, eight were from the Academy, but six of them had never smelled battle smoke, and Schenck, the ninth, had never worn a uniform. He had been lately Minister to Brazil and was now a brigadier-general only because of Lincoln's political necessities.

From McDowell, who had fought in the Mexican War and held a major's desk-job since that time, down to the newest brigadier, the Union commanders numbered thirteen, of whom eight were still maidens as to battle. Compared to them were fifteen Confederates of whom thirteen were West Pointers and twelve veterans of active warfare. Concerning the fifteenth man, Bartow, I can find no records. Leading the Southern army in the field was Beauregard, who had been conspicuous in the Mexican War, and one of the Army's leading engineers ever since. Counselling with him was Joe Johnston, carrying the wounds which had won him Scott's praise in Mexico.

The immeasurable superiority of the Confederate force lay in the fact that, in such a battle as was about to be fought, everything would depend upon the degree of authority which officers could exert over their men. Strategy would mean little. Victory would go to the side that got the most action out of the armed mob at its disposal.

From the very beginning of the campaign it was apparent that the 25,000 odd Yankee militiamen had small respect for their division and brigade commanders. Having, in most cases, elected their own regimental officers, they expected little discipline from them. They had never heard of any of the higher-ups. The whole thing was a vast picnic, soon to be over, with the rebels flying. Unaccustomed to either drilling or marching, they straggled at will down toward the yellow ditch called Bull Run, where, between Centerville and Manassas Junction, the enemy was waiting. When they were thirsty the men broke ranks, and drank at roadside wells; when hungry they rambled among the blackberry patches.

"At Bull Run," said William Tecumseh Sherman, who as a colonel commanded a brigade on this march, "my force was defeated not by the enemy but by a blackberry patch." When he sent couriers back

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to tell the men to close up ranks and march faster and to let pigs and chickens alone, the privates jeered the messengers, howling, "Who are you, anyway? Tell Colonel Sherman we'll get all the water, pigs and chickens we want."

One private of the 5th Maine Volunteers exploded his musket while knocking apples from a tree with its butt, and died. Farmhouses were raided by men who thumbed their noses at their officers. The hungry frolickers killed cows and cut off steaks. Overheated in their heavy wool garments, they suffered under the scorching sun and fell out of line, paying no heed when their officers threatened them with pistols.

At night they couldn't sleep for the hullabaloo made by nervous sentries who kept shooting at shadows and rushing into camp with the news that the fabulous Confederate cavalry, the Blackhorse Troop, was upon them. Mules strayed around the camps knocking over stacked muskets and causing midnight drums to roll. In the mornings many volunteers slept late and thus missed the breakfasts which the few regulars, scattered among them, knew how to prepare.

When the regiment of Fire Zouaves, made up of New York firemen, came upon burning houses, they told their officers to go to Hell and ran happily to extinguish the flames. Among the 79th New York Highlanders certain old British-trained sergeants tried desperately to teach the boys how to keep step. They barked:

Left,
Left,
Now-you've-got-it,
Damn-you-keep-it
Left,
Left.

The Highlanders ridiculed without mercy one of their captains who marched bare-legged in his kilts. With waving sword he led his company in a wild chase after a horrified pig while the regiment roared "Go it, piggy," and "Catch him, Captain!" When the animal squeezed under a rail fence, the captain fell across the top rail, exposing himself in a manner indicated by the regimental chorus, "Put on your drawers" and "Where's your pants?"

IV

Since the official history of the Battle of Bull Run has been written chiefly by generals, the responsibility for the defeat has been put upon the shoulders—or rather legs—of these undisciplined recruits who fell into a panic at the moment of victory and scampered away in squalling rout. That is the orthodox account of Bull Run.

Unquestionably the men were greenhorns, but they straggled almost as badly in getting to the battle as in getting out of it. Their flight, reputedly so shameful, was wretchedly exaggerated both by their officers, eager to clear themselves of blame, and by the newspaper correspondents, who were well in the advance when those troops who ran started running.

It is apparent that the greenhorns fought rather splendidly, considering their unfamiliarity with their weapons and their lack of trust in their commanders. They showed no such awe of the Confederate privates as their own officers showed for the Southern commanders.

Tyler, commanding the First Division, did much to depress the Union rank-and-file the second day after McDowell's army set out. His orders were to reconnoiter around Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run and, without bringing on an engagement, to make the enemy think that the whole army was striking at the railroad junction in Manassas. But Tyler got himself into

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an artillery battle with a superior force, was defeated, and saw two Union regiments whose three-months enlistment period was up march off home. The rest of the army was discouraged and the Confederates correspondingly elated.

Beauregard, having had warnings, hurried up the force of 8,000 men which, under Joe Johnston, lay at Harper's Ferry. McDowell had been afraid of this move and had undertaken the campaign on the assurance from General Scott that a Union force of 8,000 lying opposite Johnston would keep him occupied.

But while he advanced on Beauregard, General Scott succeeded in confusing General Patterson, who commanded this anti-Johnston army. A man in his seventieth year, Patterson could not make head or tail of the telegrams sent by Scott, who was seventy-five, and the two ancients fussed while Johnston moved blithely off toward Bull Run.

On July 20, four days after starting his campaign, McDowell decided to strike Beauregard. It meant marching by night —and his men had failed to march well by daylight—but at 2 A.M. of that date, Sunday, the soldiers were awakened. The moon was low in the west and the cold winds of dawn were blowing. White baggage wagons looked like ghosts against the heavy foliage of the forests. Scared, fumbling and out of touch with their excited officers in the dark, the men clogged the roads, one command retarding another so badly that it was 9:45 before they began the attack which McDowell had planned for sun-up. The delay had given the Confederates time to brace themselves against a shock which, if administered as ordered, should have swept them from the field.

At Bull Run the Union men found the enemy withdrawn into the hills. Slowly they crossed the stream, the yellow mud sticking to their boots, and pushed up through the woods.

By the time the sun had grown hot the battle was on. Both sides fired wild and high. The command came, "Charge!" and the Yankee militiamen, howling as at a tipsy picnic, raced across a field. War was fun! They did not notice the few figures left crumpled or flopping in the grass behind them. They swept forward shooting at white puffs of smoke in the woods and the little figures that flitted behind. They kept going. When they stopped they had driven the Confederates back more than a mile.

As a matter of fact, the Confederate mob had broken badly, and three whole brigades had started to leg it for distant Richmond. But the authority and experience of the battle-trained Southern brigadiers asserted its worth, and with fiery appeals they stopped the rout and reformed their men. They had the inestimable advantage, too, of help from the army which Joe Johnston was marching from Harper's Ferry. Its vanguard had arrived under Thomas J. Jackson, and he held his line so stoutly that somebody, no one can be sure just who, said something about him resembling a stone wall.

While the flustered men of Beauregard reassembled behind Johnston's line, many Union regiments, thinking the battle won, broke ranks and went back to Bull Run to get a drink of water. Commands jumbled. Victory was as ruinous as defeat. Officers lost their units.

McDowell, racing around the field in a carriage, could not keep in touch with his sub-commanders. His staff organization was wretched, due to the newness of things, and, besides, he had eaten tainted fruit from a tin the night before and now suffered from a bellyache that made horseback riding unbearable.

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All this confusion and delay gave the Confederates time to steady their mob and the fight went on. By some curious order the Federals sent a battery to charge the foe. Ricketts and Griffin, regulars in command, took their guns to a plateau on the front line and, unlimbering, proceeded to shell the nearby enemy with canister. Occasionally they looked around for the supporting infantry. Out of the woods came a blue-clad regiment. One officer looking closely said, "That's a rebel regiment," but in the lifeless heat the flag drooped close to its staff and no one could be sure. Other officers said that it was their own supporting regiment, so they kept on shelling the foe in front. Just then the blue regiment lifted its muskets and shot down every gunner, every officer in the battery. Had the cannoneers known who their neighbors were they could have decimated them with canister.

Such confusion was common. Several Confederate outfits were in blue and several Yankee regiments in gray. The result was that each side killed many of its own men during the day and surprises were frequent.

About Rickett's and Griffin's battery, standing so silent among dead and wounded gunners, the battle centered during the afternoon. Tyler, coming up at last, sent his second brigade under Col. W. T. Sherman to storm the plateau. First, Sherman sent up his Wisconsin woodsmen. They wore gray uniforms and were shot up by both foe and friend. Next Sherman hurled forward his Irishmen, the 69th New York, every man born on the Ould Sod. They charged waving, not the Stars and Stripes, but a great green flag that had been presented to them a few months before as reward for having refused to parade for the visiting Prince of Wales, and they shouted now, their battle-cry, "For Ireland and Fontenoy." When they failed, the Scotch Highlanders, the 79th New York, tried it and managed to stick for a time on the lip of the plateau across which bullets and canister were pouring.

Other regiments swept forward, some dressed like Austrians, some like Britishers of 1812, some wearing rooster-tails in their Italian hats. Up came red-trousered Zouaves who flopped on to their backs to load their muskets between their knees, then arose and ran forward, shooting as they went. But there were Zouaves from Louisiana on the field, too, and this caused further confusion.

V

At length the Union pressure was strong enough to take the plateau and the battle seemed won a second time. But through the woods appeared the last of Johnston's rescuing army—Kirby Smith's brigade—and the Union regiments, badly disorganized, began to melt away. In the fighting they had lost touch with their officers and now they drifted away singly, in twos, threes, little squads.

Close behind them were some wagoners who had been permitted to approach too near the fighting line. These civilians took alarm and drove off for Washington with a vast bumping and shrieking. The panic spread. Soldiers began to run, although those who actually retreated faster than a walk were over-estimated as to number. Word of defeat reached the crowd of Congressmen, Senators, clerks, merchants and other civilians who had arrived from Washington, armed with lunch-boxes, to see the fighting, and most of them joined the teamsters in a race for home and mother. A few, such as Representative Elihu Washburne of Illinois and Senator

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Ben Wade of Ohio, seized rifles and attempted to rally the soldiers as they came drifting down the roads. Representative John A. Logan of Illinois borrowed a rifle and took pot-shots at the Confederates all day, his plug-hat jammed down on his ears.

Bad as the rout appeared to the Congressmen and newspaper correspondents who were caught in it, there were always enough organized soldiers to repel the Confederate cavalry at any point where it might appear. All over the field were privates who wanted to stay and fight, but who could find no officers about whom to rally. Their officers were shouting and working in other places. The word was to retreat but to do it orderly. Anything approaching order being out of the question, the soldiers walked away. Men could be heard crying for McDowell to lead them back. Others, wide-eyed, threw away their guns, knap-sacks and ran. Sherman's regiment joined others in protecting the retreat until it was seen that the Confederates were themselves too disorganized to follow.

The retreat which had begun at 3:30 P.M. was, by the standards of an authority no less than Napoleon, quite a natural thing. "After fighting six hours," he said, "a soldier will seize any pretext to quit if it can be done honorably, and the appearance of a reserve is almost always sufficient reason." If that were true of Napoleon's veterans it was assuredly true of McDowell's recruits, all of whom had been under fire, or—what was worse, under the sound of nearby cannon—since 9:45 that morning.

McDowell's attack had not been coördinated—practically half of his force having been idle all day. But Bull Run's issue, after all was said and done, had turned not on the respective bravery or cowardice of the opposing mobs, but on the morale and experience of their officers. Maiden fighters like Burnside, Sherman, Franklin and Howard would in time become as skillful as any Southerners in handling brigades and even divisions, but at Bull Run they were no fit opponents for their practiced adversaries. None of them knew the technique of rallying men that Johnston, Jackson, Bee or Longstreet knew. The latter's method was to roar like a lion and whack his men's posteriors with the flat of his sword—a most effective measure.

Sherman and Stonewall Jackson fought their commands better than any others and lost the most men, but Sherman failed at Bull Run in the one department at which, later on, he was to excel any other American who ever lived—the art of marching men far and fast.

The battle was the end for Patterson, McDowell and Scott. McDowell was in the background thereafter. Scott sat at his desk while the fight raged and once when Lincoln, desperate with anxiety, came into his office for news, the old man was asleep in his chair. When awakened he said that the Union was victorious. Later, evil tidings came, and the North was hysterical with shame and desire for revenge.

Scott and Patterson renewed their querulous squabble as to who had let Joe Johnston get away, and at length, that Autumn, Lincoln set them both gently on the shelf, where Scott died in 1866, within two weeks of his eightieth birthday.

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GRANDMA HOTEL ADAMS

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

On the third Sunday after I came to teach the New Road School, Jim Adams and his wife Nell, the people I boarded with, took me to have dinner with Grandma Hotel Adams, mother of all the Adamses, the best fixed, and since her second marriage in the Spring, the most talked-about woman in the county.

I had met two other of the Adams boys and their families on the two previous Sundays, having Sunday-dinnered, first with Ed and Bertie, and then with Hank and Minnie.

Bertie had spoken with whining bitterness of Grandma Hotel Adams.

"What I hold against her is the way she worked her boys when they was little," she told me while I was drying the dishes for her. "Everybody said when Mr. Adams died that she'd give up the hotel and go into somethin' different, not having any girls and all them six boys to raise up, but she didn't let their bein' boys make any difference to her. Any morning you'd drive by there you'd see one of those little fellows airing beddin' on the upstairs porch, and one moppin' down the front steps, and two of 'em sittin' in the side grass peelin' potatoes for dear life.

"She goes on about how she done all her own work, cookin', washin', and upstairs work, besides keepin' the desk, even after the roundhouse was built and she had all the higher-up railroad men at the hotel, and I guess she did, all right, but she sure did work those boys. That's what stunted Ed and Paul, I feel certain. Ed's got a rupture. Grandma says he got it the year that rasslin' fellow worked at the roundhouse, and she let him fix up a rasslin' place with two old mattresses, in her basement. But I know good and well he got it long before then, carrying them heavy travelin' men's sample-cases up and down stairs when he was too slight and little for such work."

Minnie, Hank's wife, was easier on Grandma.

"I think you'll like her," she told me when she took me down to see her fruit cellar. "I expect you heard a lot when you had dinner with Bertie. Drive 'em? You bet she drove 'em! Bertie will tell you she worked 'em like niggers and then shoved 'em out as soon as they got big enough. People begun to say it was shameful for 'em to be doin' girl's work. That's right. She did. But where did she shove 'em? Bertie ought to go ahead and tell that when she gets goin' about how Grandma done her boys. She shoved every last one of 'em into a good livin', that's what she did, three of them on her farms, two in the produce business in town, and one she left in the hotel. Bertie's sore because Vic and Blanche got put in the hotel instead of her and Ed. Ed's sickly, kinda, to be on a farm, and Bertie don't like farm work any too well, and thinks she'd be in clover in the hotel, with girls hired to do all the work. Talkin' like she does behind Grand-

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ma's back! To her face she don't say nothin', just scrapes and purrs."

Nell, youngest of the Adams wives, seemed fond of her mother-in-law.

"Just you wait till the girls feels a little better acquainted with you and get started on Grandma's getting married," she told me while she was getting Sunday breakfast. "That's what gets them down, everyone of them, even Minnie, who's got only girls. The three in town is even worse than the ones out here on the farms. Each one of 'em had a pretty picture, I guess, of what she'd like to see done with all Grandma's got together when she passes on, and here, last of May, she goes and gets married.

"Blanche, that's Vic's wife, in the hotel, always said, right open, 'Grandma's money ought to go back into the hotel, that's where she made it all, didn't she?' That's silly. She never made all she's got together in that hotel. She made it investin' it. She knows how to make money all right, and she knows better yet what to do with it when she gets it. People like Doc Wagner come ask her advice about business. It's three months ago and over, since she got married, and they can't talk about nothin' else yet. Blanche and Bertie is the worst.

"The day Grandma got married I was washin' out in the yard with the power engine, and Jim was helpin' me. We'd had a big wash and was just finishin' up when Blanche drove Grandma's Ford into the yard and up beside the engine. Her face was all red and spotty like it gets when she's mad and she yells, 'Grandma Adams has run off and got married!' 'Who to?' Jim yells back, over the noise the engine was makin'. 'To that little wart, Nick Speiers, that little shirt and sox drummer.'

"You can bet your life Jim didn't like it any better than she did, but there ain't any love lost between him and Blanche since that time she told around that her sister Freda could have had Jim and turned him down to go on workin' in the telephone office. She never got any place with that. Jim just turns off the engine and says, 'Well, what of it?' he says to Blanche, real cool, 'What of it?' and goes over and sits down on the edge of the horse tank, and spills half a sack of tobacco fillin' his pipe.

"The kids made an awful fuss among themselves. Jim and me, we just kept out of it. Jim's the youngest and him and Grandma has always got on with never any trouble, real trouble, that is, and so we just kept still.

"Grandma give 'em six weeks to cool off while she was honeymoonin', and the day she come home she told Vic to call all the kids and tell 'em to come in to the hotel, and when she got 'em all sitting around an empty table in the dining-room—the girls was all there, too—she says, 'I hear you boys, and you girls, too, is all sore about me gettin' married again at my age.' The boys look around at each other, feeling it was Ed's place to speak first, bein' oldest, and then Bertie begins breathin' hard and gaspin' like she does when she's excited.

"Now, Grandma don't like her, and she don't make any bones about it. She says to Ed, 'Better take Bertie out in the parlor. Won't be good for her, gettin' all excited—since she's "that way"—if any of you is goin' to get mean with your Ma. Speak up, boys.' Ed starts clearin' his throat, but he's too slow to suit Bertie. 'I think you might have told us, Mother,' she says in her ready-to-bawl voice. If there's anything makes Grandma mad, it's bein' called Mother. 'Take her out, Ed,' she says, 'we'll wait for you.' At that Bertie begins to bawl out loud and she says she

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never will get over the humiliation of Grandma callin' attention to her condition like that before all the boys. Just as if she could keep from talkin' about it ten minutes herself.

" 'All right, I'll talk,' Grandma says. 'Vic, I'm goin' to turn the hotel over to you and Blanche to run for a year. If you don't make a go of it I'll take Ed and Bertie off the farm and give them a try at it, so you'd better hump. Nick says he'd like to try turkey farmin', so I've got him a nice little farm and I've bought the turkeys to outfit it, and we are moving out tomorrow. Ed, you can send me in a couple of your boys, and two wagons in the mornin' to haul out what I need.'

"She moved right out on the farm and fixed the place up till it looks like a seed-catalogue cottage. Nick and her putters all day fixin' and fixin', and their turkeys is just real promisin', too. She makes Nick mind her, but she babies him, too. Blanche says she's heard her talk baby-talk to him. Maybe that's so. I never heard her, but she does call him Honey. I tell the girls if Grandma Hotel Adams wants to get married to a drummer and raise turkeys, why not? Goodness knows, she's had nothin' but work, work, work, all her life, and never any pleasure at all outside of camp-meetin's.

"You don't know Grandma till you've seen her at a camp-meetin'. She's a trancer, the best one there is anywhere around here. Anybody will tell you that. She looks forward to camp-meetin' a year ahead. Some of the girls resents it, the money she gives 'em. One of 'em, it was Bertie, starts hintin' around once to see just how much they did get out of her, and Grandma said, 'More'n your three boys could make shuckin' corn any year, and if you ever start pumpin' me again about that, I'll give 'em Ed's wood-lot for a meetin' grounds.' "

II

It was a fine September day when we drove over to have dinner with Grandma Hotel Adams. The sunshine lay yellow on the hilltops and the air smelled of apples. Nick Speiers came down to open the gates for us with a flock of young turkeys gabbling at his heels. He was a little man in checked trousers, a lavender shirt, and a derby that had faded green. He was smoking a cigar. He took another from his pocket and offered it to Jim. Nell introduced us and Nick raised his derby and clapped it on his head again. "Mighty glad you come, Miss," he said. "Grandma was all ready to raise Ned if they'd come without you."

He took us in through the kitchen. Grandma Adams was at the stove, stooping to baste the roast in the oven. She was a round little woman, smaller than I had imagined her and heavier, or rather, rounder. She straightened up with a quick, easy motion, and came and shook hands with me. She was fleshy, but her flesh was firm and shining. The most remarkable thing about her was her hair. It was very dark brown, with only a little gray in it. She wore it coiled about her head. There was so much of it that it covered her head like a cap. Nell told me later that when it was down it touched the floor.

"Dinner's ready," Grandma said almost at once. It was a very good dinner. When there was any jumping up to be done, Nick did it, and he seemed to enjoy doing anything Grandma asked him to do.

After we had finished with apple pie, Grandma said, "Nick, you carry out, scrape, and stack up, and I'll come out and wash 'em bye and bye." Nell and I both offered our help. "All right," Grandma said. "Nick, you wash and Nell can wipe, and I'll go set with the teacher

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awhile and get acquainted." She took me into the living-room. "Pick your chair while I'm out a minute," she said. "These is the three most comfortable chairs they was in the hotel, and you'll rest easy in any one of 'em."

She went out to the cave and came back almost at once with a large wooden bowl full of grapes. She spread a farm paper on my knees and laid two large bunches of grapes on it, and then sat down in a rocker with the bowl on her lap, and began eating grapes, taking the seeds from her lips with her short, round fingers, and laying them on another farm paper on the table at her elbow.

"How do the boys' wives feel about my getting married, by this time?" she asked.

"I've met only three of them," I said. "Nell thinks it all right. The others haven't said anything about it yet."

Her eyes twinkled. She put out her little tongue and licked her lips.

"You haven't met Blanche, then, and you aren't very well acquainted with Bertie," she said, and laughed. "It was funny. You see, Nick had always stayed at my place when he made our town for, I guess, about sixteen years. Every time when he come in with his bags, when I hadn't seen him for half a year, I'd say, 'Well, Nick, you ain't married yet?' and he'd always josh and say, 'Nope, you ain't asked me yet, Mrs. Adams,' and then if it was Spring, I'd go give the boys their work, what they was to do while I was gone, and maybe I'd take one of the little fellows with me and maybe I wouldn't, and Nick and I would go down by the stockyards, where they is thickest, and gather mushrooms, and we'd have mushroom sauce for supper. But I never thought of marryin' him.

"And then this last time he come, and after he'd joshed awhile there at the desk he went up to his room while I was telling Blanche and Vic what was left to do for dinner, and then got my baskets and Nick and me starts in my Ford, down to the stockyards to gather mushrooms, and I was so dead tired I just let go and settled back, and shut my eyes like I was in church. I don't go to church much, cause you can't and get hotel Sunday dinners, but I always go to the camp-meetin' every Spring, and I was jest restin' easy in my Ford, and all at once I opens my eyes and says, 'Nick, you fool, you've drove past the stockyards.' 'I know it,' he says, 'I want to show you a new place.'

"I was too tired to fuss with him, and I liked it, just ridin', so I shut my eyes again. When I opened 'em I seen we was crossin' the county line. 'Nick,' I says, 'where is this here mushroomin' place, anyhow?' and he says, 'In the courthouse in this here county, and when we've picked 'em we are going to 'phone them kids of yourn —and tell 'em we are going on out to Colorado.' Now, wasn't that as cute an askin' as you ever heard? I thought a little bit, and I said, 'Nick, you're an unbeliever, ain't you?' and he said he didn't know he was that bad, hardly, but he'd never joined up with any particular church, and I asked would he object to me going to camp-meetin's, and maybe havin' a trance if I felt one coming on, and he said, 'No,' he sure wouldn't, that I could take my religion the way I liked it, and he'd never say a word. You see, Mr. Adams never liked my going to camp-meetin's and the first time I had a trance he just raised hell.

"After we was married, we drove home, instead of 'phonin', to get our clothes, and when I come downstairs with my suitcase and told Blanche, she turned pure purple and was so mad she couldn't get her breath. 'Don't burn that cauliflower, and

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tell Vic to come down to the depot and get the Ford,' I said to her over my shoulder, and Nick just stood there by the desk teetering on his heels and smoking his cigar and smiling. What I liked about Nick is, he was always cheerful, whether he got a big shirt order, or no shirt order, or a cancellation. I always felt cheered up and lightened when he come in. Mr. Adams was awful heavy in his mind and I had to be pretty heavy myself, with all them boys to raise up and get settled, and I've always liked Nick's joshin' ways.

"He's a good enough worker, too. If I want to see how my farms is comin', and my produce business, or the hotel, to see if all my boys is on the job, and hustlin', and keeping things up, I can get in the Ford and go see, and Nick will look after the turkeys and get everything done I asked him to do by the time I get home.

"Don't you let any of the girls tell you I am too hard on my boys. It is *my* businesses they are runnin' all right, but I give 'em fair shares of what they make, and they know that if one of 'em needs a new harrow or a truck or anything, I'll get it for 'em. The work they done when they were little was good for 'em. Lord! I worked too, didn't I? Look at them hands. Worked right along with the boys, and harder than any two of them, or I might say three. I never shirked no work to be done, high or low. These hands have held a pen over the desk for the Senators of Congress to write their John Henries, and they've sloshed out many a spittoon, too, and just as willin'."

She took a new bunch of grapes and stripped the stem before she spoke again. She put the last seed on the paper and leaned forward, suddenly, and clapped her hand on my knee. "Did you ever have an operation?" she asked. "I mean, internal?"

"No, just my tonsils."

"You don't need to tell any of the girls, even Nell, but I been twice to see Doc Wagner. He says I got something wrong with me, all right, and he took an *x*-ray picture, and I'm to go in tomorrow to see how it come out. He thinks there is certain something wrong with my gall-duck, and maybe I got a tumor. He thinks likely I'll have to go in to the hospital and have whatever it is out. I told him I sure hate to have it done, but if it has to be I want it done now so's I'll be up and all right before Spring, and not miss the camp-meetin'."

"You'll surely be up and perfectly strong again before Christmas," I told her. She patted my knee again.

"I hope so," she said. "I worry. It's spoilin' my hair. It never had any gray at all in it until I started worryin' about this operation."

The others came in just then and we talked about turkeys and farming until time to go.

III

A few evenings later Nell came out to the gate to meet me when I came from school.

"What do you know!" she cried when I was close enough to hear her. "Grandma's in the hospital! She was operated on this morning, and not a one of us knowed a thing about it until the doctor's girl 'phoned Vic and told him to 'phone all the kids. Nobody there with her but Nick. Wasn't that a great way for her to do? Bertie called awhile ago. She was bawlin', and said what would people think, Grandma doing a thing like that, so high-handed, and not a word to any of the boys? Suppose she'd have died, and none of her own people there with her? And what did she want people to think, anyhow? That's

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just like Bertie, bawlin' all that over the 'phone and every receiver down."

"How is she?" I asked.

"Grandma? She's all right. Jim is in town at the hospital now. Minnie was in this afternoon and stopped out by here. She said Grandma was asleep and they just let her tiptoe in. She said she looked pale and kinda tuckered, but she'll be all right, don't you worry. She's awful hardy."

The boys and their wives took turns going to see Grandma so that someone was "in to the hospital" every afternoon.

"She ain't mendin' like she should," Nell told me one night at supper. "She frets a lot. Nick, he don't never go in until night visitin' hours, 'cause that's the way she wants it. She's awful concerned about the turkeys and all the boys' businesses. She told Ed yesterday when he come in—Bertie drove in here to tell me about it on her way home—that Nick was the only one that was using any sense about her being in the hospital. He didn't come trotting in in the daylight workin' hours. At that Bertie puts in and says, 'All right, they'd come at night, but it won't be so convenient, with the baby to feed and all,' and Grandma says, 'Don't you do it. That's Nick's time.' Doc Wagner says she'd get better if she could rest easier."

The next day Mrs. Bertie Adams stopped at the schoolhouse to pick up her boys on her way home from the hospital. "Grandma's had a setback," she told me almost cheerfully. "I knew she would if she didn't quiet down."

When I got home Nell was ready with the details. "She took a notion she was going to get up. There was just a little nurse in there with her. The nurse rang the bell hard and then tried to hold Grandma down, but she couldn't do it. 'I never laid in more than five days with any of my six babies,' she says, 'and I ain't going to stay in here a day longer for a little old tumor.' She got up and walked over to the window and said things looked real nice, and by that time the hospital doctor and one of them internes was there and they caught her just as she crumples.

"I never seen Grandma let go but once. That was while she was still in the hotel, but after she had turned most of the work over to Vic and Blanche. She had her teeth out that Summer. She didn't make any fuss about having 'em pulled, or anything, but after they was out she kept to her room quite a bit waitin' for the gums to shrink up so she could get her set. You wouldn't think it, but Grandma's got pride about her looks. You ought to see pictures of her when she was a girl. She was real shapely, and even yet there ain't any young girl I know has got longer hair.

"One day, it was after Jim and I had been married just a little while, I was in town, and Grandma, wantin' to help keep things goin', told Blanche she'd do the rooms on the second floor, and I said I'd go along and help. Well, we started making a bed and Grandma threw the pillows over on the commode while we put on fresh sheets and smoothed 'em up, and then she reaches over and takes a pillowcase off the pile on the dresser, and grabs up a pillow from the commode and starts to hold it in her teeth to pull on the pillowcase, and there she ain't go no teeth, and nothing but her tender gums. She drops that pillow and looks at me with her face all shakin' and puckerin' up like a baby's and down she goes on the red carpet and cries and cries and I had to get Vic and an insurance man that was in the lobby, up to help me get her to bed. Lucky, Blanche was out. Grandma told Vic to keep his mouth shut about it, and I guess he did, for no one has ever brung it up."

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IV

Thanksgiving time came and Grandma was still in the hospital, still fretting, and still very weak. "She wants to see you," Nell told me one night. "She said she'd have Nick stop for you after supper."

I was ready, with my wraps on, and ran out to the car when Nick drove up. Jim and Nell were more friendly to him than any of the others, but I knew he did not want to come in the house. He couldn't help knowing the children said he had married Grandma for her money.

He was very quiet on the way to town. After I had asked about the turkeys there seemed to be nothing to talk about. We had to wait at the tracks for a passenger train to go by and Nick said, "Something mighty nice about train smoke, ain't there? Now I'm alone my heels gets to itchin', sometimes. I hear all the trains. It'll be all right when she gets home."

All the girls talk about Grandma being "poorly" and "awful thin" had not prepared me for the sight of her. I sat down on the edge of her bed and took her hand. All her flesh that had been so firm and warm and shining was flabby, and lusterless. Her cheeks hung down and there were pockets under her eyes.

She did not ask me what the girls had to say, now. "How many of my grandchildren have you got in your little school?" she asked, and there was no life in her voice.

"Six," I said. "Four boys and two girls."

"We run to boys," she said. "Minnie's little girls is real nice, though. Bertie's boys is the only ones that makes you any real trouble, ain't they?"

"They could work harder," I said.

"I never was much of a grandmother," she said. "Do you think my hair's a lot grayer?"

"Not enough to notice. It's beautiful hair." Her braids lay out on the pillow and hung almost to the floor.

She smiled, patted my arm, and said, "You go look around the place and come back pretty soon. Nick, come here."

I went home for Christmas vacation and when I came back Nell met me at the depot. "Grandma's going to live," she told me jubilantly, as she was putting my bags into the back of the car.

"She's been worse?"

"Worse? I should say so! She's had pneumonia. The night after Christmas the lumber-yard burned, and Grandma got up outa bed and stood there at the window in her nightie to see if the produce house was goin' to catch afire, and when the nurse come in her feet was like ice and she'd caught a cold on her lungs. Doc Wagner says it's a miracle she pulled through. The crisis come night before last. All the boys was there and all the girls. We didn't know she was conscious at all, and all at once Bertie give one of those gaspy hiccoughs of hers and Grandma opens one eye and looks at Ed. She didn't make no sound, but her lips moved and she says, 'Take her out,' as plain as if she'd spoke out loud, and Doc Wagner says she begun to come up from that minute on."

The afternoon of Valentine's Day I 'phoned Nick and asked him to stop on his way to town and take something to Grandma Adams for me. The children had made her a big valentine, a good three feet across, splendid, with doves, cupids, and cut-lace paper. We had made a big envelope for it and one of Minnie's girls printed on it, "For Grandma Hotel Adams." Bertie had been with Grandma, her first visit since the crisis.

Nick stopped for the valentine. He said one of the nurses had 'phoned him to come in early if he could manage.

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"No, she didn't say she was worse," he said. "She just said something had upset her a lot, and she wants me."

The next morning at school I learned what had upset Grandma. They had cut off her hair; chopped it off close to her head while she was sleeping, and both Grandma and Dr. Wagner blamed Bertie for it. Bertie had cried all night and swore she hadn't had a thing to do with it. She had been there when Grandma went to sleep, and she said the new nurse in charge of that floor came in and told her what an awful time they had brushing out and braiding up Grandma's long hair every morning. She thought it ought to be cut off because it took Grandma's strength so having it fixed, and Bertie said that all she said was that she thought that was a good idea. Then the nurse asked her what the children would think about it, and Bertie said she didn't think they'd care, and went right out and got in her car and drove home, and when Doc Wagner came in to see Grandma she wasn't in her bed, she was up and thrashing around the room, with two nurses after her, trying to get her to lie down, and her hollering: "Bertie done it! Maybe it was the nurse chopped it off, but Bertie egged her on, Bertie could have stopped her. Bertie's to blame!"

Nell had more to say about it when I got home that night. "Even Nick has got his dander up," she told me. "He was in at the hospital all afternoon. He has a man out on the farm, and he says he's going to go in every afternoon and see that Bertie don't get at her again and maybe kill her. He stopped on his way out to tell me to tell you that she liked the valentine, that it soothed her down more than anything anybody else had done.

"Bertie keeps callin' up first one of the girls and then another, and carryin' on over the 'phone about how abused she is and how you don't know who to trust, with Doc Wagner turning against her like that, and after she'd had him for all her babies! How she thought there was nobody like him, and would have named the new baby after him if Ed had a let her. And everybody listenin' in and enjoyin' it."

Grandma got better. One morning in March Minnie's little girls came running into the schoolhouse to tell me that they were bringing her home to the turkey farm in the ambulance sometime that morning, and to ask if they and her other grandchildren might go to the window and look out when they passed. Fortunately, the ambulance went by when they were out for recess, and all of them went to the road and watched in awed silence.

Nick got a good hired girl, and wouldn't let Grandma lift a hand. By the first of April she was walking about the yard, leaning on Nick. All the other children came to see her, but she told Ed he had better keep his wife at home, so Bertie never came.

"What do you know!" Nell began one evening. "Nick has gone and crossed Grandma! I never thought it could happen. Minnie was over there last night, and her two little girls, and they were just sittin' around talkin', and Grandma said how she was going to have Kate Daily out from town to make her a couple of new dresses, all her old ones hangs on her so, and Nick was sittin' there smokin' his cigar and he says he thought that would be nice, and Grandma reaches over and pats him on the arm like she does so much now, and one of the little girls says, 'Are you goin' someplace, Grandma?' and she says, 'That's what I am. I'm goin' to the Holiness camp-meetin' second week in May.'

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"Nick he just sit there puffin' his cigar and says quiet, 'No, you ain't, Mrs. Adams Speiers. You ain't strong enough.' And Grandma says, 'Since when, Nick Speiers, have you been tellin' me what I can and what I can't do?' 'Since now,' Nick says. Grandma gets up and starts walkin' around the room like she does, and says, 'I'm goin'. I ain't missed a camp-meetin' since Jim was a baby. Mr. Adams couldn't hold me back from goin' and you can't hold me back, either.'

"Nick just lets her stew and goes on smoking. She tells him how he promised her never to interfere with her religion, and he says he promised, all right, but he couldn't see ahead how she was to be took sick with a tumor and pneumonia, and that he wont let her go, and that's all there is to it. And Grandma sits down shakin' and says, 'Nick, I'm goin,' and that was how things stood when Minnie left.

"Bertie's talkin' it over on the 'phone with everyone. One day she says that she always knew Grandma wouldn't get along with that little drummer after the new wore off, and the next, that no man alive could put up with Grandma's domineerin' ways for long, even a meek little half-pint like Nick. Jim says Bertie's brain's set on with a toggle joint."

May came and the boys and their wives took sides with and against Grandma. Some of them said it would hurt her more worrying around about not getting to go than it would to go, no matter how exciting it was, and the rest of them said they would feel smart, talking that way, if it made Grandma sick and landed her back in the hospital.

Kate Daily came out and did Grandma's sewing, made her a black silk and a foulard with big, light purple flowers in it. Some of them said that she and Nick "wasn't speakin'" and others said they were "just keepin' their differences to theirselves," which was "more than some people in the family could manage to do."

"Well, here it is endin' up first week of May, and camp-meetin's tomorrow," Nell said, while she watched me packing my bag for a week-end visit with a teacher a couple of towns away. "I think it's a shame you won't be here for the openin' night. Everybody goes, whether they holds with 'em or not. Grandma is still set on going, so all the folks will go, too. Jim says they are making too much fuss, that Grandma'll be all right if they make her keep a coat around her shoulders and don't let any drafts blow on her."

"Is Nick going with her?" I asked.

"That's it. Nobody knows, and nobody has the spunk to ask either of 'em. Nick looks almost as bad as she does. I tell you, it would wear anybody down to hold out against Grandma. I guess no one ever did it before. She's goin', all right, and he's still sayin' she ain't."

V

When I got in town Sunday night there was no one at the train to meet me. I remembered the camp-meeting, and called a taxi and went on out home alone. The back door key was under the cracked stone churn that held Nell's chicken feed, where it always was when Nell and Jim were away.

It was chilly. I did not like to go to bed in the empty house, so I lit a cob fire in the range and found a magazine and settled myself to read until the folks came. It was past midnight when Nell came in, alone.

"What's happened?" I asked, when I saw her tear-smudged face.

"She's dead," she said. "It killed her."

She stood there, warming her hands

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over the stove, and told me all about it, between short spells of crying.

"I guess I never told you how Grandma Adams is at camp-meetin's. If you haven't ever seen one, you don't know how it is. They have trances. One of the Tittle girls, once, toward the end of a meetin', went into a trance and lay on her back there at the foot of the platform, with her left leg stickin' straight up in the air, tremblin' a little, but holdin' pretty steady, for three-quarters of an hour. Doc Wagner was there, himself, and timed her.

"Dolly Moss always comes over into this county for a camp-meetin'. She climbs tent poles, and she must be in her fifties, but she just climbs right up, shoutin' 'Glory, glory in the highest!' Old Man Davis, that used to be an infidel, and so wicked he named his mules after hymns and had a pair he called Rock of Ages and Asleep in Jesus, got religion about five years ago and since then he's had trances and spoke in tongues and carried on, runnin' up and down the aisles and finally fallin' prostrate, and lying like dead until it scared people. And Fred Tyler, that's a bachelor and drops his eyes every time a woman looks his way, always gets to feelin' the spirit by the third night of the meetin', and goes up and hugs any girl that's kneelin' at the mournin' bench, singing 'Sister! Sister! Sister!'

"But not any of them could have as pretty a trance as Grandma could. You know how light and quick she was on her feet. The first part to the meetin' she would just sit there with her hands in her lap, as still as a nestin' turkey hen, and then after the preachin', when the singin' and shoutin' begins, and those that is goin' to go up to the mourner bench has gone, she would get up and walk to the front, graceful as you please, and kneel quick for a minute, and then walk out on the platform, and put her hands up at the back of her head, and shut her eyes, and after a little she'd begin to take the pins out of her hair and let them fall on the floor.

" 'Twould get so quiet in under that tent, with nothing but the organ, and here and there a 'Hallelujah' and a 'Bless His Name' from over the crowd, like corn poppin' over a slow fire, and the moanin' and snifflin' at the mourner bench, and you could hear them hairpins fallin' on the platform, and then that hair just uncoils off'n her head and she starts swingin' it and lettin' the slow swingin' unloose it until it is sweepin' the ground with every swing. Her arms is swingin', too, and her eyes is shut and she starts singin', soft. Then, the organ takes it up and all the people out in the crowd is swayin' with Grandma's swingin' and hummin' soft, and the people on their knees at the mourner bench is swayin' too, and then she starts dancin' and her dancin' was the prettiest I ever seen.

"One minute her hair is like a turkey's fan spread out and filmy at the edge, and the next she was whirlin' so that it was twistie and like somethin' alive. The people just get up from their places all over the tent and come and kneel at the front sobbin' for Grace. She always danced just long enough and then went off the platform through the little door at the back, behind the organ."

"She danced tonight?" I asked.

Nell blew her nose and stooped to put some more cobs into the stove.

"She come," she said, "and Nick come with her. They sat down about half ways up and the ones of the family that was on the other side of the aisle moved over to her side to be nearer her. She sat plump still like she always does, with her hands in her lap, and Nick sits lookin' at her, watchin' her. Once during the sermon,

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when she stirs a little, he takes out a cigar and starts to put it up to his mouth and realizes where he is, and drops it on the ground and crushes it into the sawdust.

"The singin' starts at last, and Maudie Tittle goes up, and some of them that always goes, and some new ones, and still Grandma sits there quiet with her hands in her lap. She had on her black dress, and we all begin to think she's not goin' to feel the spirit this time, but just sit there like anybody, and all at once she starts up. Nick, never havin' seen her at a camp-meetin' before, just looks at her wonderin', and Bertie, that's behind her, whispers, loud, 'Grab her, Nick! Grab her!' and at that Grandma hops right up on the seat and gathers her skirts around her and steps up on to the back of the seat ahead of her and from there to the back of the next seat, steadyin' herself a little on people's shoulders, but goin' quick as a bird. The people sees her comin' over the tops of the seats like that and puts up their arms to steady her, but she doesn't need much steadyin'.

"When she gets to the front she hops down as light, and trips right up on the platform and kneels, quick, a minute, and then stands up and raises her arms and puts them to the back of her head. The organist has begun to play Grandma's piece and the place is still, except for soft cryin' from different parts of the crowd, and she put her arms up like that, with the sleeves fallin' back, as graceful as a girl. Her eyes is closed, and then, a scared, sick look comes over her face, and we all see what she is thinkin'. She ain't got her hair! Different ones of the children starts up from where they is sittin', Bertie among 'em, and Bertie begins to wring her hands and lets out one of those gaspin' squeaks of hers, and Grandma looks back at her and claps her hands over her head, and her face puckers up like it did that time when she missed her teeth, and down she goes, like a sack.

" 'She's dead,' Doc Wagner says, when they get him there. They wanted to take her to the hospital, but he said it wasn't any use, so they've took her over to the Funeral Home. The boys are all there and most of the girls, too. Doc Wagner told Ed to take Bertie home and get her to bed. Ed seemed more upset than any of the boys. I guess he is pretty worried about what he'll get out of the settlement on account of Bertie, but Jim says Grandma always saw that each one got his share, and that he ain't worried."

I asked about Nick.

"There's something funny about that," she said. "He was there, I know for sure he was there, and helpin' lift Grandma up when we all run up front, after she fell, and he was there when Doc Wagner said she was really dead, too. Jim says Nick was in the ambulance with her along with the doctor when they took her to the Funeral Home, but after that, while all the boys was there, and the girls cryin' around, and the doctor tellin' Ed to take Bertie home and get her to bed, and Vic and Paul talkin' to the undertaker and the minister, and everything, I don't remember seein' Nick at all. Jim went to look for him at last, and couldn't find him anywheres.

"Pete Tucker, the night watchman, says he saw him, or somebody lookin' an awful lot like him, in a derby, board the 11:10 going east, but it don't seem like he'd do that. If it was him I guess he'll be coming back. Grandma's sure to leave him real well fixed." She smiled. "I wish you could a seen her," she said. "I never seen another woman so strong in her mind, and heavy like that, and yet so light on her feet."

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MUSIC

BLOCH THE MESSIAH

By Edward Robinson

As a boy of eleven, while still living in his native city of Geneva, Ernest Bloch made a solemn vow that he would become a composer, wrote it out on paper, buried it under a mound of stones, and above it built a bonfire by way of consecration.

Although that ceremony presumably convinced him of his own determination and purpose, it was a long while before he could get others to view his work with an equal degree of seriousness. His early musical education under Ysaye and Rasse at Brussels, under Knorr at Frankfort, and under Thuille at Munich, produced, with the exception of a symphony in C sharp minor, only the usual crop of student compositions. At twenty-two he went to live in Paris, where his first published work, the "Histoirettes au crépuscule", for voice and piano, appeared in 1903.

A year later, his father's clock business having declined rather dangerously, Bloch shelved his musical activity to return home and help save it from collapse. For the next ten years he was salesman and manager of the firm, with such success that he was able to rejuvenate its waning fortunes. The record of his reactions to this period of enforced commercial enterprise is blank. We know simply that he continued to compose during leisure hours; that from 1903 to 1912 he produced only the symphonic poems "Hiver-Printemps", the "Poemes d'automne" for voice and piano, and the opera "MacBeth", the last achieving a fairly complete failure in Paris in 1910; and that in 1909 he conducted a series of concerts at Lausanne and Neufchâtel.

In 1913, shortly after the death of his father, Bloch first realized the true nature of his mission and his destiny. He saw at last that the peculiar character of his music was the result of his Jewish heritage; and from then on he consciously dedicated his work to the promulgation of a new, characteristic Jewish idiom. By 1915 he had completed the chief works of his Hebrew Cycle, including the Three Psalms for voice and piano, the Three Hebrew Poems for orchestra, the "Schelomo" rhapsody for cello and orchestra, the "Israel" symphony and the string quartette in B minor.

This work, however, was almost completely ignored. In 1915 he was professor of æsthetics at the Geneva Conservatory, but when this post was taken away the following year he resolved to try his fortunes in America. He came over as conductor for Maud Allen, but the company was soon stranded. By some unexplained stroke of luck, the Boston Symphony, the Friends of Music and the Flonzaley Quartette gave performances of his works, and aroused sufficient interest in them to warrant his settling in New York. Immediately he became enthusiastic about his new home. Europe was old, sophisticated and hostile, he told a magazine interviewer in 1918. But America,—there was a wonderful country, open-minded and idealistic! "Yes", he added, "I am going to throw in my lot with you; I see that this is the

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country in which to work." At the same time he took pains to explain the nature of his music:

> It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naïveté of the Patriarchs; the violence of the Prophetic Books; the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Ecclesiastes; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this . . . is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself, and to transcribe in my music: the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul.

Describing his string quartette, he said:

> I ask my friends, when they play it, to think of the Bible, the ardor of the Psalms, and the hot, pulsing blood of the Orient. I ask them to think of those poor devils whom one meets at times in the streets or along country roads, with long beards, dirty, sad, despairing, and yet holding fast to some obscure glimmering hope while they mutter their Hebrew prayers. I have tried to express something of all this in the Lamento. . . Some of my themes are a direct result of my recollections of a painting by Gaugin. They embody something of Tahiti, of the distant Papuan isles. . . The Pastorale is rather a revery evoked by solitude and nature. In it the dolorous theme of the first movement reappears in a transition full of serenity and tenderness.

Almost at once, to the advanced guard of moderns, Bloch became a major prophet. Enthusiastically extolled in purple writing, he was called the equal of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, Michelangelo, Franck, Debussy, Carlyle and Goethe. Guido Gatti wrote that his "instrumental themes . . . give us the impression of pouring from the heart of a priest or prophet, in whose voice the people hearken to the eternal verities and recognize the true end of life." This, and many like testimonials were gathered together in a brochure published in 1925, the contents of which proved his extraordinary merits as composer, lecturer, teacher, conductor and æsthetician.

On the wave of this enthusiasm he won the Coolidge Prize, in 1919, for his viola and piano suite, and in 1920 he was appointed one of the chief teachers at the Cleveland Institute of Music. By 1925, however, he was at odds with the officials of that institution, and he then removed to San Francisco to teach at the local conservatory. He has since resigned, and is now in Switzerland, living on the income of a $100,000 fund set aside for his use by a wealthy Jewish family in California, as a memorial to a deceased mother.

These experiences, it appears, only increased the scope of his imagination. He won a national contest in 1926 with his "America: An Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts", scored for an orchestra including, beside the regular strings, wind, brass and tympani, the addition of harps, celesta, organ, large drums, glockenspiel, triangle, wood box, Indian drum, cymbals, bells, tambourine, gong, two anvils struck with a hammer, one steel plate struck with a heavy hammer, and one automobile horn. A preface to the score says that "This symphony has been written in love for this country, in reverence to its past, in faith in its future; it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision has upheld its inspiration." The work concludes, furthermore, with an anthem, and "it is the hope of the composer that this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

According to his own affirmation, it

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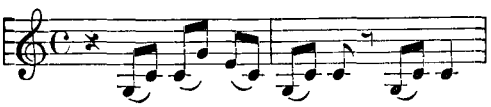
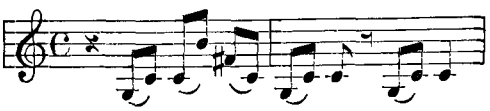
will thus be seen that Bloch has assumed the burden of expressing the whole Hebrew race and all its history, the spirit of the Orient, of the South Seas, and of the American nation. According to his critics, he has further expressed, in various works, the "tragedy of life", the "ironies and sarcasms of mankind", the "sublimities of nature", and the "final triumph of the will".

It is rather astonishing that the actual music behind all this has been so placidly accepted. Even a cursory examination will reveal its essential poverty of thought, its awkward bombast and fustian, its fumbling and obvious incompetence. Like most modern music, it is cloaked in the bespangled frippery of a suave and ornate orchestration, so that the fundamental insignificance of a commonplace melodic phrase is lost beneath a decoration of shakes, trills, twitters, puffs, arpeggios, glissandi and "sonorities". Yet, complex and confusing as it at first appears, its methods of manufacture may be quickly reduced to a few simple formulæ. Suppose, for example, we take an innocent and perfectly innocuous phrase like the following:

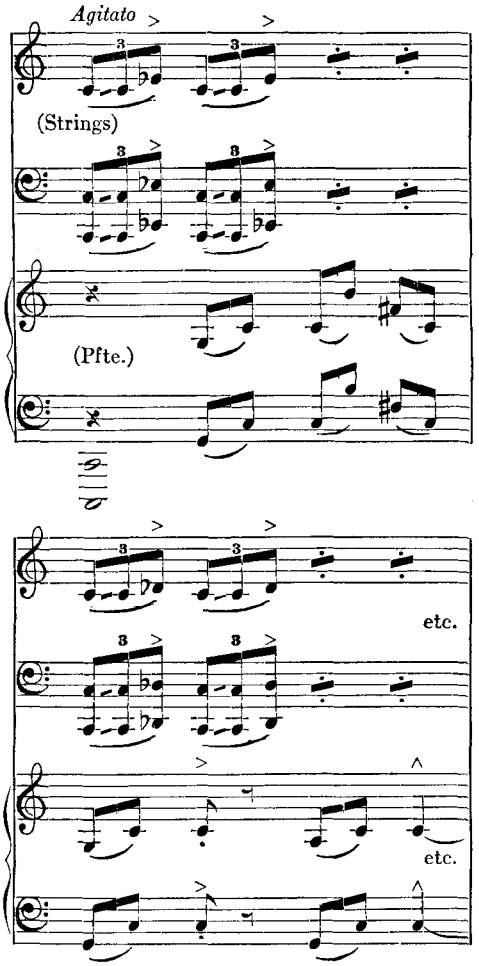


It is an elementary theme, based on the ordinary tonic triad, and might easily be part of a Spohr concerto. Now suppose we make a parody of it, something like this:



We have achieved a burlesque by changing the simple tonic chord of C major into a series of ugly and disjointed intervals, the augmented fourth and the major seventh further outlining the entirely dissonant and unrelated key of B major.

If we now score this phrase for piano, with the further dissonance of a pedal point, and add a string phrase containing both quarter tones and the discord formed by the interval of the minor second, we will have the following:



This last is a typical example of Modernism, and would immediately provide its author with life membership in the League of Composers. It so happens that

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it is also the main theme in the first movement of Bloch's quintette for piano and strings, and my hypothesis of its genesis may be applied with equal accuracy to the rest of the quintette, as well as to most of Bloch's other scores.

The harmonic and contrapuntal system on which his music is built represents—again, like most modern music—a complete regression in the development of the art, and as such it denies the whole painful evolution effected by centuries of great composers. This is achieved, in a psychological sense, by doing everything wrong. Technically, it consists of using the forbidden parallel fourths, fifths, sevenths and octaves *ad nauseam*, and by inserting into almost every chord the blaring cacophony of the major or minor second. The cardinal principle of harmony —that dissonance must be prepared and resolved—is thereby thrown overboard entirely; and the essential basis of counterpoint—that the movement of the voices must rest chiefly on contrary, not parallel, motion—is directly reversed.

To complete the outlines of this system of composition, Bloch employs a rhythmic anarchy which effectively dispels the last remnant of logic his music might otherwise show. Since he has destroyed the harmonic order which makes intelligible rhythm possible, he is forced into all kinds of bizarre evasions. He does not maintain a given time signature for more than an average of two measures. Thus, in a thirty-measure passage of "Schelomo" the signature is changed seventeen times; in a thirteen-measure passage of the second Hebrew Poem there are seven changes. The tempo, as well as the metrical division, is also constantly altered. The closing ten pages of the score of the first movement of "America" have no less than fourteen different speed indications. And to emphasize the confusion, his scores carry elaborate and sometimes contradictory directions, so that the notes are practically buried from sight in the welter of *appasionatos, tranquillos, animandos* and *ritardandos.*

The total result is a cacophony that makes Stravinsky sound like an Eighteenth Century reactionary. This Bloch may justify, I suppose, by relating his scores to his conception of primitive Indian religion, of ancient Hebraic rebellion, or of modern scientific skepticism. The range of his imagination, indeed, may include realms undisclosed to plebeian minds, may in reality embody the soaring flights of a powerful and untrammelled vision.

Yet to me there is something monstrous about his Gargantuan enterprise, something at once grotesque and pathetic. In his music I see not even the remotest signs of the Patriarchs, of the hot blood of the Orient, or of Tahiti. I see only a restless man, highly uncertain of himself, maladjusted to the realities of life, filled with conflicting emotions themselves vague, obscure and destructive, trying desperately to find surcease from the torments of his own nature in the confidence to be gained from an absurd form of ancestor-worship. Afraid to stand still and resolve the actual problems of his own personality, he has turned nervously from one fantasy projection to another, ever hoping to discover substitute relief in distant lands, distant people, and in the spirit world of dead races and dead ideas.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"FANTASTIC" SYMPHONY, *No. 1, in C Major (Op. 14, a)* *Orchestra*
By Hector Berlioz. *Victor*
$9 Album of 6 12-in. records *Camden*

The band is a symphony orchestra of Paris; the conductor, Pierre Monteux, who

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directed the Boston Symphony Orchestra before Dr. Koussevitzy. There is, everywhere in Berlioz, brilliance and tinsel. Often he sounds like an anticipatory Tschaikowsky, with his willingness to tear a musical passion to tatters, his weakness for the fury of sound. Much of the "Fantastic" symphony, to many ears, has now become a noisome bore; it is, in Shakespeare's happy phrase, "laid on with a trowel". Yet the testimony of symphony audiences is that such pieces still give pleasure and excitement.

"SYMPHONIE DE PSAUMES" *Orchestra & Chorus*
By Igor Stravinsky. *Columbia*
$6 Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

Stravinsky, with the passing of the years, has become religious, and out of his ecstasy has blossomed a masterly setting of three psalms (XXXVIII, XXXIX and CL). Certainly this symphony, in which the composer himself conducts the orchestra of the Straram Concerts and the Alexis Vlassoff Chorus, belongs in the greater canon of his writings. It was composed "to the glory of God" and dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for the fiftieth anniversary of which it was written at the invitation of Sergei Koussevitzky. It was performed by that organization on December 19, 1930, six days after its European première at Brussels. The violins and the violas have been omitted from the score,—a procedure that is richly justified by the timbre thus achieved. The verses are so chosen as to make a climax ascending from supplication to jubilation. The writing for voices, and the accompaniment (a rather weak term for so thoroughly integrated an accomplishment) of the orchestra provide rare moments in contemporary composition. The performance so far as one may judge from the records, bears comparison with that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, especially in the voice parts.

ÉTUDES. *Piano*
By F. F. Chopin. *Columbia*
$12. Album of 8 12-in. records *New York*

The études of Chopin are an old story, but such playing of them as that of Robert Lortat is so new a pleasure that one asks for more information about him, and wonders why he has not been more often heard. Certainly he should soon become a permanent favorite with discophiles. The most hackneyed of the studies he invests with fresh interest, by subtleties of touch, niceties of interpretation, frankness of approach. So long ago as 1909 he won the Diemer prize at the Paris Conservatory; he had been admitted to the famous institution as a child (he was born in 1885) under the tutelage of Diemer himself. His appearances in Europe have been many, often in joint recitals with the violinist Jacques Thibaud. For Columbia he has previously made a complete recording of the Chopin préludes.

SHEET MUSIC

"THE SINGERS". *Cantata for Mixed Voices*
Text by Longfellow, Music by Harvey Gaul.
M. Witmark & Sons
60 cents 6⅞ x 10½; 35 pp. *New York*

A brief cantata, employing the four customary voices, with incidental solos for soprano and baritone. Set to innocuous words by the parlor poet of an earlier New England it is, as choral music, effective within the unpretentious limits that it seeks to fill.

"UN PRÉLUDE DOMINICAL *et* SIX PIÈCES A DANSER". *Piano*
By J. Guy Ropartz.
The Elkan-Vogel Company
50 francs 9¾ x 12½; 49 pp. *Philadelphia*
"JEUNES FILLES". *Piano*
Ibid. *The Elkan-Vogel Company*
35 francs. 9⅞ x 12½; 32 pp. *Philadelphia*

Modern French music for piano is especially well-bred; indeed, perhaps more than that of any other country today it is inbred as well. There is much post-Debussyan refinement upon rhythms and harmonies. Not a little of this is neither original nor exciting. M. Ropartz is rather more successful than the general run of his confrères. One cannot attach too much significance to the titles carefully affixed to the pieces; those that, after the Sunday Prélude, are named for the days of the week,

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might just as well have any other name or number. His "Young Ladies" are an Insouciant, a Nonchalant, a Coquette, a Tender Thing and a Capricious Miss. There are rhythmic motifs of exceptional interest.

CHORAL MUSIC. *Mixed Voices*
By Johann Sebastian Bach.
The E. C. Schirmer Music Company
Various prices. 7 x 10¾; 21, 31, 33, 39 pp. *Boston*

"Schmucke dich, o liebe Seele", "Aller Augen warten, Herr", "O ewiges Feuer" and "Himmelskönig, sei willkommen", in well-printed editions, at 30, 40, 50 and 50 cents, respectively. Part of a series that includes not only Bach, Händel, Vittoria and Palestrina, but folk songs and choral selections from Arthur Sullivan's light operas and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger".

BOOKS

JENNY LIND.
By Edward Wagenknecht.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3 5¾ x 8½; 231 pp. *Boston*

The author, a disciple of Gamaliel Bradford and his psychographic method, insists that his book is not a biography, but a psychograph. It would seem that all good biography should include psychography, and that no psychography can dispense with the more physical data. The account of the Swedish nightingale is interesting enough, without being brilliant. She had a great, if limited, voice; but she was priggish, pietistic and petulant. Some of Mr. Wagenknecht's *obiter dicta* are irritating and irrelevant; more biography and less such intrusiveness would have made a good book better. There is an index.

LETTERS OF GIACOMO PUCCINI.
Edited by Giuseppe Adami.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3.50 5½ x 8¾; 366 pp. *Philadelphia*

CHOPIN: COLLECTED LETTERS.
Collected by Henryk Opienski.
Alfred A. Knopf
$5 6¼ x 9½; 420 pp. *New York*

The translation of the Puccini letters, which appear for the first time in English, is by Ena Makin; the editor contributes a brief but authoritative introduction. The Chopin collection, the first in English, and containing three hundred letters, is supplemented by a preface and editorial notes from the pen of the translator, E. L. Voynich, who may be recalled as the author of that once sensational novel, "The Gadfly". There is, in both cases, a refreshing absence of literary self-consciousness. The great cross of Puccini's life—the disparity between his popularity with the masses and the captiousness of the critics—rises across his frank, human lines. The letters, grouped about the operas, form a delightful commentary upon them. The Chopin collection is of even greater pertinence to the career of the famous Pole. His problems, his loves—especially George Sand—his attitude toward his family and his music, his essential simplicity—even naïveté—stand revealed in this running commentary upon himself and his times. Few composers have left so chatty and withal so important a record of their everyday selves. Both volumes are well printed; each is indexed.

TEXT-BOOKS

FROM PALESTRINA TO GREIG.
By Thomas Tapper.
The Arthur P. Schmidt Company
$1.75 5½ x 8; 247 pp. *New York*

"First year music biography", with twenty-two chapters on the accepted classics, romantics and moderns. There are questions at the ends of the chapters, and suggestions for collateral reading. These are preceded in each case by a synopsis of the chapter. Succinct, dependable instruction.

AN OUTLINE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE.
By Harry Krinke. *G. Schirmer*
$1.25 8½ x 10⅞; 85 pp. *New York*

It is only the most elementary musical knowledge with which this instruction book deals. There are lesson assignments, with blank spaces left for the pupil to fill in the answers. Piano teachers especially may find it useful as a supplement to their instrumental duties.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The American As Literatus

THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE, by A. H. Thorndike. $1.50. 7½ x 5; 200 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE NATIONAL MIND, by Russell Blankenship. $4. 8½ x 5½; 731 pp. New York: *Henry Holt & Company.*

THE authors here are both professors in American colleges—Dr. Thorndike in the great rolling-mill of Columbia, and Dr. Blankenship in the modest filling-station of Whitman in far-away Walla Walla, Wash., a town which apparently owes its name to the students' yell. The remarkable thing about both books is that they are alike quite devoid of academic pedantry and timidity—that each shows a tolerance of ideas and a hospitality to æsthetic experimentation which, even a couple of decades back, would have been unimaginable in works emanating from pedagogues. When, in 1910, William Lyon Phelps issued from Yale a book arguing categorically that Mark Twain was a great artist, and perhaps almost as great as William Dean Howells, the sensation was profound—almost as profound, indeed, as if he had argued that women should be allowed to smoke. But since then a great deal of water has poured under the bridges, and now one finds Dr. Thorndike not only accepting old Mark as one of the revered elders of the national letters, but also speaking up very boldly for Dreiser, and Dr. Blankenship not only speaking up for Dreiser, but also allowing himself kind words for Ernest Hemingway and even Ben Hecht.

The change is pleasant indeed, and I only wish I could add that it is general. Unfortunately, there remain some laggards in the grove of Athene. Dr. Paul Elmer More continues resolutely to judge the emanations of poets and fabulists on strict Presbyterian principles, and Dr. Irving Babbitt continues to convert the Emersonian admonition to "trust to that prompting within you" into the axiom that *vertu* and virtue must, shall and always will be one and the same. What a poll of the pedagogues would show I don't know—perhaps a lingering majority for Drs. Phelps and Babbitt, at least in the colleges which still have compulsory chapel. But meanwhile, it is refreshing to behold the courageous iconoclasm of Drs. Thorndike and Blankenship. They have thrown off completely all the depressing inhibitions of their trade, and look at the unfolding scroll of American letters with fresh and eager eyes. What they see there is by no means a string of masterpieces, but they at least find a great deal of honest striving, and out of it, they believe, there will eventually issue something very solid and valuable.

Dr. Thorndike believes that poets and story-tellers are far more important men than they are commonly assumed to be. The fact that most people resort to them in search of nothing better than amusement is mistaken for evidence that amusement is all they purvey and convey. It should not be necessary, in order to show that this is not true, to point to such obvious examples as "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; there are more subtle indications of the truth at every hand. It was not the war which produced

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that realistic reëxamination of the old moral standards which orthodox Americans now deplore so piteously; it was the attack of a multitude of literati, largely novelists. Were these literati themselves products of the war? Only in very small part. The more important and influential of them, *e.g.*, Dreiser, were in active practise long before a shot was fired, and even if much of the post-war rebellion had its impulse in the stresses of the conflict, then it took its terms from their books. A work such as "Jennie Gerhardt" is a dangerous document, and I certainly don't blame earnest Christians for denouncing it. Was "Jurgen" really obscene? Only to—those to whom it was obscene. But they were quite right in trying to put it down, for it was chock full of subversion from end to end—subversion not only of all the old Christian notions of private rectitude, but also of certain ancient and fundamental institutions—marriage, government, law, religion. It was, indeed, an immensely poisonous book, and its toxins still run in the veins of the American people. The professors all sneered at "Elmer Gantry"; even Dr. Blankenship is still in doubt about it. But I can easily imagine "Elmer Gantry" swinging a national election some day and overthrowing the American State Church—though by that time only literary historians may remember it.

In Dr. Blankenship's large volume probably no more than half of the space is given over to literature *per se*. The author's primary interest is not in writers, but in the conditions which throw them up. Thus his approach differs greatly from that of Dr. Thorndike. But the two arrive at substantially the same end. Dr. Blankenship believes that the course of American literature has been shaped mainly by four influences—that of European precept and example, that of the Calvinist theology, that of the frontier, and that of mysticism. The last-named, I believe, has been greatly underrated by previous historians. Why Americans should be mystics I don't know, but there is the fact. Perhaps it is due to their general intellectual inferiority—to the fact that, in the overwhelming majority, they are peasants by heritage, and hence incapable of clear thought. Whatever the truth, they have shown a mystical tendency since the earliest days, and there is a strongly mystical element to this day, not only in their religion, but also in their politics and their literature. Dreiser, in his way, is quite as much a mystic as Emerson or Whitman, and Sherwood Anderson would find it much easier to talk to Meister Eckhart than to Locke, Gibbon or Darwin. Even Cabell has moments when he harks back to Elizabeth of Schönau, St. John of the Cross, and the Gottesfreunde. Lewis, of course, stands outside the stream. He is no more mystical than Voltaire, Huxley, or Josef Skoda. Perhaps that is why he continues to be subtly disreputable in his own country, despite the Nobel Prize. The normal Americano is impressed by his success, but instinctively distrusts his incapacity for seeing visions. That Rotarian spirit which is his chief butt is as purely mystical as Transcendentalism.

Dr. Blankenship has written a very interesting and useful book. His discussion of such things as the racial make-up of the American people, the influence of the national geography upon them, and the origin of their principal ideas is well-informed and often very shrewd. He writes far better than most professors, and has a great deal more to say. One may cavil at some of his concrete judgments, but there can be no doubt of his honesty and intelligence. It is a marvel that so enlightened a man should be left to teach in a cow college. He should exchange chairs with Dr. Babbitt.

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Two Views of the English

THE ENGLISHMAN, by W. Macneile Dixon. 6s. 7¼ x 4¾; 224 pp. London: *Edward Arnold & Company.*

THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN? by G. J. Renier. $2.50. 7⅜ x 5; 304 pp. New York: *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.*

Dr. Dixon, if not an Englishman, is certainly a Briton, and one who very fairly represents his race; Dr. Renier is a Hollander with French and Italian blood in him, and as foreign in Britain as any white man could well be. Their books thus differ very greatly. Dr. Dixon writes as a professed patriot—he begins, in fact, with an eloquent defense of patriotism—; Dr. Renier, who spent many years in England as a university student and newspaper correspondent, writes as a highly intelligent foreigner—sympathetic but not deluded. The two books thus complement each other admirably, and deserve to be read together. Dr. Dixon is at his best in expounding the Englishman's peculiar notions of liberty, loyalty and duty; Dr. Renier shines in showing how the practical effects of those notions strike an impartial and philosophical observer.

The two authors differ diametrically in describing what they conceive to be the dominant English trait. Dr. Dixon believes that it is a strong feeling for the rights of the individual, and to it he ascribes all the familiar figures in the English pattern of behavior—the personal reserve, the general distrust of government (at least at home), the disdain of uniforms and dignities, the contempt for mere learning, the excessive and sometimes almost comic self-sufficiency. England, he says, houses more cranks and fanatics than any other country.

> Every Englishman remains in some degree aloof from his society, keeping company with some pet idea of his own. He prefers to see things for himself, to look through his own eyes, to act on his own initiative. He does not take kindly to the suggests of others, but works in his own garden on his private plan, planting what he wishes there. He declines to be standardized, to conform to a pattern, and asks of his would-be adviser or instructor, if not in words at least in actions, "Am I not, too, some one?"

Dr. Renier dissents sharply from all this. He grants freely that a sturdy self-reliance lies deep within the English character, and he believes that it is still strongly marked in the lower classes, both rustic and urban —among those Englishmen, as he puts it, who are uncertain about their *h*'s. But in the classes that have mastered the aspirate he finds little sign of it. They are, in fact, rigidly standardized—perhaps the most rigidly standardized group of presumably educated people in the whole world. Every act of their lives, from the way they take in their food to the way they reproduce their kind, is surrounded by formidable rituals and taboos, and breaking any of them is a matter almost as serious as cutting a throat. Opinion may be free in England—but only within certain narrow limits. Eccentricity in conduct may go so far —but no further. There is quick recognition of talent, so long as it can spend itself within the conventional bounds, but nowhere else is the way so hard for a genuinely original man.

Dr. Renier believes that this caging of the upper-class Englishman, once so free and gay, was largely achieved by one man —the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Arnold, though he has been dead less than a century, was the real founder of the public school tradition, which Englishmen are fond of thinking of as immemorial. He invented the doctrine that the one aim of a liberal education is to make the individual fit for command—in other words, fit to be

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an officer. In order to attain that fitness he was willing to sacrifice everything that an officer would find inconvenient—a sensitiveness in æsthetic matters, a love of books and ideas, a taste for oddity in costume or manners, a free and lively spirit. The result is the ideal upper-class Englishman of today—that sore puzzle to all the rest of humanity. Dr. Renier questions humorously whether it would be scientific to call him really human. He has become something that, in some ways, is truly admirable, but the more he is studied the more it becomes apparent that he is either greater or less than a normal civilized man.

The notion is a pretty one, and there is plain merit in it. Think of the Englishman as simply a cavalryman, and he becomes measurably more comprehensible. All of the characters of a good cavalryman are there—a correct personal demeanor, an animal-like delight in physical activity and especially in those forms of it which simulate combat, an unquestioning attitude toward fiats from above, a naïve belief in rank and ritual, a hearty contempt for all the concerns of the mind, a dog-like concept of duty, and a high degree of physical courage. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do or die!" In this complex one discerns some admirable things: it is easy, indeed, to imagine worse men than cavalry officers. Moreover, there are many situations in which their peculiar virtues are indispensable. But there are also situations in which what they have to offer is not only useless, but downright deleterious. They are almost incapable of anything rationally describable as sound or original thought. They learn nothing and forget nothing. It may very well be, as Dr. Renier hints, that some of the appalling difficulties of England today are due to a too ready and widespread acceptance of the Arnoldian ideal. The country plainly needs less doggedness and more resiliency.

Dr. Renier appears to believe, or, at all events, to hope, that it will be provided by MM. of the new invasion of barbarians—the Scots, the Irish, the Welsh, and the Canadians. Already they begin to seize many of the major offices of state, and as the old empire resolves itself into a confederation their influence and power will undoubtedly increase. Unfortunately, they are all new people, and in the face of the massive English self-assurance they tend to seek protective coloration. That is, they succumb to the public school tradition, and become honest cavalrymen too, though not such good ones as the actual English. Perhaps there is more hope in the *h*-less nether stratum of the native stock. It, also, is now coming to the fore. Maybe it will resist the seductions of Arnoldism better than the intruders from Boetia. As Dr. Renier shows, there is little of the cavalryman in the low-caste Englishman. He retains the lively iconoclasm that marked the England of more spacious days. As yet, he remains ignorant, but that is being remedied. He has a smartness that his betters plainly lack, and in the long run it may turn out to be of more solid value to England than all their devotion.

Both of these books are thoughtful and stimulating. Dr. Dixon, after setting forth the English ideal very persuasively and charmingly, appends chapters on the English Bible and Shakespeare. He is professor of English literature at Glasgow, and the author of a number of works on poetry. Dr. Renier is a quite different sort of man. He is a scholar as well as a journalist, but his book is essentially journalism—journalism, indeed, at its shrewdest and best.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), *was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher. She is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

MILLY BENNETT *is on the staff of the Moscow* News.

BOB BROWN *is an American journalist who has spent most of his time abroad. He is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *is the author of eight books, the latest of which is "The Love-Letters of a Living Poet."*

JOHN HEMPHILL *is a member of the Pennsylvania bar, and in 1930 was the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State.*

HARRY HIBSCHMAN *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

RUTH KENNELL *was born in Oklahoma, and received her academic education in California. In 1922 she went to Siberia as a member of the American Colony Kuzbas. For a time she was librarian for the Communist International in Moscow. She is now on the staff of the Moscow* News.

LLOYD LEWIS *is on the staff of the Chicago* Daily News. *He is the author of "Myths After Lincoln" and co-author, with Henry Justin Smith, of "Chicago: the History of Its Reputation."*

ROBERT H. LOWIE, PH.D. (Columbia), *is professor of anthropology at the University of California. He is the author of a half-dozen books, of which the latest is "Are We Civilized?"*

GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Town" was published recently. He is also editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

EDWARD ROBINSON *is a New York composer and teacher of music. He is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

JOEL SAYRE *is on the staff of the New York* Herald Tribune. *He was born in Indiana and received his B.A. at Oxford. He also studied at Heidelberg and Marburg.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan," "Mattock," "Brawnyman," and "Homer in the Sagebrush." His new book, "The Saginaw Paul Bunyan," will be published sometime in 1932.*

HENRY TETLOW *is president of the Henry Tetlow Company, manufacturers of toilet preparations. His father's family were soap makers in Holt Town, which is now Manchester, at the outbreak of the industrial revolution. His great-grandfather emigrated to Philadelphia about 1840, and in 1849 bought out a soap maker in Strawberry street. The business has been in the family ever since. In eighty-two years it has been shut down only three times: once in the Cleveland panic, once in 1907, and once in 1920. Mr. Tetlow took charge of the business in 1914.*

DOROTHY THOMAS *was born in Kansas, and attended Cotner College and the University of Nebraska. She taught school for three years in Lincoln, Neb., where she is now living. A more detailed account of her appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has the honor of presenting herewith a portrait of the late August Lüchow, whose life and times are dealt with in this issue by Mr. Benjamin De Casseres. Mr. Lüchow, in many ways, was the greatest publican in American history. He lifted the vending of beer to the level of the trade in first editions, oil paintings, and old tapestries. Despite the rigors of Prohibition, thousands of his former clients still live, and his portrait is printed in the thought that it will console and delight them. It was the first plan of the editors to give it a full page, but on recalling Mr. Lüchow's great modesty they decided to be content with the adjacent smaller print.

August Lüchow

MISS DOROTHY THOMAS, whose "Grandma Hotel Adams" appears in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

> On my father's side I am descended from four generations of Welsh clergymen. I was born in Kansas, the sixth of ten children. When I was seven we moved to Alberta, Canada, and homesteaded in the brush country, forty miles from a railroad. After my father's death my brothers, mere boys, brought in a sawmill and worked what timber the forest fires had left us. After six years in Canada we came back to the States, and lived two years in Kansas and then moved to Bethany, Neb., where we made our home until a year ago. I attended Bethany High-school. I taught my first school when I was nineteen. Between years of teaching in the country and in small Nebraska towns, I have had three years of college work, one in Cotner College and two in the University of Nebraska. I now live in Lincoln with my mother, two brothers and a sister. I have written only a few stories. They have appeared in the *Prairie Schooner* and *Scribner's*.

Dorothy Thomas

Continued on page xxxvi

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxv

DR. GRACE ADAMS, author of "Titchener at Cornell" in this issue, was born at Lynchburg, Va., in 1900, got her Ph.D. in psychology at Cornell in 1922, and in 1923 she taught at Goucher College. Since then she has lived in New York City, where she married Edward Hutter in 1925. Her first book, "Psychology: Science or Superstition?", has just been published. She sends in the following autobiographical notes:

Dr. Grace Adams

I don't know what prompts other women to become Ph.D.'s, but I think I obtained that status when I was twenty-two because my mother wouldn't let me start to school until I was nine. At the age of eleven I had finally arrived at the third grade. My parents then sent me to a private teacher, and before I was sixteen I was ready for college.

Because my father had taught music at Randolph-Macon since it was founded I was naturally entered there, but because Randolph-Macon was right in Lynchburg where I had always lived I felt cheated of the excitement of going off to school away from home. But my parents promised that if I would be a good girl and graduate I might then have another year at a Northern university. I selected Columbia because it was in New York—the very reason my parents decided against it. My second choice was Cornell because it was in New York State and consequently, I believed, within reach of the city. Soon I received a letter from Titchener

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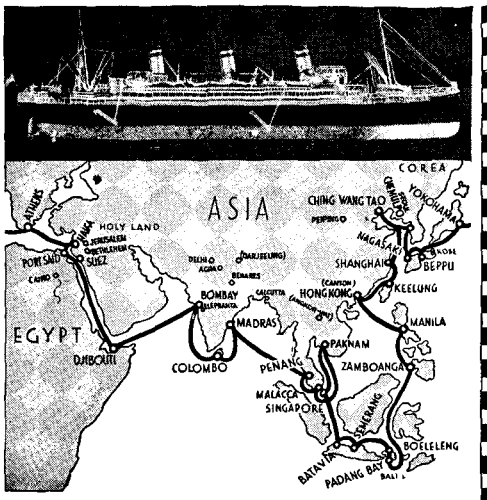

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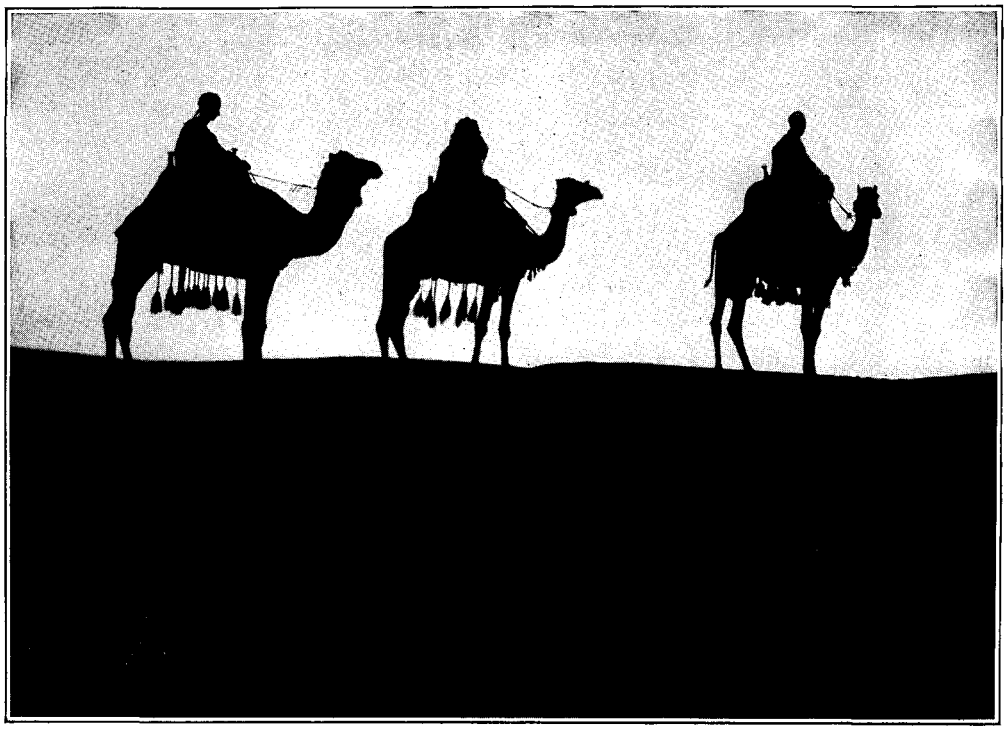

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

telling me that if I would promise to work faithfully for a Ph.D. I would be awarded a graduate scholarship in psychology. I promptly telegraphed my promise. I became sincerely enthusiastic over Titchener's ideas and militantly eager to do my share toward combating all the false psychologies. The place to which I was sent to spread the Titchenerian gospel was Goucher College.

Two years was almost too much of that. I now write for the reviews.

Bob Brown, author of the patriotic ode, "National Festival", in this issue, sends in the following sententious notes about himself:

Born in Chicago, June 14, 1886; weight, 9½ pounds.

As a boy, Mr. Brown collected geological specimens and Indian arrow heads, and became an ardent fraternity worker for Oak Park Hi. Later an enthusiastic Psi U at U-Rah-Rah-Wis-Con-Sin!

Bob Brown

He began writing stories of the streets and town and Sunday specials for Chicago newspapers at a tender age, and by the time he was nineteen his brain alone weighed 9½ pounds.

During the next ten years, living in New York, London and Sevilla, he contributed one thousand short and long stories to the magazines, as well as verse to the *Century*, articles to *Everybody's, Pearson's, Munsey's*, etc. and Diamond Dicks to Street & Smith.

In 1915 Mr. Brown made a small fortune in Wall Street and quit writing.

In 1916 he lost a small fortune in Wall Street and began writing again.

In 1917 he declined Mr. Wilson's invitation to make the world safe for U. S. Steel, but in 1918 he accepted a Committee of Public Information pastorate in Santiago de Chile, expounding the sacred myths about German atrocities to the benighted Chileans.

In 1919 he founded the *Brazilian-American* magazine in Rio de Janeiro (still going strong, even in these parlous times).

In 1929 he retired from publishing, and travelled tortuously through the Orient, collecting jade, Japanese prints and rare books. In 1930 he settled in France and began to write again after fifteen years of total abstinence (from the pen).

Author of "What Happened to Mary," 1913; "The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe," 1913; "Tahiti," 1915; "My Margonary," 1916; "1450-1950," 1929; "The Readies," 1930; "Globe-Gliding," 1930; "Words," 1931; "Nomadness," 1931; "Gems," 1931; "Demonics," 1931, and "You Gotta Live!"

After twenty-five years of literary activity Mr. Brown has refined his name from Robert Carlton through Robert C. up to Bob, and has perfected a reading machine for which forty modern writers have written. The resultant anthology is called "Readies for Bob Brown's Machine" and is published by the Roving Eye Press, at Cagnes-sur-mer in France.

Mr. Brown assists at the annual rites of the Oktoberfest at Munich and has just finished a book entitled "Let There Be Beer!"

Edward Robinson, author of "Bloch the Messiah," in this issue, was born on the East Side of New York twenty-six years ago. He writes of himself:

To the Russian idealism and the Jewish scepticism inherited from my parents—

Continued on page xli

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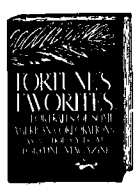

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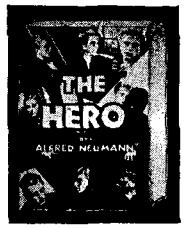

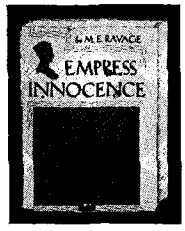

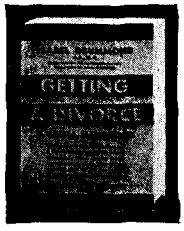

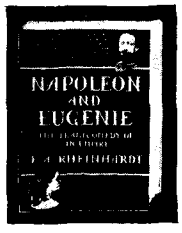

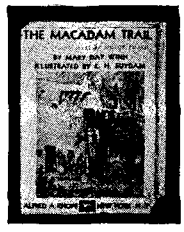

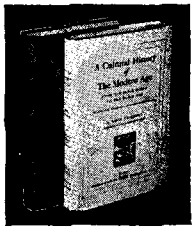

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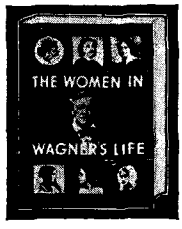

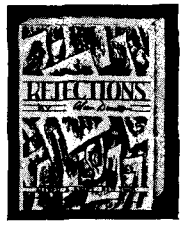

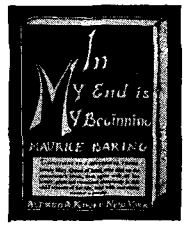

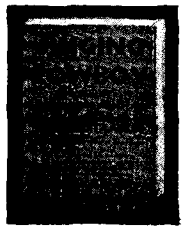

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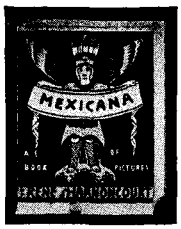

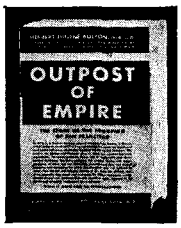

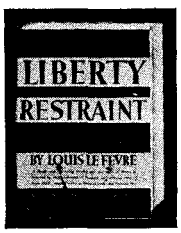

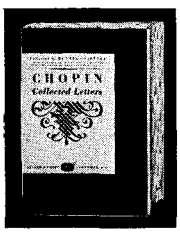

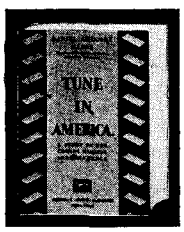

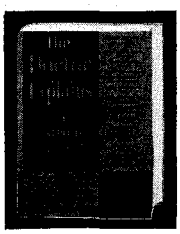

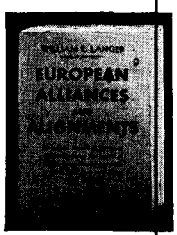

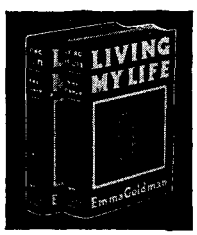

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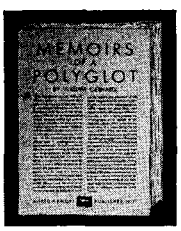

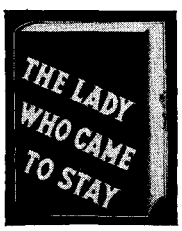

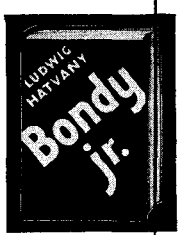

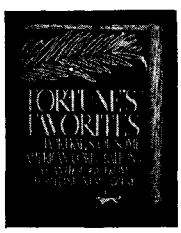

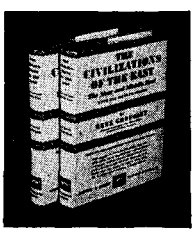

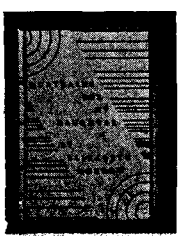

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xl

(my father was a nihilist, who turned to the profession of pharmacy after he had fled to this country, and my mother was for many years an active suffragette)—there was thus added the sense of realism which life in that remarkable community tended inevitably to develop. Street gangs and "bottle fights" were conducive to a study of man, rather than of God: I learned early that quickness of arm and leg, coupled with a judicious use of tincture nux vomica, was more valuable to the good life than the noblest maxims of Moses or Augustine.

Edward Robinson

At the age of six I astonished the assembled family by repeating on the piano a Händel sarabande which an older brother was then practicing. I was immediately shipped off to the teacher—a pupil of Rafael Joseffy—and plunged into the mysteries of Schmitt, Czerny and Kuhlau. I might have become a professional child prodigy had I not constantly rebelled against the rich women who used to dote upon me at my concert performances, and whom I naturally grew to detest with sincere cordiality. Without their aid, of course, a concert career was out of the question; and I fortunately renounced all such aspirations at sixteen, simultaneously with my entrance into college.

There I evaded the official requirements sufficiently to indulge my passion for English literature and German music in a liberal degree. A series of chamber music concerts which I gave as an undergraduate helped me to wheedle a fellowship out of the Columbia authorities; and with that as support, I had a grand time writing music criticism for the *Columbia Spectator*, composing fugues and sonatas, and cutting practically every class on my schedule. For that I received an M.A.

Since then I've worked as newspaper reporter, accompanist, drug clerk, teacher of piano and theory, and free-lance journalist, the last two being my present occupations. Toward the end of 1927 I established the *Fortnightly Musical Review*, in conjunction with several other musicians equally fed up with the state of music and music criticism in New York. We engaged the Philistines in mortal combat as long as our capital lasted, and then retired, wiser in the knowledge that we had changed nothing.

I look with increasing pessimism upon the future of musical art in this country. My studies have convinced me that all our musical institutions rest upon a fundamentally diseased origin, and that the outlook for their healthy development is therefore hopeless. Music in America has always been motivated by an essentially artificial, affected, hypocritical, pseudo-interest in the art. Of spontaneous love and instinctive knowledge there is none, nor do these qualities appear even on the horizon of our activities. They probably will not enter into our musical life until a revolution in national folkways is effected; and that prospect is undoubtedly many generations away.

HARRY HIBSCHMAN, author of "Legal Cobwebs" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

As my name indicates, I am of German descent, but through the strain known as Pennsylvania Dutch. My ancestors settled in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, over two hundred years ago. Yet I knew no English until I started to go to school at the age of six; and up to about ten years ago I had

Continued on page xlii

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xli

to watch myself when I came to a *v* and frequently still said "Wegetables, wittles, and winegar." Occasionally my tongue trips even now.

I was not born in the Keystone State but in Kansas. Dr. Albert Einstein and I both arrived on March 14, 1879. Kansas, however, was not destined to know me for long. My parents took me to Pennsylvania just about the time I learned to move on my two feet instead of on all fours. But I had the *Wanderlust* in my make-up; and at eighteen I was on my way to Minnesota to teach. The next year I enlisted in the 14th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry and fought the Spanish-American War in Chickamauga Park and at Knoxville.

Dr. Harry Hibschman

In 1900 I returned to Minnesota as principal of schools in a small town near the Dakota line. I remained there three years; and while teaching, I studied law. Then in the Summer of 1903 I traveled westward to Washington, where I hung out my shingle in a small town in the wheat and cattle country, where I was fortunate soon afterward to succeed to the practice of the leading attorney, who had been elevated to the bench. Later I moved to Spokane, where I remained in active practice until 1917.

When the war came on I disagreed violently with one of my law partners, C. C. Dill, who was then a member of Congress (now Senator) and as such voted against the declaration of war; and I became busy on the platform as a stirrer up of the populace. But while I was carried away by the war spirit and became subject to the war psychosis, my propaganda, while based on misconceptions and delusions, was without rancor. In fact, it was so lacking in denunciation of the Hun that I was accused of being pro-German, and in one instance I was warned not to return to a town in which I had spoken because I had condemned the activities of the local super-patriots, who had made a harmless German farm laborer kneel in the public square and kiss the flag.

After the war I received several offers of lecture contracts and accepted one that ran for two years. So I never went back to the law, but took to the platform instead. At the same time I tried my hand at writing. I had previously contributed to law journals; but my first efforts with the popular journals took shape in 1919. I wrote several articles and sold them all to the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. Thereafter I wrote a little when I was not on the road, but my lecture tours took most of my time. It was not until about five years ago that I began to write in any steady way. Since then I have contributed to more than forty different periodicals. I have an LL.D. degree from Washington College, which, of course, does not mean much, but which I use as people engaging lecturers insist on handles.

In Table No. 30 of "The Worst American State, Part I", dealing with the *per capita* expenditures on public schools, the State of Washington was erroneously given first place, with an expenditure of $57.91. The correct amount is $20.84, thus putting the State in seventeenth place. Through a misprint in "The Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1930," p. 4, 1,000,000 was omitted from the population of the State, and thus an error crept into the calculations. But the average rank of the Commonwealth in the Federal Union, as shown in Table No. 72, remains unchanged.

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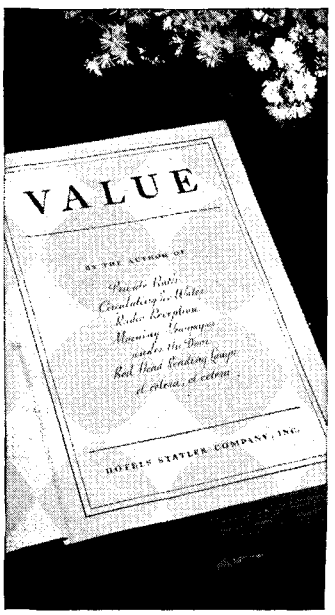

During the last year we have told our story of *Value* in serial form in these pages. There was an advertisement about our luxurious Statler beds under the headline, "Sink down, down, down into sleep." And one about our baths entitled, "There really should be rainbows in these showers." Then there was another about the newspaper we place under every guest room door in the morning. It bore the caption, "Extra! Extra! Extra!"

Perhaps in that latter caption you recognize the little play on words we permitted ourselves . . ."Extra! Extra! Extra!" For these features are *extra values*—like all the conveniences which you get with *every* Statler room: Radio Reception; Hair Mattress with Inner-Springs; Every Bathroom with Shower; Circulating Ice Water; Bed-head Reading Lamp; Full-length Mirror; Morning Newspaper Under the Door.

From this inventory (incomplete as it is) you get an idea of what we mean by *value*. And if you are like thousands of your fellow travelers, you will sum up these Statler values and decide that, in total, they present the *greatest hotel bargain* to be had.

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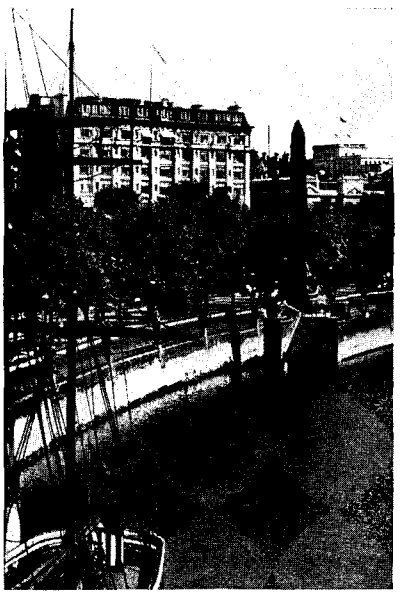

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxiv

THE SAILOR IN ENGLISH FICTION & DRAMA. 1550-1800.
By Harold Francis Watson. *The Columbia University Press*
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 241 pp. *New York*

Dr. Watson professes English at Simpson College, the pride and glory of Indianola, Iowa. He put five years of solid work into this book, "under the kindly direction of Professor A. H. Thorndike of Columbia University, to whom my especial thanks are due for encouragement, for many helpful suggestions, and for detailed criticism of the entire manuscript." What of great moment has he unearthed after all this heavy "research"? First, that "the sailor has practically always been an important character" in English fiction and drama. Second, that "the sailor has a definite personality of his own." Third, that "from the Restoration to about 1760 prose fiction dealing with the sea imitated the accounts of actual voyages." Fourth, that at "about 1760 fiction turned to life in the Navy. Drama, meanwhile, developed many nautical types, of which perhaps the most important was the musical entertainment." Fifth, that "the sailor himself appears in many guises: the noble pirate, polite and bloodthirsty, the swearing boatswain, blunt and brave, the humorous captain, thoroughly despicable, the plain dealer, misanthropic and honest, the merchant skipper, pious and practical, and the heart of oak, rough and loyal." Sixth, that "these presentations are largely arbitrary. My general conclusion is that the English sailor, and possibly any sailor from Socrates' jurymen to Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, is much the same sort of person in all ages; and that differing presentations in literature are chiefly due to changing views as to which of his characteristics are virtues, and which vices." There are fifteen pages of notes, and also a bibliography and an index.

A HISTORY OF INDIAN LITERATURE. *From Vedic Times to the Present.*
By Herbert H. Gowen. *D. Appleton & Company*
$4 8⅜ x 5½; 593 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gowen is professor of Oriental languages and literature at the University of Washington and the author of three volumes on the subject. In the present book he begins with a brief discussion of the economic, social, and religious systems of India, and then takes up, individually, the various great writings of the land, including the Brāhmanas, Āranyakas, Upanishads, Upa-Vedas, Vedāngas, Artha-Çāstras, Kāma-Çāstras, Mahābhārata, Rāmāyana, and also the Açoka inscriptions and Pāli writings. In addition there are chapters on the Indian drama, the Anglo-Indian writers, and the literati in present-day India. Dr. Gowen says that Indian literature "has an intrinsic value which no remoteness avails to destroy. For sacredness, for variety, and for continuity, scarcely any other may compare with it. Certainly, none surpasses it." A bibliography and an index are appended.

FICTION

RED-HEADED WOMAN.
By Katharine Brush. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$2 7¼ x 5; 294 pp. *New York*

This is a study in vulgarity that transcends the trashy title under which it is presented. Lillian Andrews is the go-getting daughter of a railroad crossing watchman at Renwood Falls, in the Middle West. She is red-haired and beautiful, and completely devoid of taste or tact, but she has a brass nerve, and what she wants she loses no time in grabbing. She becomes, after twelve jobs in two years, the stenographer of young William H. Legendre, son of Byron Legendre, millionaire of Renwood, and in another eight months she separates him from his wife and marries him. After a honeymoon in Atlantic City and New York, where Lillian learns a lot about clothes, they return to Renwood and set up housekeeping in a big house. But here she strikes a snag, for Renwood's Four Hundred decline to take her up. So she goes to New York, where the hunting is better. She is not long in divorcing Bill and squeezing $25,000 out of old Byron Legendre, for though she has bagged her game—she will marry C. G. Gaerste, a fabulously wealthy, flamboyant New Yorker, after an interlude in Reno—she may as well get everything that is coming to her. The book is a good performance, and sets forth a new and highly amusing evaluation of small-town society.

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY.
By R. E. Spencer. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 284 pp. *New York*

The Lady Who Came to Stay is titian-haired Katharine who, with her small daughter Mary, takes refuge with the ghastly old sisters of her dead husband. Katharine is dying of tuberculosis, and in the short time left to her, she endeavors to make a place for Mary in the weird inhospitable household. In

Continued on page xlvi

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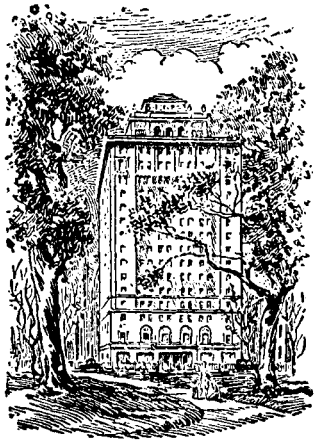
The BOSTON RITZ-CARLTON



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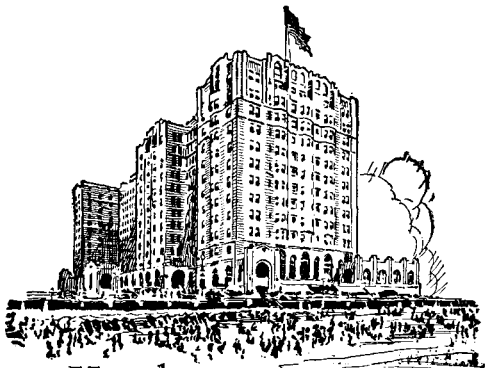

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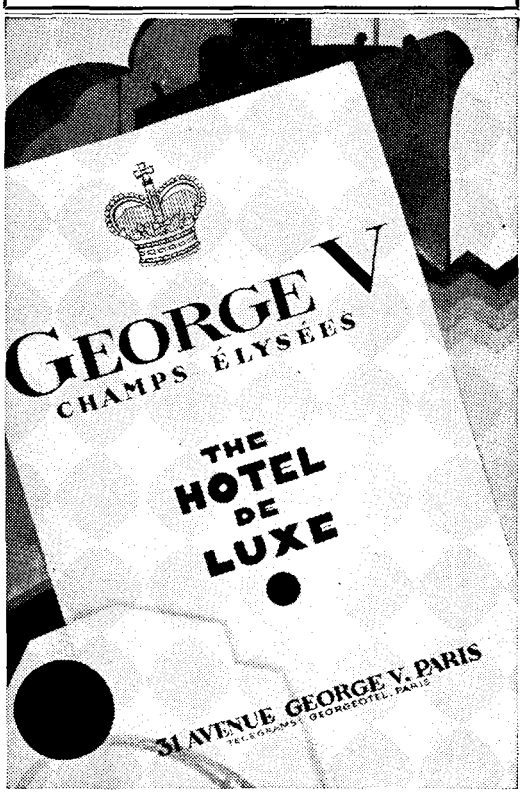

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

doing so she comes into conflict with the four old women—Emma and Lucia, the "tall, straight, singularly uneasy and inordinately curious" twins; Milly, the youngest, a simpering, over-sexed old maid whose passion is attending weddings; and Phoebe, "an unhealthy, violent, gloomy woman, large with puffy fat, with a moustache and two bristling moles on one cheek, always dressed in black." Phoebe once tore Milly's dress from her in a rage, and it is evident that she is planning to torture little Mary because of the hatred she bears her mother. But Katharine defies her, even on her deathbed, and their struggle continues long after both of them are dead. The drama goes on, in fact, and with heightened tension, until the last mad old sister dies, after setting fire to the gloomy pile. Mr. Spencer writes with a delicacy, precision and originality that are remarkable in a first novel; his distinguished prose gives evidence of an important talent.

JOHN HENRY.
By Roark Bradford. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 225 pp. *New York*

Roark Bradford's tall tale is of John Henry, the black Paul Bunyan, with emphasis upon the lady killer rather than upon the mighty worker of the legend. It is an excellent piece of work. Here is John Henry in a composite portrait: "I'm big and I'm black and I treads strange ground when I travels. . . . I'm f'm de Black River country where the sun don't never shine, and I kin roust what I kin git my hands on. My home ain't hyar and I'm fixin' for to git around. . . . I ain't no gamblin' man, but I kin mock de man which is. . . . I rambles and I roams, and I'm big and black and mean and my feet don't tech the ground. . . . You buy me some bright yaller shoes, and de reddest socks you can find. I wants a necktie which makes me blind, and a four-inch standin' collar. Buy me a big gold watch and a diamond ring, and a horseshoe pin for my necktie. Buy me a gallon of sweet perfume and a solid silver toothpick. 'Cause I'm John Henry and I'm six feet tall, and I aims to git around some." There are twenty-five excellent woodcuts by J. J. Lankes.

S. S. SAN PEDRO.
By James Gould Cozzens.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$1.50 7½ x 4¾; 136 pp. *New York*

Mr. Cozzens retails the facts of the *Vestris* disaster in a compact tale of high narrative skill. It was the first choice in *Scribner's* recent $5,000 contest.

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The famous author of
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"Our Backs Are to the Wall!"
to
THE AMERICAN MERCURY
for January

No man writing today is more competent to discuss the disaster which now menaces the world. Here Spengler describes its causes with all his usual clarity, and pronounces his verdict upon his time.

Among the other contents of the January issue will be a long story by Joel Sayre, author of "A Hex on the House" in this issue. It will be the longest story THE AMERICAN MERCURY has ever printed. But *what* a story! . . . Also—

"The Senator From New Mexico" (Bronson Cutting), by Owen P. White.

"God in American Law," by Harry Hibschman.

"Mouquin's," by Benjamin De Casseres.

"Cancer Quacks," by James A. Tobey.

"Do the Churches Really Make Men Good?" by John A. Miner.

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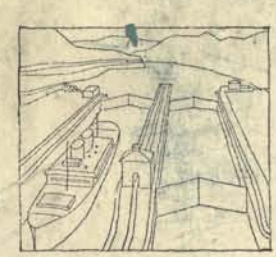

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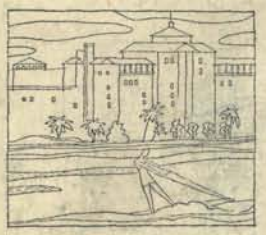

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